

June 8, 1960

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JUNE 8, 1960

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● "Best of luck in Rome, pal. You'll have 10 million Aussies at home and abroad cheering for you every inch of the way."

THIS good wish to Olympic swimmer Dawn Fraser came to us in a letter from Mr. Hugh J. Murphy, Public Relations Officer at the Australian Embassy Migration office in Köln, Germany. We are sponsoring Dawn to the Rome Olympics. Mr. Murphy wrote: "I have only just read your March 30 issue with Cynthia Strachan's article about

our girls to some Austrian friends.

"Remembering how they had won the relay in Germany by a length of the pool, I offered to bet that they would win by as big a margin in Vienna.

"I had overlooked the fact that the Vienna pool was only 33 1-3rd metres long, giving them less distance to gain leads on each leg.

"A bet of 100 Austrian shillings — about 36/- Australian — was mentioned.

"Next night team manager Mrs. May Williams said to me: 'The girls are going flat out in the relay. They want to win your bet for you.'

"From the gun, the Australians streaked away, and over the short length the first three each piled up a lead of six or so metres.

"If it was to be built up to the full 33 1-3rd metres at the finish, Dawn had a lot to add — 13 or so metres. It was impossible to gain that much in a short lap against the best swimmers in Austria.

"Then I saw Dawn — on her toes, hands joined together high behind her back, her body tensed as she waited for Ilse Konrads to touch.

"This was Dawn in her real racing stance. In previous races it would have seemed almost sadistic for the Australians to use their best racing dive. They could have fallen into the pool backwards and still have won their races.

"This time Dawn was swimming for a pal. She flashed into the water and began to sprint down the lane. It was phenomenal.



Dawn Fraser

Dawn Fraser, the truly 'bosker kid,' I agree entirely.

"I met Dawn in Europe when our girl swimmers were returning from the Empire Games in Cardiff.

"Your article spoke of Dawn swimming her first gold-medal race for her brother Don. I know the experience of having Dawn and her pals swim a race for you.

"In Vienna, I was doing some quiet boasting about

Our Cover

● Two-year-old Tammy, an appealing Australian terrier whose breed has made the grade in New York (story, page 7), is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Norman Smith, of Fairlight, N.S.W. Cover picture is by Mr. J. Pickup, of French's Forest, N.S.W.

"She touched and swung her head around to see whether she had made it. She hadn't quite.

"She looked disgusted with herself and muttered something, while the audience cheered and clapped.

"Dawn never mentioned that she had been trying her hardest. I never mentioned that I had been unable to get anyone to accept my bet."

JANET SOMERS, specialist writer on homebuilding and decorating, recently returned from a west-to-east trip across the United States, during which she saw the latest trends in houses.

On pages 40 to 43 we show one house that impressed her and looks as if it's a perfect setting for homes of the future.

Janet was enchanted with its architect — tall, handsome Edward Durell Stone, who designed the much-talked-about American Pavilion at the Brussels World Fair.

BECAUSE Dorothy Draper is on holidays, her column, "It Seems To Me," will not appear in this or next couple of issues.

Next Week

● A novel cook's guide to basic recipes — the ones most used by the housewife in everyday cooking — is in color in our next issue. The guide also has handy tables setting out roasting times for meat and poultry and cup and spoon measurements. With the guide are instructions for mounting it on cardboard to fit it to the kitchen wall.

Australian-Indian Princess

*Shameen aims
at science
rather than a
deb season*



PRINCESS SHAMEEN while holidaying in Melbourne. The 17-year-old Princess has just completed two years at exclusive Heathfield, which was Princess Alexandra's school.

IN THE GARDEN of the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Leigh Falkiner, in Melbourne, Princess Shameen poses in a silk sari. Pictures by staff photographer Jim Ellard.

● Among the girls attending debutante functions in the forthcoming London season will be Australian-Indian Princess Shameen, of Palanpur, a recent "old girl" of Heathfield, Princess Alexandra's school.

BETWEEN leaving Heathfield and going back to England to attend Stafford House, a coaching college, for a pre-university course, Princess Shameen and her mother, the Begum of Palanpur, holidayed in Melbourne with her grandmother, Mrs. Leigh Falkiner, of South Yarra.

The Begum was Joan Falkiner before her marriage in 1939 to the Nawab of Palanpur, who died two years ago.

The slender 17-year-old Princess looks like an exotic flower in the saris she habitually wears—but she wants to be a scientist.

Her best school subjects were physics and chemistry. Although she will be at many parties with other Heathfield girls, she hopes to complete a science course at an English or European university rather than star as a deb at London parties.

Apart from preferring to study, Shameen is not used to attending unchaperoned parties. In India, teenage girls go

out in groups—never alone with a boy-friend—or attend private parties where an adult is always present.

In India Shameen has the title "Nawabzadi," meaning "daughter of Nawab," but this is Westernised as "Princess."

Home in Bombay

She and her mother have a home in Bombay. They usually spend holidays, such as Christmas and New Year, at the Palace in Palanpur, about 400 miles east of Bombay, with Shameen's half-brother, Iqbal Mohammed Khan, the present Nawab, and his family.

Shameen had to wear Western clothes at Heathfield, but she now always wears her national dress, the sari.

"I like dresses on other people, but I don't like myself in dresses," she said.

"A sari is much more comfortable—warmer in winter with a warm underslip and a cardigan, cooler in summer."

Her mother wears saris in India, but feels that they are out of place for her in Europe, where she wears them only occasionally for evening.

"Yes, I'm inclined to feel the same," said Shameen. "In India, where everyone wears saris, it is not remarkable for a fair-skinned woman to wear one, but in Europe it is different."

She said that fashions in saris changed in the same way as Western fashions, but not so drastically.

"Borders may be narrower or wider and materials change.

"At the moment pure silk is extremely popular, as it is so light and cool, but richly embroidered and woven cottons are coming in again."

This is due to a Government-encouraged revival of the old Indian cotton-weaving industry.

Shameen follows the Indian custom of emphasising her dark, lustrous eyes by a dark lining painted just inside the eyelashes. It is called "Kurma," and she says that without the eye-black she gets headaches.

However, the Begum does not wear it, as she feels it is not suitable for Westerners with light-colored eyes.

"I first used it because all the Indian women I knew told me I would get the most terrible headaches if I didn't," she said.

"I tried it, but was so horrified with how I looked that I felt I couldn't go downstairs with it."

"I used to think it peculiar to see such young girls wearing this Eastern version of eye-liner, but I became accustomed to it."

Secret of "eye-liner"

"In India even the small children use it. It is actually for hygiene. They claim it protects the eyes from the dust and glare of a hot climate."

"It is a soot made from the smoke of an oil-lamp."

"I've found it makes the eyes water slightly when you first put it on."

"I think this is its secret. It keeps the eyes moist all the time."

NESTLÉ'S ANNOUNCE THE WINNERS in the



Nestlé's heartily congratulate prize-winners (they have already been notified by mail) on their skill and thank all those thousands who so enthusiastically entered the competition. A panel of Australia's leading advertising experts chose Advertisement No. 2 as the better. But even so, judges had a difficult time deciding the winners from the many high-standard entries.

**1st
PRIZE**

The winner has chosen the optional prize of the latest Holden family sedan with three months' free petrol supply instead of the return trip for two to Rome Olympic Games.

WON BY:—

Mrs. Beryl Freedman,
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WON BY:—

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3rd
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Glamor touches for family dishes



FAMOUS COOK Dione Lucas stirs a sauce for a Cordon Bleu dish. She will give demonstrations of cooking in the main Australian cities; she hopes later to start a school of cooking in Sydney.

● Have you ever longed to get more variety into your everyday cooking . . . to add some new and interesting touches to the routine, well-tried family dishes?

HERE soon, to help you achieve this, will be famous Cordon Bleu cook and TV star Dione Lucas on her third "cook's tour" of Australia.

Mrs. Lucas, who is being brought here by The Australian Women's Weekly, will show new ways with family dishes, as well as luxury recipes for special occasions, at demonstrations in all the main centres — starting in Sydney on June 20.

Vegetables receive special attention from Mrs. Lucas.

For instance, the addition of mint to carrots, a piquant sauce with spinach, and lemon juice and almonds with green peas are among her ideas for adding interest to family eating.

Lift-out book

Recipes for these and many other "family dishes with a gourmet touch," such as Lamb Ragout, Steak and Kidney Pie, Stuffed Hearts, as well as for such luxuries as Poulet Majorca, Crab Louis, Shashlik, and luscious Angel Food Cake, are among more than 100 recipes contained in a special 64-page lift-out book, "Good Cooking," by Dione Lucas, in The Australian Women's Weekly.

The booklet will be in the issue distributed the week before the cooking demonstrations begin.

Attractively produced, with many illustrations in color, this book will be a must for your cookery bookshelf.

Gourmet school

Dione Lucas, whose fame in America as a TV cookery star has long been established, has just started a new enterprise in New York — a school for cooking, under the name of "Gourmet Cooking Incorporated."

This school is operating under the system Mrs. Lucas perfected in London before World War II, when she and a partner ran the Au Petit

Cordon Bleu restaurant and cooking school in Chelsea.

Class membership is limited to eight so that individual attention is possible.

A class consists of the preparation by each pupil of the dish he or she has chosen in advance. The pupils later eat their "mistakes."

Glasses are open to men, women, and children. Fees charged in New York are 75 dollars (about £A30) for six lessons and 125 dollars for a course of twelve.

In addition, pupils are charged for ingredients used in making each recipe. But they may take their dishes home from class.

Mrs. Lucas hopes to establish a branch of the school in Sydney.

DEMONSTRATIONS

● Demonstrations of cooking by Dione Lucas in Sydney will be at Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. in the Galleries on the fourth floor.

They will be given daily from Monday, June 20, to Friday, June 24, 1.30 p.m. to 3 p.m. No bookings are necessary; admission is free.

Mrs. Lucas' demonstrations will be telecast by Channel 9 on these same days from 12.30 p.m. to 1.30 p.m. each day.

flavour Active **NESCAFÉ** —the world's favourite coffee
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MEMOIRS OF A PROFESSIONAL CAD

My days in a daze with Zsa Zsa

By **GEORGE SANDERS**

Fifty-three-year-old screen star, suave, cynical, thrice-married (Elsa Morrie, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Benita Hume), who here begins his engaging account of his career as a "professional cad."

● On July 3, 1906, the world was unaware of an event of major importance taking place in St. Petersburg, Russia.

AT No. 6 Petroffski Ostroff, to Margaret and Henry Sanders, a son of great beauty and infinite charm was being born.

It was I.

I was born into a world that was soon to disappear. It was a world of clinking champagne glasses, of colonnaded private ballrooms with scintillating chandeliers, of heel-clicking, bemonocled princes in gorgeous uniforms intent upon their ladies as they drove in their jingling troikas through the moonlit snow.

A world that was not to be re-created for 40 years—and then by M.G.M. in CinemaScope with Fernando Lamas.

By that time I was part of the "make believe": a professional "cad" who — it was popularly imagined — spent his entire time among dazzling women, treating them with grand and icy disdain.

It was a remark I made in "The Moon And Sixpence" which resulted in my acquiring a reputation as an authority on women.

In the film I said—and they were Somerset Maugham's words, not mine—something to the effect that the more you beat women the better they were for it.

I thought nothing of it at the time, but several months later I suddenly found myself in the centre of a storm.

"The Moon And Sixpence" had been released and a whole mass of women were up in arms against me. They were outraged. "How could you have said such a thing?" they demanded with heaving breasts.

In my defence I pleaded that I was only playing a part: the part of Gauguin, who, after all, was caddish, brutal, and uncivilised.

In newspaper interviews I facetiously embroidered on this theme. I said I approved of the oriental idea of keeping women in harems.

I also said that you could treat women like dogs and they would still love you.

All that was nearly 15 years ago, but today, wherever I go, journalists still ask me if I am a woman-hater. I provide the sort of answers they expect.

Reporter: Mr. Sanders, what do you think of intellectual women?

Me: Are there any?

Reporter: Do you think beautiful women make good wives?

Me: They make better mistresses. All women make better mistresses.

When I first met Hedy Lamarr, about 20 years ago, she was so beautiful that everybody would stop talking when she came into a room.

To page 12



LIFE with Zsa Zsa Gabor (wife No. 2), says George Sanders, was a lot of fun, but "there were times when I felt I simply had to get away."

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a new
alluring red
to rouse
every man's
hunting
instinct!



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LOURNAY COSMETICS ARE RECOMMENDED BY GUILD CHEMISTS - ALSO LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES

Theatregoers will soon have again:

The pleasure of his company



ON STAGE as the gay reprobate father of the bride in "The Pleasure of His Company," Cyril Ritchard looks as debonair as audiences remember him.

● Australian theatregoers will have the pleasure of Cyril Ritchard's company again. The celebrated actor is due here on June 9 to choose an Australian supporting cast for "The Pleasure of His Company," in which he will appear with his current leading lady, Cornelia Otis Skinner.

CYRIL RITCHARD, who will hold auditions in Sydney and Melbourne, directs the play, which opens next month.

Miss Skinner—with Samuel Taylor — is co-author of "Company," which ran for 57 weeks on Broadway, has just ended a six months' tour of America and Canada, and has also been staged in London, Paris, and Copenhagen.

It is about a once-married couple (Ritchard and Miss Skinner) at odds over the proposed wedding of their daughter and a rancher.

It is a pure romp for Ritchard as the glib, ageing playboy who whisks his daughter off to Europe on the eve of her wedding.

The debonair, the gay, the foppish, and the somewhat foolish — that's Cyril Ritchard's meat.

He makes light of everything, off stage as well as on.

It is 13 years since he appeared in Australia.

"I had a very successful visit there in 1947 and again a few years after that. I love playing

By **LARRY FOLEY**, of our New York staff

in Australia," he said in a telephone interview in the U.S.

"I wouldn't like to say that I'm settled here . . . my middle name is Flotsam, you know, and I have ants in my, er, pants — I might turn up just anywhere, anytime."

Country house

But Cyril, whose beloved actress-wife, Madge Elliott, died in 1955, has the look of a settled man. He has just bought a house in Connecticut, which he had previously rented for six months.

It is a pleasant, white-painted three-bedroom house on five and a half acres, with a small lake.

"It enables me to live the sort of life I had with Madge in England," Ritchard said, "a flat in town and a place in the country."

"You know, we had a pretty house called 'Apple Trees' in Eggie Lane, Weald, Sevenoaks, Kent. This house has a drive, which I've called Eggie Lane."

"Oh, and I have trees and the lake, and there's a waterfall and lots of wildlife — squirrels and a lot of birds — I'm rather fond of. A deer came to tea the other day. I told it to come back another time — cheeky thing."

"With all this, I drive a Cadillac, I've got to confess. We had a Jag. in England. This is a black Cadillac, and no lady passenger may wear more than one string of pearls — that's just the right tone. No gold. I don't like gold."

Ritchard is remarkably fit for his age ("I was born in 1760," he said, "and beyond that I will not go").

Even during the Mid-Western tour of "Company," he would fly home after the Saturday night show, fly back to Chicago in time for the Monday evening performance.

"Tiring? Not a bit! I've always worked as hard as I could. I get it from my father," he said.

"He never walked. Ran everywhere. That's why I cannot play golf — all that walking, simply impossible."

"I play tennis. And I also swim. In New York I swim every day at the New York Athletic Club. And in my lake here the fish and I cavort."



CO-STAR Cornelia Otis Skinner, who will be appearing with Cyril Ritchard in Australia.

made Officier d'Academie, an honor conferred on few foreigners.

Look for the tiny purple rosette on her suit lapel or ribbon on her gown — she wears it even on stage.

She is as much on the go as Ritchard. You'd think her time was fully taken up with acting and writing. Not a bit. She makes frequent guest appearances on TV shows.

Sense of humor

And in April she was named chairman of Brotherhood Week, sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

That sounds terribly earnest and solemn, and not her cup of tea at all.

But by the time Miss Skinner gets through chairing such an event you get the idea that do-good movements need more Miss Skinners.

She told a 400-odd group at a Brotherhood luncheon in Detroit:

"We need to keep our sense of humor. If people can laugh together they can understand each other."

She cracked jokes about Catholics, Jews, and Protestants.

This is like laughing in church. Americans are so touchy on the question of racial and religious minorities that people in public life rarely raise it, and never, never joke about it.

But Miss Skinner's audience howled with laughter.

"I think it is a pity," she went on, "when a Negro can't laugh at a joke about Negroes or an Irishman can't laugh at a joke about the Pope. The Pope himself has a wonderful sense of humor."

Then she said firmly. "Nothing is more boring than an up-right crusader, but it's very easy to fall into that."

Miss Skinner is one crusader who certainly is not boring.

Australians can look forward to the pleasure of her company, too.

An Aussie makes the grade

● The Australian Terrier, recently granted entry to the registry of the American Kennel Club, is becoming one of the most popular dogs in America.



MRS. MILTON FOX (left) and Mrs. M. Bywater display their prize Australian Terriers with some of their ribbons. Centre is Teller with Janeph Jill (left) and Sprigan.

BUSINESS is brisk at the Pleasant Pastures Kennels of Mrs. Milton Fox, at Point Pleasant, New Jersey, which has the largest number of Australian Terriers — nearly 100 — in the U.S.

Mrs. M. Bywater, of the Seven Oaks Kennels, Bulleen, Victoria, reports growing demand for the services of the terrier sires and bitches she brought to New Jersey from Australia last year.

Top sire is Mrs. Bywater's much-decorated champion, Sprigan, whom she values at £500.

Since he arrived in the U.S.

last year, Sprigan has sired 22 puppies.

Of two other terriers, Bachelor Gay has sired 17 puppies and Kyalite Siki has sired four.

U.S. price for the puppies ranges from 75 (about £A35) to 150 dollars.

Mrs. Bywater told me: "That might seem a lot more than the 15-guinea to 25-guinea range of prices in Australia."

"Actually, it is not. Prices of labor, food, drugs, and the like are so much more in the U.S. that we have to charge these prices."

The Australian Terrier has been in the English Kennel Club registry for more than a quarter of a century, but had been kept out of the U.S.

registry because of what was claimed a slight murkiness in its pedigree history.

Mrs. Milton Fox, who led the successful fight for American Kennel Club recognition, is a devoted champion of the Australian Terrier.

"Besides their nice disposition and way with children, I think Americans like them because they are so easy to care for," she said.

WINTER SUN FASHIONS



• Great for pretty legs — the 1960 beach tunic, and it has replaced last season's beach shirt. The one above, made in an exotic rose-printed silk, conceals brief matching shorts. The head-covering kerchief scarf is matched to the silk in the tunic.



• Fresh look (above) is seen in a bare-armed bow-tied top and slim-jim ankle pants. Further news comes via the color and fabric — superb lilac silk for the top, and a neat cotton print for the narrow-ankle pants.



• Belted coat (left) designed to give the wearer the season's new leggy look. This one is for a beach "cover up" or to wear with slacks or wear with short shorts.

• Slim separates (above) to mix or match when a chill wind blows. The jackets are single-breasted and fastened with gilt buttons; the skirts slender and straight.



• Turquoise-blue silk pool-side suit (above) consists of a narrowly belted fringe-trimmed tunic worn over brief matching shorts. The wide-brimmed straw hat has a fringed edge; the crown is bound with the suit fabric.

● *One element of news is outstanding in 1960 resort fashions — from day's beginning to day's end, fashion puts more of the wearer on view. Too much coverage is old hat. Warning: Should a chill wind blow, cover up. Goose pimples on bare arms and legs do not look attractive.*

HERE we show the newest resort fashions from Italy and France. The clothes were chosen for that increasingly popular Australian vacation — the winter sun holiday.

The formality of vacation clothes varies with destination, and some of these fashions would not be at home in a weekend shack on a remote beach.

But don't rely entirely on geography to guide you what to wear where.

Current resort designs are chic and functional, and it's the fabric choice that often plays a design up or down.

For instance, a garment made in exotic silk is at once launched into a high-fashion group. Translate the same design into denim or cotton ticking, and it will look casual.

Seasonal designs include the tunic shirt, the beach tunic—it comes belted and unbelted—a bare-armed beach dress, and a bare-backed resort dress, plus the briefest of brief shorts.

The re-installed beach dress is a special fashion joy—and it's not exclusive to the sands.

The 1960 version can rise to almost any resort occasion—lunch, poolside-sitting, barbecues, informal dancing, and party-going.

The one shown at right is made in cotton printed in tender spring-green leaves. The dress is worn with its own matching hat.

Take note of "hat." While I don't say the unhatted head is out, I do say a covered one has more chic.

Most women holidayers shun gloves and hats; that does not make them wrong. There are moments when white or black gloves (worn at night) can look beguiling and wonderful against suntanned arms.

Don't be color-shy. In my opinion we are starting the most colorful resort season in a decade—and what better place than the beach is there to play it vivid?

If you don't go for color, the dazzling effects of white are obvious to anyone who's ever had a tinge of tan.

Lastly, if you wear a bikini, acquire a beach tunic, too, and wear it—except when sunning or actively swimming.

Thumbs down to any girl who does a dash from the hotel to the beach in a bikini.

— Betty Keep

● *New again this season — the bare-armed beach dress (right) worn with a matching wide-brimmed hat. Green is news.*





Fresh as a dip in a mountain pool. . . Fresh as stepping out of a waterfall



Lifebuoy protects your personal freshness ...so pleasantly

You keep this "just-bathed" freshness all day! After a bath or shower with Lifebuoy soap you feel like singing. You're alive, so clean, so completely fresh, as fresh as Spring itself. How thrilling to know that you keep this freshness—right through the busiest day. For fragrant, mild Lifebuoy is made to protect your personal freshness. Its cool, creamy, lather contains Puralin, a purifying, deodorizing ingredient that stops perspiration odour in the nicest way. Step into a Lifebuoy bath or shower first thing every day—and keep that "just-bathed" freshness all day.



The people who are nice to know keep Lifebuoy-fresh from top to toe . . .

WORTH REPORTING

MR.S. LAURIE KNIGHT had to rush away for a moment to turn down the gas under the evening meal when we rang to ask about the newly formed Fellowship of Australian Composers.

She wrote, among many others, the words of the popular song "Granada." Her latest, "The History of Love," has not been released on record yet.

Since the Fellowship was established in February, 80 professional musicians from all over Australia have joined.

Mrs. Knight explained: "We felt that an organisation was needed to publicise Australian musical work and to become the central point of Australian music. For instance, if a producer wants theme music or lyrics for a TV show our Fellowship will be the obvious contact."

"In this way we will help the producers, the music publishers, and record makers, and so help ourselves."

Some of the notable women members are concert pianist Marjorie Hesse, Dulcie Holland, the classical composer, and Moneta Eagles, who wrote the background music for the Department of Information's film on Princess Alexandra.

★ ★ ★

ON the road to Melbourne's Essendon airport there's a sign: "Beware. Children cross here."

We took a startled look round. But we didn't see any cross children.

Fashions fur men

JUST to let you know what's happening in the couture world, men: feast your eyes on the dashing ensemble photographed here.

Pretty smart, eh?

Male model Gavin Robins (hiding behind dark glasses) modelled it at a London showing of the latest fashions for men.

The coat is made of vicuna, and it has a Russian sable collar.

It costs £630.

Come to think of it, perhaps Mr. Robins wore those glasses because he was dazzled by the price?



GAVIN ROBINS models a £630 coat.



ROBERT MORLEY and wife . . . the secret is to marry the right one.

How to be a good husband

BBRITISH actor Robert Morley was recently asked his recipe for being a successful husband.

"Try not to be a bore," he suggested.

"Be fairly good-natured. Now and then, pretend you are going to do the washing-up. And keep looking at the children and saying, 'Do you think they are all right, dear?'"

He went on to give the Morley rule for happy marriage: "Marry the right wife. You have got to start right, and then it's more probable you will go on right. Once you make a habit of giving up your wife, then it is a habit which snowballs."

"The cautious ones stick to their first wives."

Mr. M. also has views on equality: "I am only too delighted that women should take over men's jobs."

"I would very much like my daughter and my wife to go out to work, and that would mean I would not have to work at all."

Your chance to sculpt

JUST hand us a block of sandstone and a chisel, please. We're going to enter the first Australian sculpture competition—you never know, we might be the local answer to that controversial English sculptor Henry Moore.

Mr. Ernst van Hattum, director of the Mildura Art Gallery, fired us with enthusiasm when he dropped in to talk about the Mildura Prize, to be judged in Mildura in April next year.

There are two prizes offered: £100 for smaller-sized works like a bust or a statuette and £400 for monumental jobs—as statues for public buildings.

(So we're going to sculpt something or bust!)

Mr. van Hattum is a Dutchman—and he studied art in Antwerp, Amsterdam, and Paris before migrating here with his wife, Corinne.

"But the sculpture is more interesting than I," he said. "I hope this competition will help to make Australians more sculpture-conscious and boost the art."

WELL, this woman was driving through London. She got lost, and stopped at a crossroad to consult a road map.

Minutes ticked by. The traffic behind her mounted. Then a policeman strode over. He smiled politely—

"Read any good books lately?" he asked.

Those days were good

USUALLY, those "Homes and Flats to Rent" advertisements in the paper are pretty depressing—high rent and all that.

It is, therefore, with some pleasure that we quote from an issue of the Sydney Daily Telegraph:

Darlinghurst. Furnished home. Five rooms, kitchen, bath, copper, balcony, and verandah. Linen and cutlery included, 27/6 a week.

Rose Bay. Flat of four rooms, 5/6 per week to respectable tenant.

Woolloomooloo. Bakehouse with shop. Seven rooms, every convenience. Also stables. Rent, 35/- a week.

By now, you're probably making noises of disbelief and muttering "too good to be true."

And you're right. Unfortunately.

This particular paper was dated in the year 1883. Mrs. M. Kelly, of Ingleburn, N.S.W., found bits of it pasted on the back of two old paintings.

The "bits" included the market report of the day, listing butter at 6d. lb., cured bacon at 5d. lb., and ham at 8d. lb.

Ah, those were the good old days, those were.

They're not that shut

ACCORDING to Welsh licensing laws, all hotels must shut on Sunday. But B.B.C. commentator Wynford Vaughan Thomas has discovered that some innkeepers will come to the rescue of a thirsty traveller.

Offered beer at one hotel on the Sabbath, Mr. Vaughan Thomas inquired (tactfully) about the licensing regulations.

"Well, it's like this," explained the landlord. "We shut, but we don't close."

Enjoy fleecy-soft warmth-without-weight

Laconia

BLANKETS



... made from superfine 100% Pure Lambs' Wool

Your investment in the unequalled quality and luxury of Laconia Blankets is a matter of pride, not price. For Laconia are not expensive, yet are fully guaranteed 100% pure lambs' wool . . . Si-ro-moth'd to protect them through the years . . . closely woven to reward your washing skill and with generous "tuck-in" to ensure fleecy-soft warmth the whole night through. See Laconia's glorious new season's range now of checks, pastels, and contemporary plain colours in the blanket department of any good store.

 Gold Seal Guarantee 

The manufacture of your superb quality, 100% lambs' wool "Laconia Blankets" has been achieved by a combination of the latest automatic machinery and the most modern techniques. In the event of any fault caused by imperfect manufacture your blankets will be replaced free of charge.

In the event of any fault caused by imperfect manufacture your blankets will be replaced free of charge.

Laconia MAKE *Goodnight* A CERTAINTY



NAGGING COUGHS...STOPPED



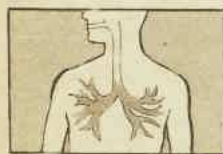
HE SLEEPS ALL NIGHT LONG

NEW FROM VICKS!

ANTI-CONGESTION MEDICINE STOPS NIGHT COUGHS

...WORKS WHERE OTHERS FAIL!

Not only clears chest congestion but drains hidden nasal and sinus congestion as well. His cough goes... he breathes freely... he sleeps!



Clears chest congestion to stop coughs.



Drains nasal, sinus areas—he breathes freely.

New, more complete relief. Now, when your child coughs again and again and can't get the sleep he needs, give him new Improved Vicks Cough Syrup.

Unique 3-way anti-congestion action. You see, Improved Vicks Cough Syrup contains a special, medically approved anti-congestant that not only clears chest congestion—it drains nasal and sinus congestion as well. What's more, this unique anti-congestant actually keeps congestion from building up! And with congestion gone... his cough is gone... he breathes freely... sleeps the night through. And you sleep, too!

Plus exclusive deep-penetrating action. Improved Vicks Cough Syrup also contains Cetamium, the amazing deep-penetrating agent that brings soothing medications deep into irritated folds and crevices of throat where other cough syrups never reach!

And Vitamin C. To help your child fight off infection and build his resistance to colds, improved Vicks Cough Syrup contains fresh-fruit Vitamin C!

So don't let a nagging, persistent cough keep your child from getting the sleep he needs. Tonight, give him new Improved Vicks Cough Syrup with Vitamin C!



Now with
resistance-
building
Vitamin C

New IMPROVED Vicks

COUGH SYRUP

with Vitamin C

Prescription strength—for adults!

New Vicks FORMULA 44

Especially formulated to fight harsh, adult coughs! Gives faster, more complete relief.

Continuing

MEMOIRS OF A PROFESSIONAL CAD

**ZSA ZSA and
George Sanders
nightclubbing dur-
ing their dizzy
married days.**



• From page 5

I don't think any man concerned himself very much about whether or not there was anything behind her beauty; he was too busy gazing at her.

Of her conversation I can remember nothing: when she spoke one did not listen; one just watched her mouth moving and marvelled at the exquisite shapes made by her lips.

There may have been some who would have preferred her to be as plain as a school-mistress and crisply articulate, but not I.

A beautiful woman gets old. A plain woman gets plainer and old besides. This is not to say, however, that beauties hold all the cards in the pack. I have known quite a few plain women with remarkable capabilities.

But, however much the beauties may suffer from the transitory qualities, I feel it my prerogative and pleasure to enjoy them as they come—and I go—even if my enjoyment falls short of the worship they prefer.

So, anyway, there they are: Beautiful women—on whom so many words and hours and fortunes are spent, who are painted and pursued, adored and abused, married and abandoned. Each one using this trump card in a different way.

Hedy Lamarr found it a load, whereas Marlene Dietrich took every trick in a *tour de force* of beauty.

Greta Garbo's incandescent looks singed a generation of male moths, but have apparently lasted to light only her own way.

Elizabeth Taylor shares her ravishing beauty like a true patron of the poor with those who have none.

Ava Gardner has ravaged a continent.

Arlene Dahl opened a lingerie store.

Clare Luce put pulchritude into politics, and the Duchess of Windsor, to prove that beauty was at best a superfluous weapon, took the King of England unarmed. The variety is endless.

During the five years I was married to Zsa Zsa Gabor I lived in her sumptuous Bel-Air mansion as a sort of paying guest.

I was allotted a small room in which I was permitted to keep my personal effects until such time as more space was needed to store her ever-mounting stacks of Press clippings and photographs.

All of the tables, walls, cupboards, and closets of various kinds were pressed into similar service.

Unless the hours on a picture I might be making were excessively long, I would be home in time to stand at the bar under the large portrait of Zsa Zsa and fix drinks for her newspaper interviewers and photographers, who would be winding up a hard day. They would be most appreciative and would nod to me quite affably as I tended to their needs.

Gay parties

But the most rewarding experience would come later: driving the dressmaker home. She would always be extremely grateful.

Then there were the gay dinner parties, and occasionally the large catered parties with champagne, balloons, and tents.

It was a kaleidoscope life, and there were large areas of fun in it. Yet there came a time when I felt I simply had to get away.

Providence came to my assistance in the form of an offer from the great Italian director Roberto Rossellini to do a picture in Italy, co-starring with Ingrid Bergman.

Because of my tremendous respect and admiration for the well-known director, I accepted the offer with alacrity. I had recently seen some of his truly magnificent works, such as "Open City" and "Paisa," and was eager to work with the man who could achieve such results.

In addition, I was naturally looking forward to working with Bergman.

I sought out Zsa Zsa to inform her of my decision. I found her under the hairdryer

going over the guest list for her next party.

I managed to attract her attention by waving my passport in front of her and conveyed my intention of leaving for Italy in sign language—the noise of the hairdryer precluding conversation.

She regarded me indulgently for a long moment, and then, with a sunny social smile, returned to the sober scrutiny of her guest list.

To pack my bags was the work of a moment, because my belongings by this time had shrunk to the barest essentials.

In no time at all I was in an airliner on my way to Rome. I began to think again about the picture.

My agent had told me there was no script, but this had caused me no particular concern, because even in Hollywood I had often started on films without a script.

When I arrived in Rome, however, I was informed that there never would be a script.

While I was somewhat bewildered by this knowledge, I felt that I had gone too far now to turn back, and that, anyway, perhaps insistence on a script for every picture was one of the things that was wrong with Hollywood.

For years I had been trained in the Hollywood tradition of efficient organisation, of wardrobe plots, shooting schedules, and each man in a film crew having a specific task to perform.

It came as no small surprise, therefore, to find that the Rossellini organisation consisted simply of the great director himself and a number of assistants whose functions varied day by day. Some of them were sent on errands one day, and the next given important work to do.

A man of impressive appearance would one day be seen with briefcase and important-looking papers and documents, and the following day in dungarees repairing the maestro's skin-diving equipment.

When the day came to start shooting in Naples I was in a state of such bewilderment that I asked Rossellini to release me from the picture, but to this he could not accede.



HEDY LAMARR . . . the men could only gape.



INGRID BERGMAN . . . emotionally upset and insecure.



LIZ TAYLOR . . . she shared her ravishing looks.



AVA GARDNER . . . her beauty ravaged a continent.

Bergman and Rossellini *Their romance shook the world*

because money to back the film had been advanced on the basis of my being in it.

The first fortnight of shooting took place in the Naples Museum.

Although I was not personally involved in any of these scenes—and it is even doubtful whether anyone else was in the final analysis—I went to the museum a number of times to watch the shooting.

The scenes filmed in the museum were a series of shots of Miss Bergman admiring the statuary. An octogenarian guide accompanied her, giving a short dissertation on the merits of each statue they came to, while Miss Bergman nodded in mute appreciation.

While it did not seem to me that these scenes were making the most of Miss Bergman's very considerable talents as an actress, they were quite interesting to watch for the first few hours or so.

Stupefaction

By the end of two weeks, however, my interest was reduced to a state bordering on stupefaction.

It was impossible to say what contribution these scenes with Miss Bergman made to the picture as a whole, as the story of the film was never understood at any time by anyone.

When it came my turn to appear in front of the cameras the location was changed to a rented villa some 25 miles from Naples. It was late February and bitterly cold. There was no heating in the villa and no facilities.

As there was no wardrobe plot to guide us, it often happened that I would arrive at the villa wearing the wrong clothes.

On such occasions they would drive me all the way to Naples to change my suit.

During the time I was gone Rossellini and the crew would play cards and have a bottle of wine.

On one occasion I was told a car would pick me up at

two o'clock in the afternoon. This would have been 15 minutes earlier than usual, and my spirits rose accordingly.

When the clock struck three and the car had not appeared I was disappointed, but still undaunted. "Well," I said to myself, "they are going to be late, but at least a praiseworthy attempt has been made."

I sat and stared at the door. Dinner guests came and went. I sat and stared at the door.

When the car finally came at 4.30 the following morning I was unready, unwilling, unable, unshaven, and had lost all sense of proportion.

I called long distance to Zsa Zsa, who could not come to the phone, anyway, because she was under the hairdryer.

I was led like a man in Sing Sing's Death House to the waiting car, which whisked me away to some Neapolitan back street where Rossellini had set up the camera to shoot the momentous scene.

Finally, when all was ready, Rossellini changed his mind about shooting the scene and dismissed the company.

While we watched him in stupefied silence he put on his crash helmet, climbed into his Ferrari, gunned his motor, and disappeared with a roar.

It was about this time that I began to wonder how the maestro's strange ways were affecting Ingrid, and in just what stage was the romance that had rocked the world.

It would be hard to guess whether there was any real happiness in the relationship that existed at the time between Ingrid and Roberto, or whether in point of fact there ever had been.

It is common knowledge that their meeting was brought about indirectly as a result of the failure of the motion picture "Joan of Arc."

It was a very big flop and Ingrid suffered an emotional setback that produced in her a feeling of such insecurity that she needed someone to

take over and run her life.

It is said that she set forth her problem in letters to her favorite directors and that Rossellini, who was one of them, accepted the challenge.

The story of the romance that followed and the beautiful children it produced is as well known as the outraged reactions of the moralists. What is perhaps less well known is the psychological impact of each upon the personality of the other.

In tears

It was the talk of Italy that Roberto was ruining Ingrid by putting her into one bad picture after another; that he would not allow her to work for any other director, or see any movies except those made by him; and that he was, in short, devouring her in a sort of frenzy of possessiveness.

Yet although she was in tears a good many times during the making of the picture, it seemed to me that the very opposite was taking place.

Far from being devoured, Ingrid was eventually to emerge triumphant and Roberto was to bite the dust of obscurity.

I call his ventures tragic because they could so easily have been highly remunerative if he had operated in a normal manner.

He was not a man who really enjoyed working and he hated to get up in the morning, a fact which he never tired of bringing to our attention.

There was an occasion during the shooting of the picture when his predilection for not getting up in the morning was in perfect harmony with my own.

He had taken the entire company over to Capri to do some interior night shots that could have been done much more economically and easily in the studios in Rome. But, of course, one had to take into account the fact that the facilities for skin-diving in Rome were certainly not as

good as those to be found in Capri.

After photographing the night scenes Roberto decided he needed a shot of me arriving at the island by the steamer which used to dock around 10 o'clock in the morning.

Since he could not very well ask me to get up and go down to the dock when he was not prepared to do this himself, he instructed the cameraman to photograph any tall man getting off the boat.

Later Roberto decided he needed some shots of me on the boat to tie in with the one of my getting off it. For this he hired the entire steamer for the day.

The weather was glorious. I had the whole ship to myself, and was waited on hand and foot by the full complement of stewards, who brought me *café con panna*, liqueurs, and sundry Italian delicacies.

To save money, Rossellini had not hired any extras. So that when the two sequences were put together you first of all saw this singularly lonely man on a deserted ship making the crossing to Capri.

Then you saw the ship arrive, a thousand passengers pushing and shoving each other in disembarking—without ruffling the calm of the lonely tall man who now had unaccountably acquired a new face.

Skin-diver

Rossellini was a great skin-diving aficionado, a fact which was mercilessly exploited by the crew on the picture.

Whenever they felt they had done enough work for the day, one of the men would come running up to the great maestro and, looking back over his shoulder with breathless excitement, point out to sea. "There! Out there, out there!" he would cry. "A huge fish as big as this."

The effect on Rossellini of this little charade could not have been more electrifying if he had received a full-scale

jolt of insulin shock treatment.

"Wrap it up!" he would shout through teeth chattering with excitement, while with trembling hands he changed into his skin-diving outfit.

A few minutes later, with a loud plop and wriggling flippers, Rossellini's portly figure would disappear from view into the limpid waters of the Mediterranean.

But, for all his eccentricities, Rossellini was a very charming man, and he treated me with every consideration.

When the picture finally came to an end I found myself strangely reluctant to part company with the flamboyant Roberto, the bravely smiling though tear-stained Ingrid, and the oddly assorted crew.

I arrived in Cannes and collided with Zsa Zsa, who had flown down from Paris, where she had been a guest in a house party given by Diplomat Extraordinary His Excellency Don Porfirio Rubirosa, Dominican Ambassador to the Republic of France.

After two weeks in Cannes, where we went to all the parties, had lunch with the ageing Aga Khan, gambled in the casinos, and generally had a very good time, I took off for Hollywood.

Zsa Zsa returned to Paris to assist in the promotion of goodwill between the Dominican Republic and France.

While I have always been a staunch supporter of International Accord, I found it a little hard to believe that the situation governing the relations between France and the Dominican Republic had become so crucial as to require the whole-hearted co-operation of Hungarians.

Yet I know that I speak as a child in such matters, and therefore I am inclined to leave them in the hands of the well informed.

However, I did mention this matter rather briefly on my way through New York to Zsa Zsa's mother, the re-

doubtable Madame Jolie Gabor.

Putting aside a pearl necklace she had been examining minutely through a magnifying glass, Madame Gabor looked at me in shocked surprise.

"It is only *four passer le temps*," she said, as though this explained everything. I left, more bewildered than ever, and caught a plane for Hollywood.

Albert, my butler, drove me to Zsa Zsa's house, where he unpacked my bags while I had a swim in the pool.

Divorce

The house seemed to be much more spacious and serene than I had remembered it, and it was not long before I discovered the reason why—there were no photographers and dressmakers, no interviewers and no visitors.

I spent a couple of weeks in tranquil relaxation and then took Albert and my belongings on a search for an establishment of my own. I stopped at the first rentable house I came to in Pacific Palisades, moved in right away, and lived in it temporarily for five years.

It was not long after I settled down in my new home that Zsa Zsa and I entered into divorce proceedings.

As I applied myself with ever-growing skill to the subtle art of living successfully as a bachelor I was reminded from time to time of the words of A. E. Housman:

Oh, when I was in love with you,

Then I was clean and brave,
And all around the wonder grew.

How well did I behave.

But now the fancy passes by,
And nothing does remain,
And all around they say that

I am quite myself again.

• George Sanders and Sunday Dispatch (London), 1960.

NEXT WEEK: The joys of bachelor life.

YOU'LL ENJOY LOADS
OF GOOD THINGS IN . . .

Mac.Robertsonland

You visit this wonderful place every time you bite into a Mac.Robertson confection . . .
there you discover ENJOYMENT, QUALITY and NOURISHMENT

take **CHERRY RIPE** for instance



ONLY **8**d.

- NOURISHMENT — Ripe, real Cherries!
- ENJOYMENT — Luscious, milky Coconut!
- QUALITY — All covered with fragrant "Old Gold" Chocolate!



*Mm-m-m
make mine . .*

Mac.Robertson's

£500: cash for skill

● Here's another £500 CROZZLE, in the new series of our popular word game competition.

● CROZZLING is a test of skill—a combination crossword and puzzle—but it's fun, with hours of entertainment for all the family.

TO complete the CROZZLE, make up a crossword in the blank grid, using any of the musical terms in the word list. Black in the unused squares.

The CROZZLE does not have to follow any set pattern.

And, remember, words need not all interlock. But it is the interlocking letters that build a high score.

CROZZLE No. 2 will close on June 22, and the result will appear in our issue of July 13.

CONDITIONS

1. All entries for CROZZLE No. 2 must be received by June 22, and should be addressed: "CROZZLE No. 2," THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, BOX 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

2. Entries containing any altered letters cannot be accepted. 3. No words other than those in the list provided may be used. Entries containing any other words or combinations of letters will be disqualified. Names in the list may be used ONCE ONLY.

4. Entries on which incorrect scores are shown will be disqualified.

5. In the event of a tie for top score, the tied entry showing the highest points for interlocking letters will be awarded the prize. If there is still a tie, the winning entries will share the prize money.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies are not eligible to enter this contest; nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

This contest is governed by the rules as published in our issue of June 1.

HOW TO SCORE

For every word used in the crossword you score 10 points.

In addition, you score points for each interlocking letter—at a rate shown in the table published below. Interlocking letters are those occurring in the same square in a word going across and one going down.

The sample provided of a completed CROZZLE shows how to total scores.

Readers should add up their points in the space provided on the coupon and submit the grid and coupon with their grand total clearly marked.

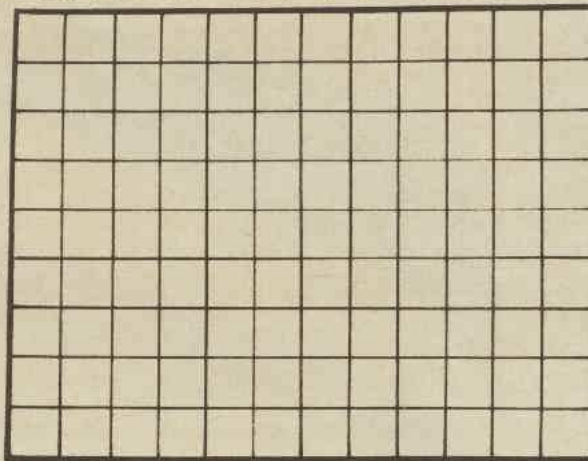


10 8 10 7 6 18

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 59
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 130
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY 189

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 8, 1960

CROZZLE No.2



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS

PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

INTERLOCKING LETTER SCORE

You score 10 points for each word used and for every interlocking letter you score additional points on the scale shown below:

1 Point Letters	3 Point Letters	6 Point Letters	12 Point Letters
A	H	O	V
B	I	P	W
C	J	Q	X
D	K	R	Y
E	L	S	Z
F	M	T	
G	N	U	

Word list of CROZZLE No. 2

3 LETTERS

Bar
Duo
Hit
Hot
Hum
Jig
Key
Low
Alto
Aria
Band

4 LETTERS

Alto
Aria
Band

Bass
Beat
Clef
Drum
Duet
Echo
Fife
Flat
Gong
Harp
High
Horn
Hymn
Jazz
Jive
Lilt
Lute
Note
Oboe
Pipe
Reed
Reel
Sing
Solo
Song
Time
Tone
Trio
Tuba
Tune

5 LETTERS

Banjo
Basso
Bones
Breve
Bugle
Carol
Chant

Choir
Chord
Etude
Flute
Fugue
Largo
Major
Mezzo
Minor
Opera
Organ
Pedal
Piano
Pitch
Polka
Round
Scale
Score
Sharp
Tempo
Tenor
Theme
Twang
Voice
Waltz

6 LETTERS

Adagio
Ballad
Chorus
Cornet
Guitar
Jingle
Melody
Minuet

Octave
Quaver
Record
Rhythm
Singer
Sonata
String
Violin
Volume
Zither

7 LETTERS

Allegro
Andante
Cantata
Concert
Cymbals
Descant
Discord
Harmony
Lullaby
Mazurka
Musical
Prelude
Refrain
Soprano
Ukulele

8 LETTERS

Arpeggio
Clarinet
Composer
Diatonic
Ensemble
Fantasia

Keyboard
Movement
Overture
Plectrum
Rhapsody
Trombone

9 LETTERS

Accordion
Castanets
Clarinet
Conductor
Contralto
Fingering
Harmonica
Orchestra
Pizzicato
Saxophone
Syncopate
Xylophone

10 LETTERS

Bandmaster
Concertina
Fortissimo
Intermezzo
Pianissimo
Tambourine

11 LETTERS

Arrangement
Syncopation

2½ million
happy
users
acclaim...

Fyrside



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controlled economy.

On the coldest winter evenings, in most homes throughout Australia, FYRSIDE gives greatest heat, fastest heat, circulating heat... fresh, healthy heat!

FYRSIDE is both Convection Heater and Radiator, the most efficient and comfortable form of heating. FYRSIDE comes in a beautiful colour range, in two models — Room Heater or the fully enclosed Space Heater which operates at only half the cost of twin burner heaters.

FYRSIDE allows you to dial exactly the heat you require... allows controlled fuel economy, saves you many pounds a season in fuel bills — savings that can more than cover the easy weekly FYRSIDE terms, and you pay your fuel bills as you go. See FYRSIDE at your retailer now.



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CONVECTION HEATERS



... all aboard for the best night out of your life!

Your holiday really begins the moment you drive aboard the Princess of Tasmania. She's Australia's most modern passenger ship, designed for relaxation . . . fine food . . . comfortable sleeping accommodation . . . friendly service in the smokers room bar . . . plus the excitement of ocean travel. Stabilizing fins reduce roll to 3 degrees, and you'll drive off in Devonport feeling refreshed, relaxed . . . ready to enjoy your island holiday to the full. Tasmania has so much to offer . . . and you can see it all, via Searoad.

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A SHORT NOVEL

By **DAPHNE**
du MAURIER

THE BLUE LENSES

THIS was the day for the bandages to be removed and the blue lenses fitted. Marda West put her hand up to her eyes and felt the crepe binder and the layer upon layer of cotton-wool beneath. Patience would be rewarded at last. The days had passed into weeks since her operation, and she had lain there suffering no physical discomfort, but only the anonymity of darkness, a negative feeling that the world, and the life around, was passing her by.

During the first few days there had been pain, mercifully allayed by drugs, and then the sharpness of this wore down, dissolved, and she was left with a sense of great fatigue, which they assured her was reaction after shock. As for the operation itself, it had been successful. Here was the definite promise. A hundred per cent. successful.

"You will see," the surgeon told her, "more clearly than ever before."

"But how can you tell?" she urged, desiring her slender thread of faith to be reinforced.

"Because we examined your eyes when you were under the anaesthetic," he replied, "and again since, when we put you under for a second time. We would not lie to you, Mrs. West."

This reassurance came from them two or three times a day, and she had to steel herself to patience as the weeks wore by, so that she referred to the matter perhaps only once every twenty-four hours, and then by way of a trap to catch them unawares. "Don't throw the roses out; I would like to see them"; and the day nurse would be surprised into the admission, "They'll be over before you'll be able to do that." Which meant she would not see this week.

Actual dates were never mentioned. Nobody said, "On the fourteenth of the month you will have your eyes," and

the subterfuge continued, the pretence that she did not mind, and was content to wait; even Jim, her husband, was now classed in the category of "them," the staff of the hospital, and no longer treated as a confidant.

Once, long ago, every qualm and apprehension had been admitted, shared. This was before the operation. Then, fearful of pain and blindness, she had clung to him and said, "What if I never see again, what will happen to me?" picturing herself as helpless, maimed, and Jim, whose anxiety was no less harsh than hers, would answer, "Whatever comes, we'll go through it together."

Now, for no known reason except that darkness perhaps had made her more sensitive, she was shy to discuss her eyes with him. The touch of his hand was the same as it had ever been, and his kiss, and the warmth of his voice, but always, during these days of waiting, she had the seed of fear that he, like the staff of the hospital, was being too kind. The kindness of those who knew, to the one who must not be told.

Therefore, when at last it happened, when at his evening visit the surgeon said, "Your lenses will be fitted tomorrow," surprise was greater than joy, she could not say anything, and he had left the room before she could thank him. It was really true. The long agony had ended.

She permitted herself only a last feeler, before the day nurse went off duty: "They'll take some getting used to,

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Marda buried her face in the flowers, thinking there was nothing false about them as with the people she saw around her.



Musical director Bob Gibson (centre) and "rock" singers Betty Parker and Ted Hamilton crack a bottle after recording the Milk Jingle.

let's crack a bottle

You try it over once — or maybe twelve times. You take it from there, over and over, till everyone gets the beat. Right? You're in business! On goes the green light — and the Milk Jingle's made!

Sounds real groovy, doesn't it? And so does the clink of cool milk bottles they are setting out for the band! Milk's a swingin' drink for swingin' people. Nothing can recharge your energy so fast as a refreshing "pint-a". Claim your bottle while it's all dewed over from the refrigerator. That creamy, luxury-flavour of frosty-cold milk, you'll love!

Here's the catchy Milk Jingle you hear on radio and TV!

1. Let's crack a bottle,
Let's crack a bottle of milk,
Let's crack a bottle of milk and see
How milk gives you super vitality.
2. Let's crack a bottle,
Let's crack a bottle of milk,
Let's crack a bottle of milk each day
For milk's so much better in every way.
3. Let's crack a bottle,
Let's crack a bottle of milk,
Let's crack a bottle of milk right now
'Cos milk makes you feel — like wow!
4. Let's crack a bottle,
Let's crack a bottle of milk,
Let's crack a bottle of milk and then
We'll crack another bottle of milk again.

MILK...for a refreshing lift any time



and hurt a bit at first?" — her statement of fact put as a careless question. But the voice of the woman who had tended her through so many weary days replied, "You won't know you've got them, Mrs. West."

Such a calm, comfortable voice, and the way she shifted the pillows and held the glass to the patient's lips, the hand smelling faintly of the French fern soap with which she washed her, these things gave confidence and implied she could not lie.

"Tomorrow I shall see you," said Marda West, and the nurse, with that cheerful laugh that could be heard sometimes down the corridor outside, answered, "Yes, I'll give you your first shock."

It was a strange thought how memories of coming into the nursing home were now blunted. The staff who had received her were dim shadows; the room assigned to her, and where she still lay, like a wooden box built only to entrap.

EVEN the surgeon, brisk and efficient during those two rapid consultations when he had recommended an immediate operation, was a voice rather than a presence; he gave his orders, and the orders were carried out, and it was difficult to reconcile this bird of passage with the person who, those several weeks ago, had asked her to surrender herself to him, who had, in fact, worked this miracle upon the membranes and the tissues that were her living eyes.

"Aren't you feeling excited?" This was the low, soft voice of her night nurse, who, more than the rest of them, understood what she had endured. Nurse Brand, by day, exuded a daytime brightness. She was a person of sunlight, of bearing in fresh flowers, of admitting visitors.

The weather she described in the world outside appeared to be her own creation. "A real scorcher," she would say, flinging open windows, and her patient would sense the cool uniform, the starched cap, which somehow toned down the penetrating heat; or else she might hear the steady fall of rain and feel the slight chill accompanying it. "This is going to please the gardeners, but it will put 'paid' to matron's day on the river."

Meals, too, even the dulllest of lunches, were made to appear delicacies through her method of introduction. "A morsel of brill au beurre?" she would suggest happily, whetting reluctant appetite, and the boiled fish that followed must be eaten, for all its tastelessness, because otherwise it would seem to let down Nurse Brand, who had recommended it.

"Apple fritters; you can manage two, I'm sure," and the tongue began to roll the imaginary fritter, crisp as a flake and sugared, which in reality had a languid, leathery substance, and so her cheerful optimism brooked no discontent; it would be offensive to complain, lacking in backbone to admit, "Let me just lie, I don't want anything."

The night brought consolation and Nurse Ansel. She did not expect courage. At first, during pain, it had been Nurse Ansel who had administered the drugs. It was she who had smoothed the pillows and held the glass to the parched lips. Then, with the passing weeks, there had been the gentle voice and the quiet encouragement, "It will soon pass. This waiting is the worst." At night the patient had only to touch the bell and in a moment Nurse Ansel was by the bed. "Can't sleep? I know, it's wretched for you. I'll give you

just two and a half grains, and the night won't seem so long."

How compassionate, that smooth and silken voice; and the imagination, making fantasies through enforced rest and idleness, pictured some reality with Nurse Ansel that was not hospital: a holiday abroad, perhaps, the three of them, Jim playing golf with an unspecified male companion, leaving her, Marda, to wander with Nurse Ansel. All she did was faultless. She never annoyed.

The small intimacies of nighttime shared brought a bond between nurse and patient that vanished with the day, and when she went off duty, at five minutes to eight in the morning, she would whisper, "Until this evening," the very whisper stimulating anticipation, as though eight o'clock that night would not be clocking in but an assignation.

Nurse Ansel understood complaint. When Marda West said wearily, "It's been such a long day," her answer, "Has it!" implied that for her, too, the day had dragged, that in some hostel she had tried to sleep and failed, that only now did she hope to come alive.

It was with a special secret sympathy she would announce the evening visitor, "Here is someone you want to see, a little earlier than usual," the tone suggesting that Jim was not the husband of ten years but a troubadour, a sweetheart whose bouquet of flowers had been plucked in an enchanted garden and now brought to a balcony.

"What gorgeous lilies!" the exclamation half a breath, and half a sigh, so that Marda West imagined exotic dragon-petalled beauties growing to heaven, Nurse Ansel, a little priestess, kneeling, and then shyly the voice would murmur, "Good evening, Mr. West. Mrs. West is waiting for you."

She would hear the gentle closing of the door, the tip-toeing out with the lilies, and the almost soundless return, the scent of flowers filling the room.

It must have been during the fifth week that Marda West had suggested, tentatively, first to Nurse Ansel and then to her husband, that perhaps, on going home, Nurse Ansel might go with them for the first week. It would coincide with Nurse Ansel's own holiday. Just a week. Just so that Marda West could settle to home again.

"Would you like me to?" Reserve lay in the voice, yet promise, too.

"I would. It's going to be so difficult at first," and the patient, not knowing what she meant by "difficult," saw herself as helpless still, in spite of the protection and the reassurance that up to the present only Nurse Ansel had given her. "Jim, what about it?"

His comment was something between surprise and indulgence. Surprise that his wife considered a nurse a person in her own right, and indulgence because it was the whim of a sick woman. At least, that was how it seemed to Marda West, and later, when the evening visit was over and he had gone home, she said to the night nurse, "I can't make out whether my husband thought it a good idea or not."

The answer was quiet, yet reassuring, "Don't worry, Mr. West is reconciled."

But reconciled to what? The changing routine? Three people round the table, conversation, the unusual status of a guest who, devoting herself to her hostess, must be paid? (The last would not be mentioned, but glossed over at the

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end of a week in an envelope.)

"Aren't you feeling excited?" Nurse Ansel, by the pillow, touched the bandages, and it was the warmth in the voice, the certainty that only a few hours now would bring revelation, which stifled at last all lingering doubt of success. The operation had not failed. Tomorrow she would see once more.

"In a way it's like being born again. I've forgotten how the world looks."

"Such a wonderful world," murmured Nurse Ansel, "and you've been patient for so long."

The sympathetic hand expressed condemnation of all those who had insisted upon bandages through the waiting weeks; greater indulgence might have been granted had Nurse Ansel herself been in command and waved a wand. "It's queer," said Marda West, "tomorrow you won't be a voice to me any more. You'll be a person."

"Aren't I a person now?"

A note of gentle teasing, of pretended reproach, which was all part of the communication

sel, seated perhaps by someone else's bed, bending to give comfort, and this alone would make her reach for the bell and press her thumb upon it, and say, when the door opened, "Were you having a nap?" "I never sleep on duty."

She would be seated, then, in the cubbyhole midway along the passage, perhaps drinking tea, or entering particulars of charts into a ledger. Or standing beside a patient, as she now stood beside Marda West. "I can't find my handkerchief."

"Here it is. Under your pillow all the time."

A pat on the shoulder, and this in itself was a sort of delicacy. A few moments of talk to prolong the companionship, and then she would be gone, to answer other bells and other requests.

"Well. We can't complain of the weather," and now it was the day itself, and Nurse Brand coming in like the first breeze of morning, a hand on a barometer set fair. "All ready for the great event?" she asked. "We must get a move on, and keep your prettiest nightie to greet your husband."

It was her operation in reverse. This time in the same



between them and so soothing to the patient; this must surely, when sight came back, be forgotten.

"Yes, of course. But it's bound to be different."

"I don't see why."

Even knowing she was dark and small — for so Nurse Ansel had described herself — Marda West must be prepared for surprise at the first encounter, the tilt of the head, the slant of the eyes, or perhaps some unexpected facial form, like too large a mouth, too many protruding teeth.

"Look, feel" — and not for the first time Nurse Ansel took her patient's hand and passed it over her own face, a little embarrassing perhaps because it implied surrender, the patient's hand a captive, and Marda West, withdrawing it, said with a laugh, "It doesn't tell me a thing."

"Sleep then. Tomorrow will come too soon." There came the familiar routine of the bell put within reach, the last-minute drink, the pill, and then the soft "Good night, Mrs. West. Ring if you want me."

"Thank you. Good night."

There was, always a slight sense of loss, of loneliness as the door closed and she went away, and a feeling of jealousy, too, because there were other patients who received these same mercies, and who, in pain, would also ring their bells.

When she awoke, and this often happened in the small hours, Marda West would no longer picture Jim at home, lonely on his pillow, but would have an image of Nurse An-

sel. The flowers Jim had brought her. Sounds from the street outside merged with the shapes, and what had seemed sharp before was now in harmony.

She thought, I wonder if I can cry. I wonder if the lenses will keep back tears, but feeling the blessing of sight restored she felt the tears as well, nothing to be ashamed of, one or two, which were easily brushed away. All was in focus now. Flowers, the washbasin. The glass with the thermometer in it. Her dressing-gown. Wonder and relief were so great they excluded thought.

They weren't lying to me, she thought, it has happened. It's true.

The texture of the blanket covering her, so often felt, could now be seen as well. Color was not important. The dim light, caused by the blue lenses, enhanced the charm, the softness of all she saw.

It seemed to her, rejoicing in form and shape, that color would never matter. There was time enough for color. The blue symmetry of vision itself was all-important. To see, to feel, to blend the two together. It was indeed rebirth, the discovery of a world long lost to her.

There seemed to be no hurry now. Gazing about the small room and dwelling upon every aspect of it was richness, something to savor. Hours could be spent just looking at the room and feeling it, traveling through the window to the windows of the houses opposite.

Even a prisoner, she decided, could find comfort in his cell if he had been blinded first and had recovered his sight.

She heard Nurse Brand's voice outside, and turned her head to watch the opening door.

"Well, are we happy once more?"

Smiling, she saw the figure dressed in uniform come into the room, bearing a tray, her glass of milk upon it. Yet, incongruous, absurd, the head with the uniform cap was not a woman's head at all. The thing bearing down upon her was a cow — a cow on a woman's body.

The frilled cap was perched upon wide horns. The eyes were large and gentle, but cow's eyes; the nostrils broad and humid, and the way she stood there, breathing, was the way a cow stood placidly in pasture, taking the day as it came, content, unmoved.

"Feeling a bit strange?"

THE laugh was a woman's laugh, a nurse's laugh, Nurse Brand's laugh, and she put the tray down on the cupboard beside the bed. The patient said nothing. She shut her eyes, then opened them again. The cow in the nurse's uniform was with her still.

"Confess now," said Nurse Brand, "you wouldn't know you had the lenses in, except for the color."

It was important to gain time. The patient stretched out her hand carefully for the glass of milk. She sipped the milk slowly. The mask must be worn on purpose. Perhaps it was some kind of experiment connected with the fitting of the lenses, though how it was supposed to work she could not imagine. And it was surely taking rather a risk to spring such a surprise, and, to people weaker than herself who might have undergone the same operation, downright cruel.

"I see very plainly," she said at last. "At least I think I do."

Nurse Brand stood watching her with folded arms. The broad, uniformed figure was much as Marda West had im-

agined it, but the cow's head tilted, the ridiculous frill of the cap perched on the horns . . . where did the head join the body, if mask it in fact was?

"You don't sound too sure of yourself," said Nurse Brand. "Don't say you're disappointed after all we've done for you."

The laugh was cheerful, as usual, but she should be chewing grass, the slow jaws moving from side to side.

"I'm sure of myself," answered her patient, "but I'm not so sure of you. Is it a trick?"

"Is what a trick?" "The way you look; your face?"

Vision was not so dimmed by the blue lenses that she could not distinguish change of expression. The cow's jaw distinctly dropped.

"Really, Mrs. West!" This time the laugh was not so cordial. Surprise was very evident. "I'm as the good God made me. I dare say He might have made a better job of it."

The nurse—the cow—moved from the bedside towards the window, drew the curtains more sharply back, so that the full light filled the room. There was no visible join to the mask, the head blended to the body. Marda West saw how the cow, if she stood at bay, would lower her horns.

"I didn't mean to offend you," she said, "but it is just a little strange. You see—" She was spared explanation because the door opened and the surgeon came into the room. At least the surgeon's voice was recognisable as he called, "Hullo! How goes it?" and his figure in immaculate white was all that an eminent surgeon's should be, but that terrier's head, ears pricked, the inquisitive, searching glance, in a moment surely he would yap, and a tail wag swiftly.

This time the patient laughed. The effect was ludicrous. It must be a joke, it was, it had to be; but why go to such expense and trouble, and what in the end was gained by the deception? She checked her laugh abruptly as she saw the terrier turn to the cow, the two communicate with each other soundlessly. Then the cow shrugged its too ample shoulders.

"Mrs. West thinks us a bit of a joke." The nurse's voice was not overpleased.

"I'm all for that," said the surgeon. "It would never do if she took a dislike to us, would it?" Then he came and put out his hand to his patient, and bent close to observe her eyes. She lay very still. He wore no mask either. None, at least, that she could distinguish. The ears were pricked, the sharp nose questing.

He was even marked, one ear black, the other white. She could picture him at the entrance to a fox's lair, sniffing, then, quick on the scent, stuffing down the tunnel, intent upon the job for which he was trained.

"Your name ought to be Jack Russell," she said aloud.

"I beg your pardon?"

He had straightened himself, but still stood beside the bed, and the bright eye had a penetrating quality, one ear cocked.

"I mean" — Marda West searched for words—the name seems to suit you better than your own."

She felt confused. Dr. Edmund Greaves, with all the letters after him on the plate in Harley Street, what must he think of her? "I know a James Russell," he said to her, "but he's an orthopaedic surgeon, and breaks your bones. Do you feel I've done that to you?"

His voice was brisk, but he sounded a little surprised, as Nurse Brand had done. The gratitude which was owed to their skill was not forthcoming.

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Now in 4 handy tablets

Now ... four handy tablets instead of two bars. Take one of the generous, golden tablets of Sunlight in your hand! See how easy it is to hold, how convenient to use. No tiresome breaking bars, now. Yet Sunlight is still the same pure, mild soap, famous for generations for its dirt-removing power. Just a touch on those extra dirty spots *before* clothes go into copper or machine makes absolutely sure of a wash that's clean all through. Get Sunlight in the gay, modern carton with four separate tablets — at your grocer's now.

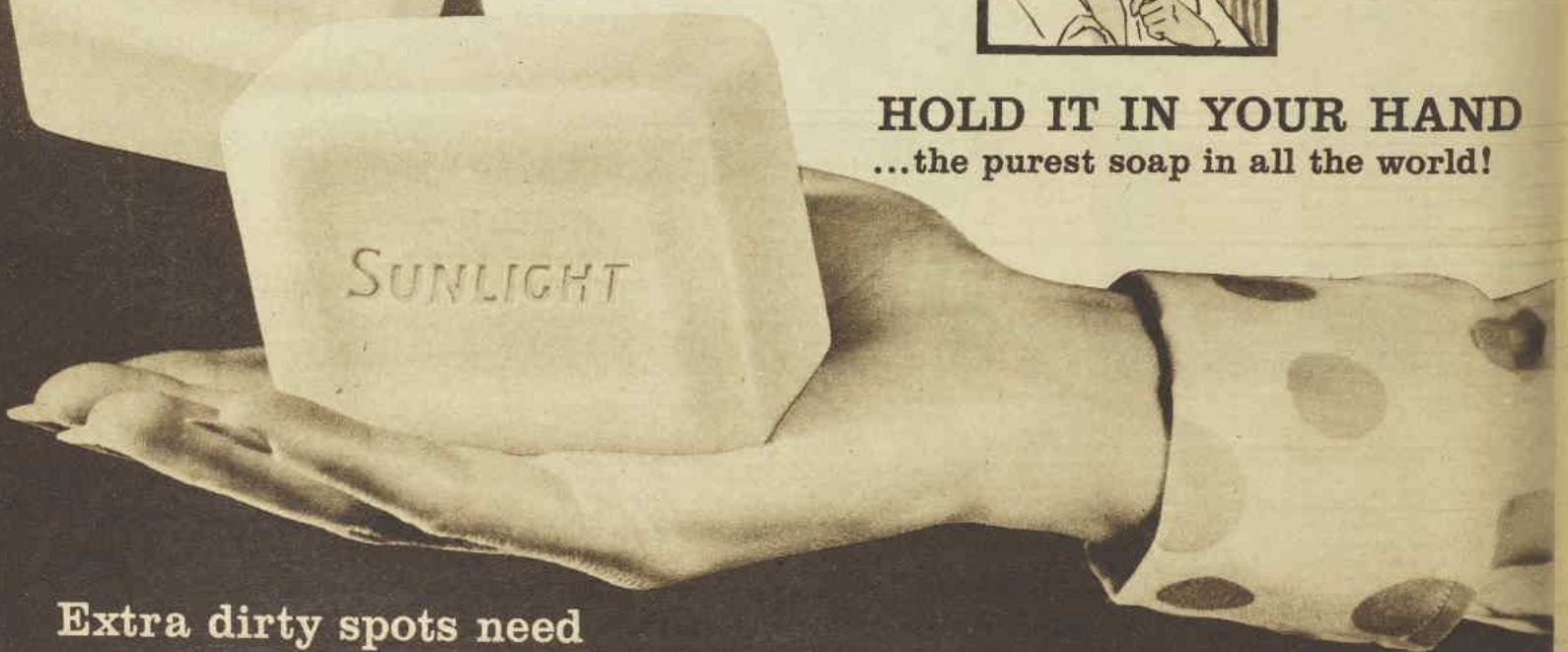


Watch out for those extra-dirty spots! Collars, cuffs, elbows of shirts need just a gentle rub with Sunlight before they go into copper or machine.



Sunlight clean means clean all through. Your menfolk will be proud to wear such a spotlessly clean shirt. And you can be proud of a wash well done.

HOLD IT IN YOUR HAND
...the purest soap in all the world!



Extra dirty spots need
SUNLIGHT'S EXTRA WASHING POWER

"No. No, indeed," said the patient hastily, "nothing is broken at all, I'm in no pain. I see clearly. Almost too clearly, in fact."

"That's as it should be," he said, and the laugh that followed resembled a sharp bark.

"Well, nurse," he went on, "the patient can do everything within reason except remove the lenses. You've warned her, I suppose."

"I was about to, sir, when you came in."

Doctor Greaves turned his pointed terrier nose to Marda West.

"I'll be in on Thursday," he said, "to change the lenses. In the meantime, it's just a question of washing out the eyes with a solution three times a day. They'll do it for you. Don't touch them yourself. And, above all, don't fiddle with the lenses. A patient did that once and lost his sight. He never recovered it."

If you tried that, the terrier seemed to say, you would get what you deserved. Better not make the attempt. My teeth are sharp.

"I understand," said the patient slowly. But her chance had gone. She could not now demand an explanation. Instinct warned her that he would not understand. The terrier was saying something to the cow. "Giving instructions. Such a sharp staccato sentence, and the foolish head nodded in answer. Surely on a hot day the flies would bother her, or would the frilled cap keep insects away?"

As they moved to the door the patient made a last attempt.

"Will the permanent lenses," she asked, "be the same as these?"

"Exactly the same," yapped the surgeon, "except that they won't be tinted. You'll see the natural color. Until Thursday, then."

He was gone, and the nurse with him. She could hear the murmur of voices outside the door. What happened now? If it was really some kind of test, did they remove their masks instantly? It seemed to Marda West of immense importance that she should find this out. The trick was not truly fair. It was a misuse of confidence.

She slipped out of bed, and went to the door. She could hear the surgeon say, "One and a half grains. She's a little overwrought. It's the reaction, of course."

Bravely she flung open the door. They were standing there in the passage, wearing the masks still. They turned to look at her, and the sharp bright eyes of the terrier, the deep eyes of the cow, both held reproach, as though the patient, by confronting them, had committed a breach of etiquette.

"Do you want anything, Mrs. West?" asked Nurse Brand.

Marda West stared beyond them down the corridor. The whole floor was in on the deception. A maid, carrying a dustpan and brush, coming from the room next door, had a weasel's head upon her small body, and the nurse advancing from the other side was a little prancing kitten, her cap coquettish on her furry curls, the doctor beside her a proud lion.

Even the porter, arriving at that moment in the lift opposite, carried a boar's head upon his shoulders. He lifted out luggage, uttering a boar's heavy grunt. The first sharp prick of fear came to Marda West. How could they have known she would open the door at that minute? How could they have arranged to walk down the corridor wearing masks, the other nurse, the other doctor, and the maid come out of the room next door, and the porter come up in the lift?

Something of her fear must

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She stalked from the room, and if she had a tail, thought Marda West, it would not be wagging, like Doctor Greaves', but twitching angrily.

No, they could not be wearing masks. The kitten's surprise and resentment had been too genuine and the staff of the hospital could not possibly put on such an act for one patient, for Marda West alone. The expense would be too great.

The fault must lie in the lenses, then. The lenses by their very nature, by some quality beyond the layman's understanding, must transform the person who was seen through them.

A sudden thought struck her; and pushing the trolley table aside, she climbed out of bed, and went over to the dressing-table. Her own face stared back at her from the looking-glass. The dark lenses concealed the eyes, but the face was at least her own.

Thank heaven for that, she said to herself, but it swung her back to thoughts of trickery.

Without comment!



That her own face should seem unchanged through the lenses suggested a plot, and that her first idea of masks had been the right one. But why? What did they gain by it? Could there be conspiracy among them to drive her mad? She dismissed the idea at once, it was too fanciful.

This was a reputable London nursing home and the staff well known. The surgeon had operated on royalty. Besides, if they wanted to send her mad, or kill her even, it would be simple enough with drugs. Or with anaesthetic. They could have given her too much anaesthetic during the operation, and just let her die. No one would take the roundabout way of dressing up staff and doctors in animal's masks.

She would try one further proof. She stood by the window, the curtain concealing

her, and watched for passers-by. For the moment there was no one in the street. It was the lunch hour, and traffic was slack. Then, at the far end of the street, a taxi crossed too far away for her to see the driver's head. She waited. The porter came out from the nursing home, and stood on the steps, looking up and down.

His boar's head was clearly visible. He did not count, though. He could be part of the plot. A van drew near, but she could not see the driver. . . . yes, though, he slowed by the nursing home, and as he craned from his seat she saw the squat frog's head, the bulging eyes.

Sick at heart, she left the window, and climbed back into bed. She had no further appetite, and pushed away her plate, the rest of the chicken untasted. She did not ring her bell, and after a while the door opened. It was not the kitten. It was the little maid with the weasel's head.

"Will you have plum tart or ice-cream, madam?" she asked. Marda West, her eyes half closed, shook her head.

anyone. But I can't stick rudeness."

"Miaow," said Marda West.

The kitten left the room. No one, not even the weasel, came to remove the coffee. The patient was in disgrace. She did not care. If the staff of the nursing home thought they could win this battle, they were mistaken.

She went to the window again. An elderly cod, leaning on two sticks, was being helped into a waiting car by the boar-headed porter. It could not be a plot. They could not know she was watching them.

Marda went to the telephone, and asked the exchange to put her through to her husband's office. She remembered a moment afterward that he would still be at lunch. Nevertheless, she got the number, and as luck had it he was still there.

"Jim—Jim, darling."

"Yes?"

The relief to hear the loved familiar voice. She lay back on the bed, the receiver to her ear. "Darling, when can you get here?"

"Not before this evening, I'm afraid. It's one hectic day, one thing after another. Well, how did it go? Is everything O.K.?"

"Not exactly."

"What do you mean? Can't you see? Greaves hasn't bungled it, has he?"

How was she to explain what had happened to her? It sounded so foolish over the telephone.

"Yes, I can see. I can see perfectly. It's just that—that all the nurses look like animals. And Greaves, too. He's a fox-terrier. One of those little Russells they put down the foxes' holes."

"What on earth are you talking about?" He was saying something to his secretary at the same time, something about another appointment, and she knew from the tone of his voice that he was busy, very busy, and she had chosen the worst time to ring him up. "What do you mean about Jack Russell?" he repeated.

Marda West knew it was no use. She must wait until he came. When he came she would try to explain everything, and he would be able to find out for himself what lay behind it.

"Oh, never mind," she said. "I'll tell you later."

"I'm sorry," he told her, "but I really am in a tearing hurry. If the lenses don't help you, tell somebody. Tell the nurses, the matron."

"Yes," she said, "yes."

Then she rang off. She put down the telephone. She picked up a magazine, one left behind sometime or other by Jim himself, she supposed. She was glad to find that reading did not hurt her eyes, nor did the blue lenses make any difference, for the photographs of men and women looked normal, as they always had done. Wedding groups, social occasions, debutantes, all were as usual. It was only here, in the nursing home itself and in the street outside, that they were different.

It was much later in the afternoon when matron called in to have a word with her. She knew it was matron because of her clothes. But inevitably now, without surprise, she observed the sheep's head.

"I hope you're quite comfortable, Mrs. West?"

A note of gentle inquiry in the voice. A suspicion of a bait?

"Yes, thank you."

Marda West spoke guardedly. It would not do to ruffle the matron. Even if the whole affair was some gigantic plot, it would be better not to irritate her.

"The lenses fit well?"

"Very well."

"I'm so glad. It was a nasty operation, and you've stood the period of waiting so very well."

That's it, thought the

patient. Butter me up. Part of the game, no doubt.

"Only a few days, Doctor Greaves said, and then you will have them altered, and the permanent ones fitted."

"Yes, so he said."

"It's rather disappointing not to observe color, isn't it?"

"As things are, it's a relief."

The retort slipped out before she could check herself. The matron smoothed her dress.

And if you only knew, thought the patient, what you look like, with that tape under your sheep's chin, you would understand what I mean.

"Mrs. West"—the matron seemed uncomfortable, and turned her sheep's head away from the woman in the bed—"Mrs. West, I hope you won't mind what I'm going to say, but our nurses do a fine job here, and we are all very proud of them. They work long hours, as you know, and it is not really very kind to mock them, although I am sure you intended it for fun." Baa . . . bleat away. Marda West tightened her lips.

"Is it because I called Nurse Sweeting a kitten?"

"I don't know what you called her, Mrs. West, but she was quite distressed. She came to me in the office nearly crying."

Spitting, you mean. Spitting and scratching. Those capable little hands are really claws.

"It won't happen again."

She was determined not to say more. It was not her fault. She had not asked for lenses that deformed. For trickery. For make-believe.

"It must come very expensive," she added, "to run a nursing home like this."

"It is," said the matron—said the sheep. "It can only be done because of the excellence of the staff, and the co-operation of all our patients."

The remark was intended to strike home. Even a sheep can turn.

"Matron," said Marda West, "don't let's fence with each other. What is the object of it all?"

"The object of what, Mrs. West?"

"This tomfoolery, this dressing up." There, she had said it. To enforce her argument, she pointed at the matron's cap. "Why pick on that particular disguise? It's not even funny."

THERE was silence. The matron, who had made as if to sit down to continue her chat, changed her mind. She moved slowly to the door. "We who were trained at St. Hilda's are proud of our badge," she said. "I hope, when you leave us in a few days, Mrs. West, you will look back on us with greater tolerance than you appear to have now."

She left the room. Marda West picked up the magazine she had thrown down, but the matter was dull. She closed her eyes. She opened them again. She closed them once more. If the chair had become a mushroom, the table a haystack, then blame could be put upon the lenses. Why was it only people that had changed? What was so wrong with people?

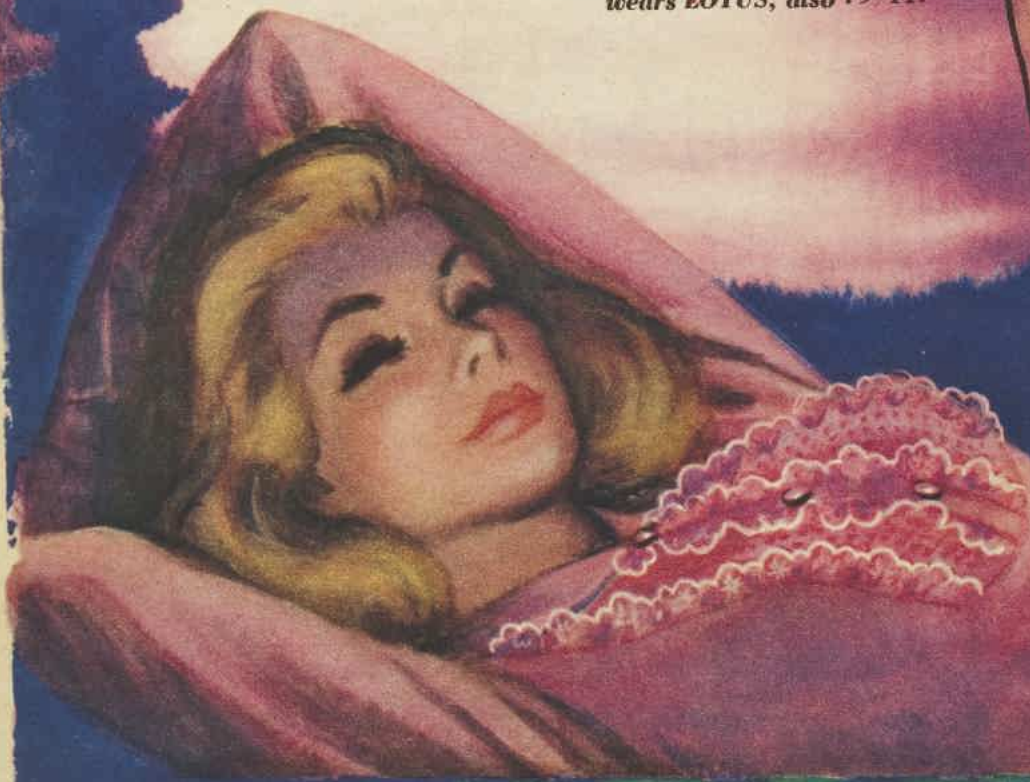
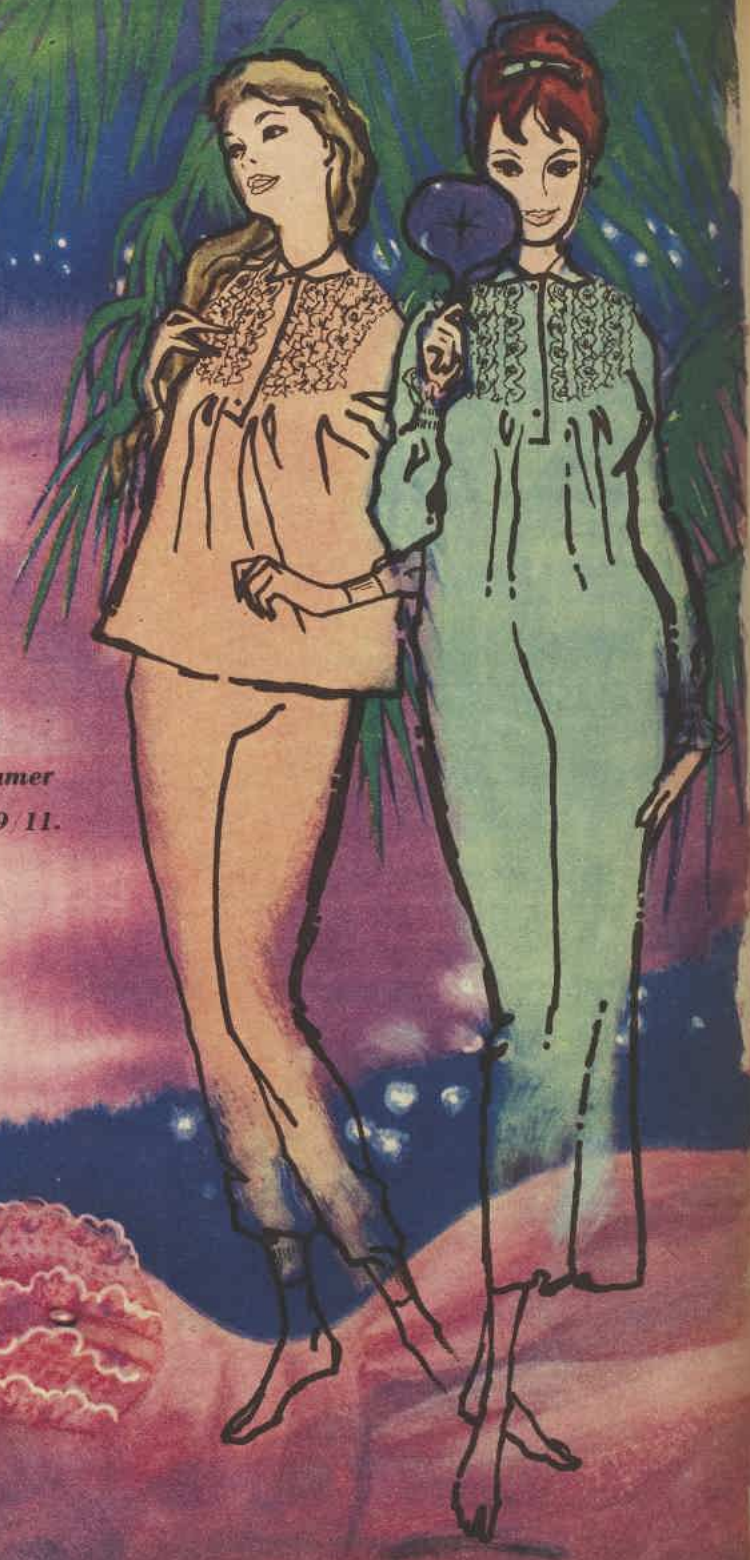
She kept her eyes shut when tea was brought to her, and when the voice said pleasantly, "Some flowers for you, Mrs. West," she did not even open them, but waited for the owner of the voice to leave the room. The flowers were carnations. The card was Jim's. And the message on it said, "Cheer up. We're not as bad as we seem."

She smiled and buried her face in the flowers. Nothing false about them. Nothing strange about the scent. Carnations—were carnations, fragrant, graceful. Even the

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nurse on duty who came to put them in water could not irritate her with her pony's head. After all, it was a trim little pony, with a white star on its forehead. It would do well in the ring. "Thank you," smiled Marda West.

The curious day dragged on, and she waited restlessly for eight o'clock. She washed, and changed her nightgown, and did her hair. She drew her own curtains, and switched on the bedside lamp. A strange feeling of nervousness had come upon her. She realised, so strange had been the day, that she had not once thought about Nurse Ansel. Dear, comforting, bewitching Nurse Ansel. Nurse Ansel, who was due to come on duty at eight.

Was she also in the conspiracy? If she was, then Marda West would have a showdown. Nurse Ansel would never lie. She would go up to her, and put her hands on her shoulders, and take the mask in her two hands and say to her, "There. Now, take it off. You won't deceive me." But if it was the lenses, if all the time it was the lenses that were at fault, how was she to explain it?

She was sitting at the dressing-table putting some cream on her face, and the door must have opened without her being aware, but she heard the well-known voice, the soft beguiling voice, and it said to her, "I nearly came before. I didn't dare. You would have thought me foolish." It slid slowly into view, the long snake's head, the twisting neck, the pointed barbed tongue swiftly thrusting and as swiftly withdrawn, it came into view over her shoulder, in the looking-glass.

Marda West did not move. Only her hand, mechanically, continued to cream her cheek. The snake was not motionless. It turned and twisted all the time, as though examining the pots of cream, the scent, the powder.

"How does it feel to see yourself again?"

Nurse Ansel's voice emerging from the head seemed all the more grotesque and horrible, and the very fact that as she spoke the darting tongue spoke, too, paralysed action. Marda West felt sickness rise in her stomach, choking her, and suddenly physical reaction proved too strong, she turned away, but as she did so the steady hands of Nurse Ansel gripped her, she suffered herself to be led to her bed, she was lying down, eyes closed, the nausea passing.

"Poor dear, what have they been giving you? Was it the sedative? I saw it on your chart," and the gentle voice, so soothing and so calm, could belong only to one who understood. The patient did not open her eyes. She did not dare. She lay there on the bed, waiting.

"It's been too much for you," said the voice. "They should have kept you so quiet, the first day. Did you have visitors?"

"No."

"Nevertheless, you should have rested. You look really pale. We can't have Mr. West seeing you like this. I've half a mind to telephone him to stay away."

"No . . . please, I want to see him, I must see him."

Fear made her open her eyes, but directly she did so the sickness gripped her again, for the snake's head, longer than before, was twisting out of its nurse's collar, and for the first time she saw the hooded eye, a pin's head, hidden. She put her hand over her mouth to stifle her cry. A sound came from Nurse Ansel, expressing disquiet.

"Something has turned you very sick," she said. "It can't be the sedative. You've often had it before. What was the dinner this evening?"

"Steamed fish. I wasn't hungry."

"I wonder if it was fresh.

Continuing . . . THE BLUE LENSES

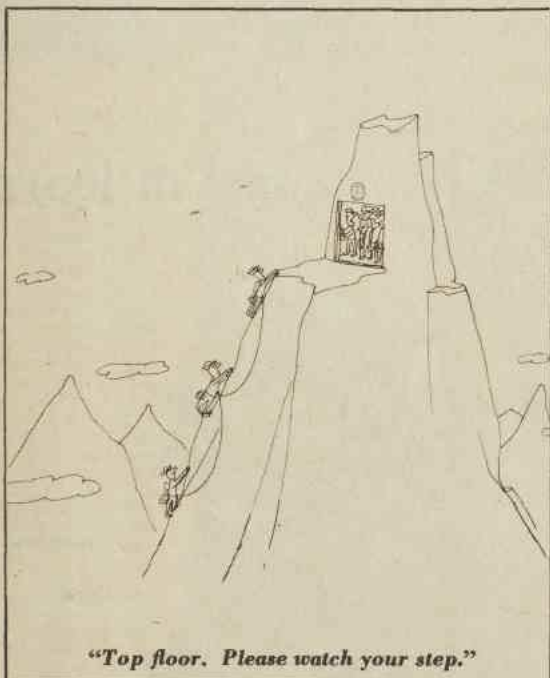
from page 21

watched the twisting head peer into the contents of the dressing-table drawer, search for a handkerchief, and bring it back again.

Marda West held her breath as it drew near the bed, and this time she noticed that the neck was not the smooth glow-worm neck that it had seemed on the first encounter, but had scales upon it, zig-zagged. Oddly, the nurse's cap was not ill-fitting. It did not perch incongruously as had the caps of kitten, sheep, and cow. She took the handkerchief.

"You embarrass me," said the voice, "staring at me so hard. Are you trying to read my thoughts?"

Marda West did not answer.



the purpose of which could not be understood.

Here, in Upper Watling Street, the malevolent plot was in process of being hatched, and she, Marda West, was one of the pawns, in some way they were to use her as an instrument.

One thing was very certain. She must not let them know that she suspected them. She must try to behave with Nurse Ansel as she had done hitherto. One slip, and she was lost. She must pretend to be better. If she let sickness overcome her, Nurse Ansel might bend over her with that snake's head, that darting tongue.

The door opened, and she was back. Marda West clenched her hands under the sheet. Then she forced a smile.

"What a nuisance I am," she said. "I felt giddy, but I'm better now."

The gliding snake held a bottle in her hand. She came over to the washbasin and, taking the medicine glass, poured out three drops and added water.

"This should settle it, Mrs. West," she said, and fear gripped the patient once again, for surely the words themselves constituted a threat: "This should settle it" — settle what? Settle her finish?

The liquid had no color, but that meant nothing. She took the medicine glass handed to her, inventing subterfuge.

"Could you find me a clean handkerchief, in the drawer there?"

"Of course."

The snake turned its head, and as it did so Marda West poured the contents of the glass on to the floor. Then, fascinated, repelled, she

The question might be a trap. "Tell me," the voice continued, "are you disappointed? Do I look as you expected me to look?"

Still a trap. She must be careful. "I think you do," she said slowly, "but it's difficult to tell with the cap. I can't see your hair."

Nurse Ansel laughed — the low soft laugh that had been so alluring during the long weeks of blindness. She put up her hands, and in a moment the whole snake's head was revealed, the flat broad top, the tell-tale adder's V. "Do you approve?" she asked.

Marda West shrank back against her pillow. Yet once again she forced herself to smile.

"Very pretty," she said, "very pretty indeed."

The cap was replaced, the long neck wriggled, and then, deceived, it took the medicine glass from the patient's hand, and put it back upon the washbasin. It did not know everything.

"When I go home with you," said Nurse Ansel, "I needn't wear uniform — that is, if you don't want me to. You see, you'll be a private patient then, and I your personal nurse for the week I'm with you."

Marda West felt suddenly cold. In the turmoil of the day she had forgotten the plans. Nurse Ansel was to be with them for a week. It was all arranged. The vital thing was not to show fear. Nothing must seem changed. And then when Jim arrived she would tell him everything.

If he could not see the snake's head as she did — and indeed it was possible that he

would not, if her hypervision was caused by the lenses — he must understand that for reasons too deep to explain she no longer trusted Nurse Ansel, could not, in fact, bear her to come home. The plan must be altered. She wanted no one to look after her. She only wanted to be home again, with him.

The telephone rang on the bedside table, and Marda West seized it as she might seize salvation. It was her husband.

"Sorry to be late," he said. "I'll jump into a taxi, and be with you right away. The lawyer kept me."

"Lawyer?" she asked.

"Yes, Forbes and Millwall, you remember, about the trust fund."

She had forgotten. There had been so many financial discussions before the operation. Conflicting advice, as usual. And finally Jim had put the whole business into the hands of the Forbes and Millwall people. "Oh, yes. Was it satisfactory?"

"I think so. Tell you directly."

He rang off, and looking up she saw the snake's head watching her. No doubt, thought Marda West, no doubt you would like to know what we were saying to each other.

"You must promise not to get too excited when Mr. West comes." Nurse Ansel stood with her head upon the door.

"I'm not excited. I just long to see him, that's all."

"You're looking flushed."

"It's warm in here."

The twisting neck craned upward, then turned to the windows. For the first time Marda West had the impression that the snake was not entirely at its ease. It sensed tension. It knew, it could not help knowing, that the atmosphere had changed between nurse and patient.

"I'll open the window just a trifle at the top."

If you were all snake, thought the patient, I could push you through. Or would you coil yourself round my neck and strangle me?

The window was opened, and pausing a moment, hoping perhaps for a word of thanks, the snake hovered at the end of the bed; then the neck settled in the collar, the tongue darted rapidly in and out, and with a gliding motion Nurse Ansel left the room.

Marda West waited for the sound of the taxi in the street outside. She wondered if she could persuade Jim to stay the night in the nursing home. If she explained her fear, her terror, surely he would understand. She would know in an instant if he had sensed anything wrong himself.

She would ring the bell, make a pretext of asking Nurse Ansel some question, and then, by the expression on his face, by the tone of his voice, she would discover whether he saw what she saw herself.

The taxi came at last. She heard it slow down, and then the door slammed and, blessedly, Jim's voice rang out in the street below. The taxi went away. He would be coming up in the lift. Her heart began to beat fast, and she watched the door. She heard his footsteps outside and then his voice again, he must be saying something to the snake. She would know at once if he had seen the head.

He would come into the room either startled, not believing his eyes, or laughing, declaring it a joke, a pantomime. Why did he not hurry? Why must they linger there talking, their voices hushed? The door opened, the familiar umbrella and bowler hat the first objects to appear round the corner, then the comforting, burly figure, but, heavens . . . no . . . not Jim, too, not Jim, forced

into a mask, forced into an organisation of devils, of liars.

Jim had a vulture's head. She could not mistake it. The brooding eye, the blood-tipped beak, the flabby folds of flesh. As she lay in sick and speechless horror he stood the umbrella in a corner, and put down the bowler hat and the folded overcoat.

"I gather you're not too well," he said, turning his vulture's head and staring at her, "feeling a bit sick and out of sorts. I won't stay long. A good night's rest will put you right."

She was too numb to answer. She lay quite still as he approached the bed and bent to kiss her. The vulture's beak was sharp.

"It's reaction, Nurse Ansel says," he went on, "the sudden shock of being able to see again. It works differently with different people. She says it will be much better when we get you home." We . . . Nurse Ansel and Jim. The plan still held, then.

"I don't know," she said

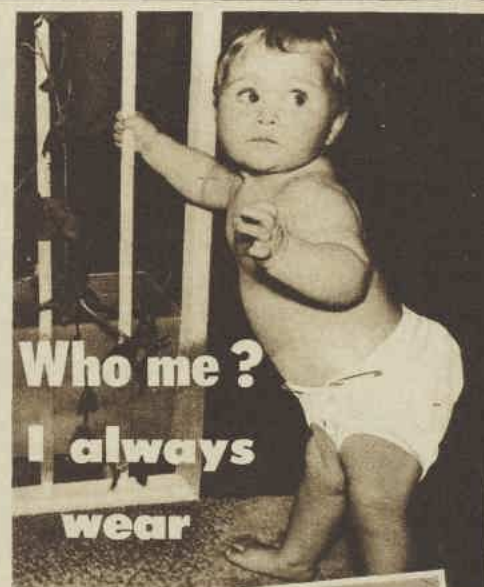
faintly, "that I want Nurse Ansel to come home."

"Not want Nurse Ansel?" he sounded startled. "But it was you who suggested it. You can't suddenly chop and change."

There was no time to reply. She had not rung the bell. But Nurse Ansel herself came into the room. "Cup of coffee, Mr. West?" she said. It was the evening routine. Yet tonight it sounded strange. As though it had been arranged outside the door.

"Thanks, nurse, I'd love some. What's this nonsense about not coming home with us?" The vulture turned to the snake, the snake's head wriggled, and Marda West knew as she watched them—the snake with darting tongue, the vulture with his head hunched between his man's shoulders — that the plan for Nurse Ansel to come home had not been her own, after all; she remembered now that the first suggestion had come from Nurse Ansel herself.

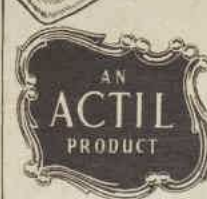
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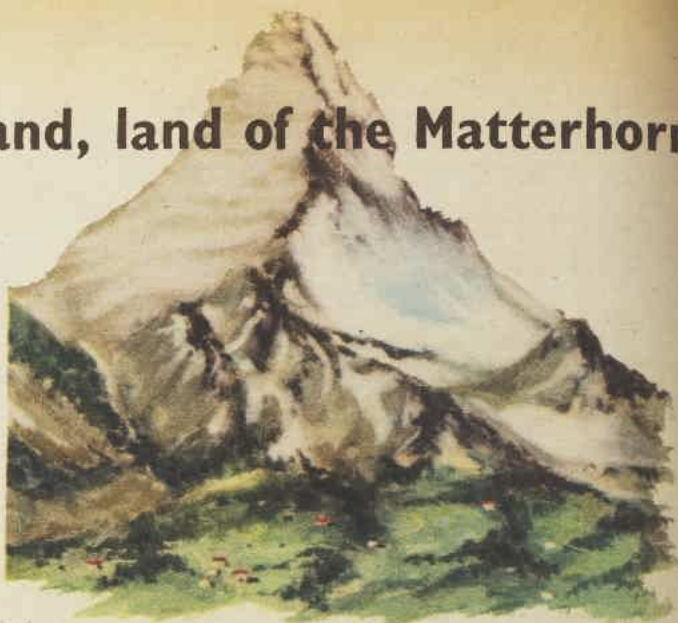
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HEYER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

THE ever autocratic LORD DARRACOTT becomes unbearably domineering to his family when he receives news of his eldest son GRANVILLE'S death because then he has to admit to the identity of his new heir. This is HUGO, son of HUGH, Lord Darracott's second son, who had years ago disgraced the family by marrying a Yorkshire weaver's daughter.

Widowed MRS. RUPERT DARRACOTT, who keeps house for her irascible father-in-law, is ordered by him to prepare the house for a family gathering to meet Major Hugo Darracott, lately retired from the Ninety-First Light Infantry. This piece of news appeals to her son RICHMOND, who, although Lord Darracott's favorite grandchild, is frustrated by the old man's refusal to allow him to join the Army.

His sister, ANTHEA, is appalled when told she is expected to marry the new heir, but she and Richmond help Mrs. Darracott with the difficult arrangements of welcoming Lord Darracott's last surviving son, MATTHEW, his wife, LADY AURELIA, and their sons, VINCENT and CLAUD, who have all been shocked or surprised according to their different temperaments at the news of the until now unknown heir.

They are all even more surprised when he arrives and they find him to have an almost nonchalant air of good humor and an exceedingly placid nature. They are also shocked by his Yorkshire brogue and his lack of "ton." NOW READ ON:

BREAKFAST at Darracott Place was not served until eleven o'clock, early-risers being obliged to sustain nature until that hour on a cup of chocolate and a slice of bread-and-butter, brought to their bedchambers. The custom was not an unusual one; but to a soldier, accustomed to much earlier hours, it was both strange and unacceptable.

Major Darracott, awaking betimes from a night of untroubled repose, thrust back the curtains that shrouded the four-poster in which he lay, and pulled his watch from under the pillows. The tidings it conveyed were unwelcome enough to make him utter a despairing groan and sink back, resolutely closing his eyes in an attempt to recapture sleep.

After spending half an hour in this barren endeavor he abandoned it, linked his hands under his head and lay for a time, his mind roving over the events of the previous evening. What he thought of them no spy could have guessed, for even in solitude his countenance afforded no clue to whatever thoughts might be revolving behind the blankness of his eyes. There was something rather bovine about its immobility.

It had been a daunting evening, judged by any standards. When the gentlemen had risen from the dining-table, Vincent had challenged Richmond to a game of billiards, and Richmond, instantly accepting the challenge, had gone off with him, his quick flush betraying his gratification. The rest of the male company had gone upstairs to join the ladies in the long drawing-room.

Only two females were discovered in the drawing-room. Mrs. Darracott, inviting Hugo to a chair beside her own, explained a little nervously that Anthea had the headache and had gone to bed. It seemed for an instant as though my lord would have uttered some blistering censure, but, although his brow was black, he refrained, with what was plainly an effort, from making any comment.

Seating himself in a wing-chair, he fell into

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Anthea showed Hugo around the family picture gallery, regaling him with many amusing stories about their ancestors.

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• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

They sing in their cages

I'VE often heard people say it's cruel to keep birds in cages. My father has an aviary and the birds are always happy and chirping. They have their little ones and go about as proud as peacocks. I admit catching wild birds out of the bush is cruel, as they have to adjust themselves to a new life and don't want to.

£1/1/- to Miss M. Brown, The Gums, Qld.

A Pome protests

I'M sick and tired of you narrow-minded Australians calling the English POMES, so I'll tell you the origin of the word. It began when your ancestors were sent out here as convicts with the letters P.O.M.E. on their backs. The letters meant Prisoner of Mother England. At least today's English migrants are sent out here without a ball and chain. So when, in future, you call us Pomes, be sure you've lost the mark of the chain. I'm English, but not a P.O.M.E.

£1/1/- to Miss L. E. Morrison, Ballarat, Vic.

Phone moan

IT'S mildly annoying to make a phone call and have it answered by a small child who is difficult to understand and incapable of taking the simplest message. I suggest that no children under the age of 12 be allowed to answer the phone.

£1/1/- to J. Russell, Vaucluse, N.S.W.

Herd-followers

WHAT a pity that to be original or an individual is old-fashioned these days. People don't want to think for themselves and be different. To do what the "Joneses" do seems to be the trend of this modern age. People are like sheep and follow the herd.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. McIntosh, Roseville, N.S.W.

Childhood memories

I'D like to put in a word for old baby-sitters. Before we were old enough to look after ourselves, my mother employed a dear old lady of about 80, who was absolutely marvellous. She would read to us and say poems, and often we wouldn't get to bed until quite late!

£1/1/- to Wendy Salter, Frankston, Vic.

Chosen children

PEOPLE who love and treat their adopted children as well as they do their own should have nothing to worry about when the time comes for revealing their true relationship. When the teenage daughter of my friend heard about her adoption, her foster-mother explained: "You are a chosen child. When we wanted a baby, we went to a place where there were a great many children to choose from and we chose you because we liked you best." This pleased the little girl, but distressed my friend's real daughter, who wanted to know why she wasn't a chosen child.

£1/1/- to Miss I. Smith, East Melbourne.

Well-mannered

MY four-year-old grandson Peter lives on a poultry farm. One day, while collecting eggs with his father, he found himself at the end of the pen with a large rooster blocking his way back. With his father watching, he made several attempts to edge past before plucking up the necessary courage. As he did so he said "Excuse me, please" to the rooster.

£1/1/- to M. D. Vertigan, Marshall, Vic.

The absent Duke

THE one jarring note in an otherwise fine occasion—Princess Margaret's wedding—was that the divorced parents of the groom were in a prominent position in the Abbey, yet the Duke of Windsor was absent. It would have been a nice gesture if the past was forgiven, and the Duke and Duchess had been invited.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. McFarlane, North Ringwood, N.S.W.

Kids and Santa

• Readers were sharply divided on the suggestion by Mrs. B. de Vries (Qld.) that it was wrong to tell children there was a Santa Claus:

IN our modern world of jets, hydrogen bombs, and outer-space exploration there's no place for old superstitions which belong to the less enlightened ages. Many parents have been upset and humiliated in trying to explain why a longed-for gift was not given by the so-called Father Christmas.

£1/1/- to Miss A. Jones, Moonah, Tas.

LEAVE the children and their beliefs of Santa alone—it's a wonderful stage in their lives. Our two children don't get all they ask for. Explain that parents have to pay for their gifts and even the smallest will understand.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Starling, Prospect, S.A.

THE simplest thing is to lace the lovely legend with an element of truth. Tell them Santa brings the toys but Daddy has to pay for them. My children accepted this without question.

£1/1/- to "Green Eyes" (name supplied), East Brighton, Vic.

WHEN I was a child, I could never understand why Santa Claus didn't have sufficient money to buy me a tricycle, yet the children of other families received one. My four children have never been led to believe in Santa, and they always spend a happy Christmas.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Bahr, Henty, N.S.W.

WHY rob children of the sheer joy of believing in Santa?

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. O'Keefe, Galloways Hill, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

WE were sitting, all five of us, in the dining-nook.

(Beware of dining-nooks, you young home-planners. A family grows bigger, but a dining-nook does not. In time it gets as crowded as a phone-box full of teenagers.)

Somebody said: "Would you pass a teaspoon, please?"

My wife looked around and exclaimed despondently: "There are no teaspoons! I wish people would learn to set the table properly." As the one who had set the table I had to reply.

"I remembered the strawberry conserve and the butter-knife. Give me credit for that," I said.

But she was not to be comforted. Like so many women, she has a dream of a perfectly set table that never comes true.

It takes an exceptional memory to set a table without leaving something off that should be put on.

Sometimes I come close to it. I have had years of practice.

Not long ago we had people to dinner and I did the setting with special care. I poured the tomato sauce into a little jug instead of putting the bottle on the table.

READY, TABLE-SET, GO!

But when it came to a showdown there was no serving-spoon for the cabbage.

Serving-spoons are the crucial test of a table-setter. Very few men get them right.

Another trap is the tablecloth.

I was setting the table when we expected Auntie Nan to lunch. It



was a simple meal of curry on toast, and no frills like serving-spoons were needed. I thought I had everything right; then I fell down on the tablecloth.

It had a small beetroot stain on it, which I hid under a plate. My wife looked at it critically and said

of course we must have a clean cloth for Auntie Nan. She set the table again herself.

Some of our more eccentric setting is done by children.

It is usually done in a hurry, because they want to go and watch television. Most of the children are left-handed—I don't know why—and they set the table as if everybody else was left-handed, too. Knives and forks are put on the opposite sides to the normal.

The setting job is made harder at our place because everyone has a favorite knife or spoon, and complains if given another one.

When my smaller daughter has a knife that is too big for her, she takes the butter-knife instead. I tell her to go and get another butter-knife, and she climbs out of the nook over my back, squeezing me against the table.

Someone calls out, "Get the strawberry conserve, too, while you're there, please."

If you forget to put strawberry conserve on the table, someone is sure to want it. The same is true of anything else you forget. That is why it takes such high and rare ability to excel at table-setting.

...to think I wished
I were single again!



MONDAY How I wished I were single again! Being a wife and mother seemed so dreary—all work and no play.

All the fun had gone out of life. Jeff and I were always bickering. Every little thing made us nervy, upset.

Even young Chris got on my nerves. She was cross, and fidgety, catching cold after cold.



TUESDAY Mother, bless her, hit on the cause of the trouble. "Why, what you need is a good tonic," she said. "You should all take Waterbury's!"

WEDNESDAY That's exactly what we did. Jeff agreed it was a great idea and Chris took to Waterbury's from the very first sip. "Tastes nice," she says.



SUNDAY Now we're all wonderfully well—thanks to Waterbury's. Family life is real fun (who'd ever want to be single again!).



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Waterbury's is the protection your whole family needs. **Because it's a tonic**, it banishes that dangerous "run-down" condition, tones up health, helps ward off ailments. **Because it's a decongestive**, Waterbury's quickly clears up bronchial congestion, colds and 'flu if they have **already** developed. Be wise . . . start your family on Waterbury's to-day!

ASK YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST . . . HE KNOWS!

Waterbury's Compound is universally recommended for both adults and children. **As a decongestive**, it is remarkably effective in the treatment of respiratory ills. **As a tonic**, it is rich in health-building vitamins, malt, glucose, phosphates, minerals. And its **WILD CHERRY** flavour makes it pleasing to take.

- relieves coughs and bronchial congestion
- builds resistance to infection
- enriches the blood
- replaces mineral losses
- aids digestion
- stimulates appetite
- helps regenerate health and well-being
- provides material for tissue repair and growth.



72-19C-7WV

True beauty



Add "bulk" to your daily diet
and Nature's richest reward will be yours!

Beauty treatments, cosmetics, special creams highlight your beauty, but, True Beauty comes from within. This much you know. What you may not know is that your beauty from within depends, almost exclusively, on what you eat.

The food we eat has never been more varied, more convenient than it is to-day. But, we pay a price for this. To-day's easy-to-prepare foods are highly refined, often over-processed. The taste and texture remain but something else is missing—vital "bulk."

"BULK" IN FOOD

If we ate the same food as our ancestors, many modern "ills" would never occur. For the "bulk" Nature puts into food ensures faultless functioning of the human digestive and eliminative system. "Bulk" allows the intestinal muscles to grip waste matter and move it through the system.

Unfortunately, this "bulk" is the missing element in many of to-day's foods. Without bulk, our internal muscles, with nothing to grip, grow flabby.

The system becomes clogged. We begin to experience the unpleasant symptoms of irregularity and incomplete elimination—the headachy tiredness and "half health" that take a fearful toll of energy and looks.

WORKING AGAINST NATURE

You cannot hope to end irregularity by

working against Nature.

Yet laxatives and purgatives can do just this. The magazine of the British Medical Association, "Family Doctor" issued this grave warning on the subject, distributing it to doctors and clinics throughout the country:

"The constant use of purgatives may do more harm than good. 'Remedies' of this type, by irritating and paralysing the bowels, may actually cause constipation."

"This fact was known in A.D.100, and has been repeatedly confirmed ever since."

"If you have got into the purgative habit, get out of it at once. Regular habits, adequate bulk—like cereals, fruit and vegetables—in your diet, sufficient fluid and regular exercise, will keep most people fit in this respect. If these prove ineffective in your case, do not resort to purging—see your doctor."

This advises you to stop bullying Nature! Restore the "bulk" missing from your diet and you'll be working with Nature to remove the cause of your irregularity, something no purgative or medicine can do.

REPLACING THE BULK



Bran is the outer layer of wheat.

In no other food is "bulk" so ideally found as in Bran—the outer layers of whole grain wheat. Kellogg's process and shred this bran into a delicious breakfast cereal flavoured with malt, sugar, and salt. Its name is All-Bran.

ENJOY TRUE BEAUTY

All-Bran, the nut-sweet laxative cereal has a flavour many people prefer to any other. Sprinkle it over your present breakfast cereal; cook with it, or enjoy it by itself with stewed fruit, milk and sugar.

Gently but firmly your internal muscles will respond to All-Bran's Natural bulk. Within a few days your system will be functioning the way Nature intended.

As well as natural bulk, All-Bran is rich in Vitamins B1, B2, Calcium, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron. It's a natural laxative, health food and blood tonic all in one.

Millions of women the world over have gained new health from All-Bran—health that shows itself in clearer skin, gleaming hair, new sparkle in their eyes!

Now that you know the secret of how to work with Nature, why not take advantage of this promise:

Enjoy delicious, nut sweet All-Bran for ten days and drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days you're not completely satisfied, send the empty packet back to Kellogg's and double your money will be gladly refunded.

REACH FOR NEW HEALTH,
NEW BEAUTY IN ALL-BRAN
— MADE BY KELLOGG'S.



All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Limited. K599

Illustrated by Roberts

FOR two years I spent all my lunch hours listening while the other girls in the accounting department took turns exposing the fascinating details of their love lives. And I took turns admiring and envying them—especially the beautiful Ceil Morton, whose life was simply cluttered with romance.

She made me, even more than the others, feel so much out of it. I had nothing exciting to boast about in my humdrum life, and I longed to be beautiful and glamorous.

But, curiously enough, when our new personnel manager, Rex Saunders, began asking me out, I kept it to myself, for fear the telling might tarnish the bright, shiny wonder of it.

To think that such a thrilling man could be bothered about my little me! There were times when I could hardly believe it myself, so how on earth could I explain it to others? So I just kept on listening to the other girls until the day someone discovered my secret and spread the astonishing news around the office.

Sitting there in the lunchroom that day, I was for once the centre of attention. Then Ceil Morton's voice shot across the table, shattering my brief moment of triumph: "Of course, Henny," Ceil said silkily, "a man like Rex Saunders doesn't always like to be competing for attention."

She cast a pitying glance in my direction. "It probably builds up his ego to go out with someone like you for a change. I mean—someone who listens," she added weakly.

A gasp went around the table, and all eyes were glued on my face. I felt so conspicuous when they all looked at me in such surprise, but what a relief it was when they rallied to my side and one of them exclaimed: "Now, now, Ceil, envy will get you nowhere."

"It's not that at all," Ceil said smoothly. "It's just that Henrietta—Henny—is so naive. She might as well know Rex isn't the type to be serious about anyone."

"What makes you so sure?" Marge Barrett flung out. "Honestly, Ceil, just because you've had so much experience doesn't necessarily mean you're an authority on men."

"Not all men," Ceil said. "But I know Rex—quite well, in fact. And I only wanted to warn Henny."

"You—you don't have to worry," I stammered. "I'm not—I'm not serious about him, either." The lie choked off my voice. I dabbed furiously with a paper napkin at the coffee I'd spilled. Anything to keep my hands from reaching across the table for Ceil's lovely white throat.

Mercifully, then, the eyes and the conversation turned away from me, giving my mind a chance to go whirling back to the first day I ever saw Rex.

He was tall and lanky, with a blond crewcut, and looked as if he spent a lot of time outdoors. I found out later he did. Fishing and hunting—but not for girls. At least, not for keeps.

When he walked through the office that first morning the clicking of the typewriters came to a panting halt and every eye followed him until at last he disappeared behind the door marked "Personnel."

"I wish I could whistle," Marge Barrett sighed. "Arl, arl," I barked. And, for me, that was living dangerously.

I looked across the aisle and caught a glimpse of Ceil Morton's blond mane, shimmering and glimmering under the fluorescent lights. Right then and there I knew she was the girl most likely to succeed. In two weeks she had a date with Rex. And she hadn't even had to bark or whistle.

Everyone else tried to, except me. Because what would be the use, I asked myself, wishing desperately that I could be like Ceil. But what could you do when you had a very wide mouth, enormous eyes, and too-bright hair that everybody kept telling you would one day be a gorgeous shade of auburn. You could only wait.

While I was waiting, something happened. I was brooding over the ledger that day when a shadow suddenly fell over the page. "Hi, chicken," I heard Rex say softly.

Dazedly I looked up, feeling the old familiar blush crawling up my neck to stain my face.

"Tell me, Henny"—Rex draped his lean frame over an uncluttered corner of my desk—"are you engaged or something?"

"No—no—" I dropped my eyelids, but not in the fluttery way Ceil Morton always managed.

"Well, then, why won't you ever talk to me?"

The tiny red and black figures on the ledger sheet cut loose in a noiseless, giddy dance. I waited for them to settle down, expecting Rex to give out with the old cliché, "Cat got your tongue?" And when I jerked my head up Ceil Morton's silky mane floated before my eyes.

She favored Rex with a sleepy smile and then went slithering down the aisle, like a lazy yellow cat. For some reason it struck me as funny, and I giggled.

"What's so funny?" Rex asked. And then he added quickly, "You can tell me later. How about having dinner with me—right after work?"

That's the way it had started. It was simply incredible. And it was even more incredible that we'd been able to go on dating for so long without the office crew finding out...

Sitting there at the lunch table, with Marge Barrett's silent waves of sympathy washing over me, I bit into my sandwich, only to find it was like sawdust. I put it back on the plate and stood up.



her Big moment



"You're not leaving, Henny?" Ceil asked sweetly. Mumbling, I replied: "I have to get back to my work and try to balance the ledger. I just can't get it right." I realised this was a feeble excuse, but I simply couldn't face Ceil's thinly veiled scorn. I tried to appear unconcerned, but knew I cut a pathetic figure.

The office was empty. Sitting there in the unnatural quiet of the room, I hated Ceil because she had managed to take the magic out of everything. I picked up my pencil and went to work trying to get the columns of figures to come out even.

The numbers blurred before my eyes. Because suddenly I knew that Ceil was right: Rex was not interested in playing for keeps.

The door opened and I looked up to see Rex coming towards me. "What's the matter, Chicken Little?" he asked. "You look as if the sky had fallen in."

"It has," I said.

"Well, we'll have to do something about that," he said. "How about having dinner with me?"

One more time, I thought, and nodded. It won't hurt to go out with him one more time.

I couldn't resist his invitation, and once more I had to admit to myself that I was head over heels in love with him.

Later, over dinner, my gloomy mood still clung to me. I felt so depressed, but somehow just couldn't snap out of it, no matter how hard I tried. I wanted to make a good impression but I'm afraid I failed miserably. I sat there toying with my fork while I gazed across the table at Rex. And, inside, I kept saying goodbye.

"This is nice—relaxing," Rex mused. "Most girls will never go out unless they can spend hours in front of a mirror making themselves look as glamorous as possible, just for one simple outing."

"It wouldn't do me any good," I said glumly.

"Hey, don't talk like that!" He reached across the table and took my hand. "What's the matter, Henny? What's wrong?"

"Well, you might as well know," I said. "It will be all over the office, anyway." And suddenly I was giving him a word-to-word description of the lunchtime drama. When I finished I jerked my hand away to grope for a handkerchief.

"You shouldn't let her bother you," Rex said gently.

"But she's right," I said. "Ceil's right."

"Well, she's right about one thing," Rex said slowly. "I'd never be serious about her." He shook his head. "A few dates with a girl like Ceil and she thinks she's made a down payment on a guy. But you're different, Henny."

"That's just it. I'm not—I'm not different." The words came tumbling out. "You might as well know. I'm not any different from Ceil. And if you—if you don't mind, I'd rather not go out with you any more, because you don't—you couldn't—" My voice choked off and two tears fell silently, hopelessly, into my plate.

Suddenly Rex spoke. "Listen, Henny," he said, leaning across the table. "What makes you think I couldn't?"

I was so overcome I didn't know what to say, so I just sat there staring at him across the table.

A few days later I sailed into the lunchroom, wearing my new turquoise suit. I was all ready with a carefully rehearsed speech, deliberately conceived to shatter Ceil Morton's silken poise. It was my big moment, and I intended to make the most of it.

As soon as I sat down Ceil gave me the opening I needed: "Well, Henny," she said, "how's the big romance coming? Or is it all over?"

"No, it's not all over," I said gleefully. "It's just beginning." My left hand flew up from my lap. Under the fluorescent light the blue-white jewel on my third finger seemed to explode, shooting sparks across the room. A gasp went around the table, and all eyes turned towards Ceil, pinning her against her chair.

I flicked on the little tape-recorder in my mind and waited for the salty words to spill out. Then I saw the slow, wretched flush of red spreading over Ceil's face, and it struck me like a blow that there is more vinegar than sugar in revenge.

And in that same moment I knew what a very lonely person Ceil must be. Maybe her life was cluttered with romance, but nobody played for keeps.

Poor Ceil! With a sudden revelation I knew I was no longer envious of her. In fact, I felt sympathy for this beautiful girl and it was I who was the lucky one.

The tape-recorder clicked off; the words went whirling around in my mind and came out all mixed up. "I'm glad you weren't serious about him, Ceil," I said slowly, "because then—I wouldn't have had a chance."

The eyes left Ceil's face and landed on mine, to survey me with that old, familiar look, the kind usually reserved for a not-too-bright child. But I wasn't the least bit bothered by it. After all, if it hadn't been for Ceil I wouldn't have known enough to stop listening and start talking.

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Henny was the only girl in the office who didn't gossip.



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UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED BY LEVER BROTHERS

LOSING TEDDY

A short short story

By BETTY MASSINGHAM

TEDDY was rather special, although much of his glamour was by now dependent on a certain degree of dilapidation. I had bought him, in an afterwards-regretted fit of extravagance, from one of the big stores that specialise in children's things. I was really intending to buy vests and pyjamas, but, seeing Teddy on my way through the toy department, I fell for him.

So many Teddy bears nowadays do not seem to be made of the same sort of material as was used in my own childhood. They are sewn up into velours, skins, or even corded velvet, or they are the wrong color — not the good old-fashioned beige or khaki which one naturally connects with a Teddy bear.

This particular Teddy had at least got the right kind of head. For the rest of him it was difficult to tell, as he was securely encased in blue trousers and a red jacket with a small white collar and yellow buttons down the front. He cost much more than I had ever meant to pay for a Teddy, even after such a long search, but he was an instant success, and became Adam's constant companion.

On this fateful day Adam and I had gone to London to do some shopping and to visit a friend. We found the day stimulating but exhausting, and we succumbed to taking a taxi home. Teddy was often left at home on these excursions, for the simple reason that I was terrified of losing him. However, on this occasion Adam particularly wanted Teddy to come with us. I had weakened, unwisely, and included him in the party.

We got out of the taxi outside the house and turned to go indoors.

"Where's Teddy?" said Adam. My heart sank. Where was Teddy? It was getting very near to Adam's bedtime, and not a good part of the day to have to be without Teddy, who always sat in the cot and welcomed him into bed. Just as he was most needed, he was missing.

My powers of invention were tested to the utmost, particularly as I could see only too plainly the first signs of the crinkling mouth and screwed-up eyes which mean that a really good cry is coming. At first, very carefully, I tried the truth. However, this only resulted in the cry developing into a despairing howl. "I want my Teddy!" Poor Adam. I felt desperately sorry for him and very angry with myself for being so foolish as to lose Teddy for one second. We went indoors together, screaming child and unhappy parent. As we climbed the stairs to bed I tried to develop a story about Teddy having a taxi ride.

Adam, who is most reasonable except when extremely tired, stopped crying to listen to my hastily invented story that Teddy had begged to be allowed to go for a ride all by himself. He had always longed to do so, and now here was his chance. What a lovely excitement for Teddy, and tomorrow he might be home again. For tonight, Teddy had left a special message to say that Miranda the monkey would look after Adam in his cot. Adam cheered up a little at this idea.

When Adam was safely tucked into his cot and almost asleep I went downstairs, wondering how to get out of such a predicament. There was a small chance that Teddy might be returned to the lost-property office, but this was almost too much to hope for. After all, he was not in the first flush of his youth, and any taxi-driver could have been forgiven for feeling that he was hardly worth the trouble of a special journey. My other idea was to get a new Teddy, but the shop would now be closed and it was necessary to wait until the morning. Also, how was a new Teddy to be passed off as the old one?

The next day went off surprisingly well, however. Adam seemed quite content to put up with the ministrations of Miranda the monkey, provided that they were regarded as being a substitute for Teddy, who was on his exciting travels. Meanwhile, a certain amount of serious groundwork was being done to get Teddy back. No, Teddy had not been handed in to the lost-property office, and I was advised that there was little chance of this happening later on, having regard to the dilapidated state of our Teddy.



The toy bear, in his blue trousers and red jacket, was Adam's constant companion.

I then telephoned the shop where I had originally fallen for him, and asked them to send us another Teddy. This became complicated when we specified that it must be a certain kind of Teddy, with a red jacket and blue trousers. The assistant's voice became anxious. "We've got plenty of Teddy bears," she said, "but I'm not sure about that particular one." She said she would ring me back after she had looked at their stock.

After about an hour the shop rang back. They were terribly sorry, but the Teddy I wanted had been sold. I got desperate. "But surely you will be repeating that one, won't you?" I asked anxiously. The assistant replied that she didn't think so; it had taken a long time to sell their stock, as it had been rather expensive, I could well believe this, but at that moment would willingly have paid twice the amount.

Weakly, in my anxiety, I poured out my story to the girl. "Half a minute," she exclaimed suddenly. "I've just thought of something. They might have one in our Aberdeen branch. Would you like us to write to them and see?"

What a glorious hope—but writing to Aberdeen and waiting for a reply would all take a matter of days, and Teddy's absence could not be explained away for too long. The girl understood at once. A call was put through to Aberdeen—we were rung back—there was one Teddy left of this particular kind—and it would be sent direct to us by express post.

The next thing was to prepare Adam for a brand-new Teddy. We pretended that the taxi-driver had telephoned, and during the day we brought little bits of news about Teddy into our ordinary conversation as naturally as we could. The taxi-driver had asked if he could keep Teddy for one more day, as he had a trip to make to Buckingham Palace, and he was sure that Teddy would like to see the Queen. Then the taxi-driver had suggested that, if Teddy was to see the Queen, perhaps a new coat and a new pair of trousers would be a good idea. Adam readily agreed to this, too. "And would we mind," the taxi-driver had also asked, "if Teddy's hair was washed for this great occasion?"

New Teddy arrived in a parcel from Aberdeen and was unpacked secretly. Stealthily, while Adam was out for his walk in the afternoon, he was placed in his usual position at the foot of the cot. He looked very new indeed. We were never quite sure whether Adam was completely taken in or not, but he was kind enough to say very little about it.

About a week later the London friend whom Adam and I had visited on that fateful day rang up. "I'm so sorry not to have let you know before," she said, "but I've got Adam's Teddy safely here. I expect you've been looking for him."

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every
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THE PELICAN THAT HATED

POMEROY sat on a buoy, feeling sorry for himself. It was a new frame of mind for Potmroy; until very recently he had been one of the brashest, most obnoxious personalities on the west coast of Florida. He had started being difficult the moment he found out what he had been christened.

"Why ain't my name Pete?" he had squawked shrilly at the time. "Every other pelican in the world is named Pete, man, woman, or child, and what do I get hung on me? Pom-er-oooy!"

"It," said his momma, "is distinctive."

"You ain't just whistlin' Dixie," Pomeroy said rudely.

"Well, it could have been worse," his father offered in consolation. "I, personally, put my foot down on Percival, not to mention Philemon."

"But why anything but Pete?" Pomeroy moaned.

"It's this way," poppa had explained. "Your mother happens to be the first pelicaness since the dawn of history who had so much time on her hands—"

"No such thing," his momma had said.

"—that she could lie around the nest dreaming up pretty names for you. Your mother's a romanticist, my boy, and there's nothing that can be done about it. I know; I've tried. So I'm afraid you're stuck with Pomeroy."

And indeed he was. During his pinfeather days on Spindrift Key he tried to convince

his young pals that his real name was Pete like everybody else's, that this crazy Pomeroy thing was a mother's fancy. He got nowhere. After all, a bird could beat up his playmates just so long before he had to quit from sheer wing weariness and, invariably, as soon as he took a breather there came again the yodelling cry of "Yoo-hoo, Pom-er-oooy!" and another fight was on.

The young pelicans on the other keys got into the act. Let Pomeroy try to escape the hard time at home by sneaking next door and he would be greeted by a storm of yoo-hoos and a flurry of mincing wing flaps that required satisfaction. He grew up to be a battle-scarred boy, but the name stuck.

And take the matter of fishing. The first time Pomeroy was taken on a community fishing trip he and the other youngsters were told to watch how it was done. So Pomeroy watched as poppa, cruising at a hundred feet, unaccountably folded his wings and plummeted straight down. Horrified, the boy bird watched the Old Man hit the water with a horrendous splash.

"Did he complain of feelin' bad?" the lad hollered to momma. "Did he ever have his blood pressure—"

"Don't be alarmed, dear," momma said.

"Poppa is merely having lunch."

"This is havin' lunch?" Pomeroy gulped.

The sight of poppa emerging from beneath the waves with a mackerel in his bill failed to reassure Pomeroy. Nor did

the fact that other pelicans—momma, the neighbors, and even his own dear little playmates—made similar high dives for fish make him feel any better. He noticed that all the pelicans, young and old, shook their heads dazedly when they surfaced. That didn't look good.

"Merely to tenderise the fish," momma explained.

"It looks like they're punchy," Pomeroy muttered.

"Nonsense!" momma said briskly. "Of course, at the very first you might feel a slight jar when you strike the water, but it's nothing, really. There's a school of fish. Try it."

"I have to?"

"It's customary," poppa smiled. "Especially among those of us who like to eat."

Pomeroy looked down at the fish far below, swallowed hard, shut his eyes, and dived. Three or four hours passed while the wind whistled past his ears, almost drowning out the joined juvenile jeer of "There goes Pom-er-oooy!"

Then — whammo!

Momma had mentioned a "slight jar"; to Pomeroy it was as though somebody had brought a baseball bat down on his skull. There was water up his nose and down his throat, but no fish in his bill — and who would be interested in fish, anyway, a second after taking a mule's hind hoof in the face? He rose groggily to the

Illustrated by
Phillips



TO DIVE

*Nothing but trouble and strife
stalked this little offbeat
bird . . . an amusing story*

By DON TRACY

surface and shook his head, trying to tone down the carillon that was pealing in his ears.

"You arched your back a little too much," poppa commented, coming alongside, "but on the whole it was passable."

"I'm glad you liked it," Pomeroy said bitterly, "because it's the last time I'll ever get conned into a stunt like that. Slight jar!"

Of course, they argued with him, taunted him, coaxed and cavilled, momma, poppa, the hoary oldsters of the Spindrift Key colony, but it did no good.

"But all pelicans dive for fish!" they cried.

"All pelicans are named Pete, too," Pomeroy returned. "Except one. Me."

He looked shoreward, toward the pier where fishermen from all the forty-nine States and Canada's twelve provinces jostled for elbowroom.

"Besides," he added, "those old guys look like they're down all right and they ain't goin' off the high board for it, either."

Momma and poppa and the others turned their eyes toward the pier and the seven well-fed pelicans that perched on the pilings there, stealing hooked fish.

A note of respect approaching awe came into poppa's voice.

"That," he explained, "is The Club."

"So I join The Club," Pomeroy shrugged. "It's that simple."

"Join The Club?" momma asked, aghast. "You don't join The Club, dear. It's very exclusive. You have to be invited. Don't you, poppa?"

"Of course," Poppa nodded. "The way I understand it, a committee picks one pelican from each colony in the Boca Ciega Bay area every three or four years to stand for membership."

"Every ten years," interjected an elder. "Or is it twenty?"

"Anyway, after the committee looks into the background—"

"It's not that way at all," somebody broke in. "The way I heard it, so many names are put in a hat and—"

"Where do they get the hat?" poppa asked coldly. "And if all the names are Pete, what good would that do, anyway?"

An argument developed. At its height, Pomeroy snorted and headed for the pier. Those old boys seemed to have something pretty nice going for them, and he wanted it, club or no club.

He was about a hundred yards from the end of the pier when the first clubman raised his head and stared with disbelieving eyes. When Pomeroy was fifty yards away, all seven members of The Club were fixing him with stony glares.

Our hero landed on a piling a bit removed from the overcrowded fishing dock. For the record, he did try to be friendly.

"Hi," he said to the nearest clubman. "Nice place you've got here."

The seven members of the elite exchanged glances. So grave was this intrusion that a tourist was allowed to land a seven-inch fish unmolested.

"Yup," said Pomeroy into the silence. "Mighty nice place."

"And private," creaked one of the clubmen, barely parting his bill. "For members only."

Pomeroy looked about him with exaggerated care before meeting the withering stare again. "I don't see any signs," he smiled.

"No signs are necessary," another clubman said icily.

"Well, I—" Pomeroy began, and broke off. One of the tourists had snagged a fine mangrove snapper, which was beating the water to a froth in its struggle. Pomeroy slid off the piling and swooped on the fish, disengaged the hook, swallowed the snapper. He did this expertly, even though it was his first experience; taking fish from hooks is as much a part of a pelican's heritage as the ability to fly.

The human who had been robbed set up a cursing, and Pomeroy returned to the piling, grinning. "This is living," he told the silent seven. "Out there" — with a

To page 50

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R074

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

• The designs illustrated here were specially chosen in answer to a pattern request from a young married woman.

HERE is the reader's letter and my reply.

"I am searching for styles and patterns for a plain pinafore dress and blouse and for a neat dark wool frock with a white accent. I am a young married woman with a family of three and buy very few clothes. Those I buy I don't want to go out of fashion. I like neat, trim styles. I have 3yds. of dark grey worsted flannel for the frock and 2½ yds. of 54in. navy wool for the pinafore. I take a 34in. bust size."

The designs I have chosen in answer to your query are illustrated at right. The pinafore dress has a low, scooped neckline and is worn with a silk shirt finished with a flat, round collar and three-quarter sleeves.

The second dress, a front-buttoned, self-belted design, has a pique overcollar and matching cuffs. The dress would look equally smart without the pique trim.

Paper patterns for the designs are obtainable in stock sizes. Under the illustration are details and how to order.

★ ★ ★
"COULD you please tell me what type of earrings are being worn at night?"

In the last Paris collections (spring) there was a gipsy-type earring revival. This trend was portrayed by oversized hoops (in gold) about 3in. wide. Some were finished with dangly pearls and semi-precious stones.

★ ★ ★
"Is a topcoat with a belt being worn this winter? If it is, I would like a suggestion for a suitable style. I am 18 and take an S.S.W. fitting."

A trench-coat with an on-



DS404.—Pinafore and blouse in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. for pinafore, 2½yds. 36in. for blouse. Price 4/6.

DS405.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.

Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

or-off self-material sash-belt breasted and finished with a is a popular design in winter tailored collar and revers. coat fashions. A design in The correct width for the this category is usually single-belt is approximately 3in.

YOUR BOOKSHELF By JOYCE HALSTEAD

"Pink is for Girls"

Juliet Rolleston (Angus and Robertson).

Miriam, gay and pretty, is married at 18, widowed by the war at 19, and left with a baby daughter, Francesca, the narrator of the story. Miriam goes to live with her mother-in-law, of aristocratic Italian descent, but soon returns to Sydney to take a housekeeping job and marries her boss. They have a daughter, Beatrice. Miriam gets all the men, much to Francesca's chagrin as she grows up.

One tends to judge this novel by the age of its author when she wrote it, which was only 16, and this does, in fact, make it an extremely good effort. But, judged on its own merits, it provides a mere "look" at life, a scratching of the surface of human experience. Miriam is never quite resolved as a character; Francesca, whom one gathers is the author's self-portrait, has real dimensions, but the other characters are mere photographic images.

"Days Before Yesterday"

Maria Dermout (Secker and Warburg).

Recollections of childhood on a Dutch plantation in Java towards the end of last century, with colonial luxury set against exotic local culture. Life in the big house,

and in its lovely garden with its vivid sights and sounds, its brilliant birds and flowers, was a continual adventure for the little girl Rick. There were native servants to tell her eerie stories, colorful local festivals, and grown-up parties which she was allowed to watch. Her glimpse into the adult world brought sadness with the knowledge of Aunt Nancy's love for Uncle Fred. Tragedy followed with his departure for Australia.

Gentle and delicate, a story told with childlike simplicity, this is a charming and sensitive evocation of the past.

For Children

"The Brave Cowboy"

Joan Walsh Anglund (The Bodley Head).

Shooting at fierce Indians, capturing angry mountain lions, riding his horse across the prairie—this is the imaginary world (drawn in red ink) of the diminutive "cowboy," whose real world (drawn in black ink) consists of boiled eggs for breakfast, regular bedtime, a trusty tricycle, and a pet cat. This little book, with its "Western" weatherboard cover, is delightfully written and illustrated by an understanding mother.



NEIGHBORS Mr. R. O'Brien and Mr. Henry Martin live in slab houses at Moliagul, Victoria, 135 miles from Melbourne.

Moliagul was a noted gold-mining town, made famous in 1869 with the discovery of the Welcome Stranger gold nugget.

The nugget was found by Cornish miners named John Deason and Richard Oates. It weighed approximately 2284oz., then worth £9534.

Neighbors O'Brien and Martin live happily in their peaceful surroundings, and with pick, shovel, and pan still fossick for gold.

Pictures by Mrs. Bon Strange, Ballarat, Victoria.

MR. HENRY MARTIN lives in this mud-and-brick dwelling, tries his luck with a bit of gold prospecting, and grows his own vegetables. He came to Moliagul four years ago.



NINETY-YEAR-OLD Mr. R. O'Brien stands outside his slab hut at Moliagul, Victoria. A pensioner, he has lived in the hut for 16 years. His hut is near that of Mr. Martin.

AUSTRALIAN HOMES



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INDOORS

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HOME AND FAMILY

BEAUTY CULTURE FOR BABY



Every mother . . .

● Most young things — chickens, ducklings, kittens, puppies — have a beauty all their own; and so do well-cared-for human babies.

BELOW are some common-sense ways in which mothers can help their babies to be beautiful — though every mother usually thinks her own child is the best-looking, anyway.

A baby's beauty includes glowing skin, clear, bright eyes, well-shaped jaws and chin, glossy hair, and an air of vitality—things that should be every baby's birthright.

Every expectant mother should realise that beauty culture for her baby begins with good nutrition in the pre-natal period.

How she lives, what she eats and drinks, how much sunshine, fresh air, healthy exercise, and restful sleep she gets greatly influence her baby's health and beauty.

Baby's Skin

Special care is needed to keep a baby's fine, delicate skin clear and healthy.

A pure, superfatted special baby soap (containing a large percentage of olive oil) should be used.

When baby is very young no soap should be used on the face, which should be gently washed with a clean, soft muslin washer, wrung out in clear, tepid water.

The face and buttocks, where the skin is specially sensitive, should be dried with a gentle dabbing movement instead of rubbing.

No irritating materials should be allowed next to baby's skin. Soft woven cotton singlets should be worn under wool or flannel.

Only a good talcum powder should be used (and then sparingly). It should never be put on damp skin or it will clog the pores.

A medicated powder (equal parts of zinc and starch powder) should be applied to any irritating rash, such as prickly heat.

Waterproof plasters should never be used.

If a rash or sore buttocks do not respond to medicated powder, use a good soothing ointment.

If any rash does not respond to

simple treatment in a reasonable time, medical advice should be sought before it spreads.

Bright eyes

Eyes are wonderfully constructed and highly sensitive organs.

In good health they are bright, clear, and sparkling, but in poor health they may be dull and sunken, or prominent.

The care of a baby's eyes begins at birth, when the eyes are bathed and disinfectant drops put in to protect them from any harmful germs that may have entered during birth.

Various little eye troubles can occur in the early weeks, such as discharging eyes; or an eye with a blocked tear-duct, which is always full of tears that overflow and cause redness of the lower lid.

This often corrects itself, but sometimes needs an eye specialist to pierce the blocked duct.

The eye needs careful attention meanwhile — protection from glare and wind, and daily irrigation with a mild saline solution.

The lower lid should be greased with a white petroleum jelly to prevent redness and irritation.

A tendency to squint may be noticed in the early weeks, when baby's eyes are learning to focus and some of the eye muscles tire.

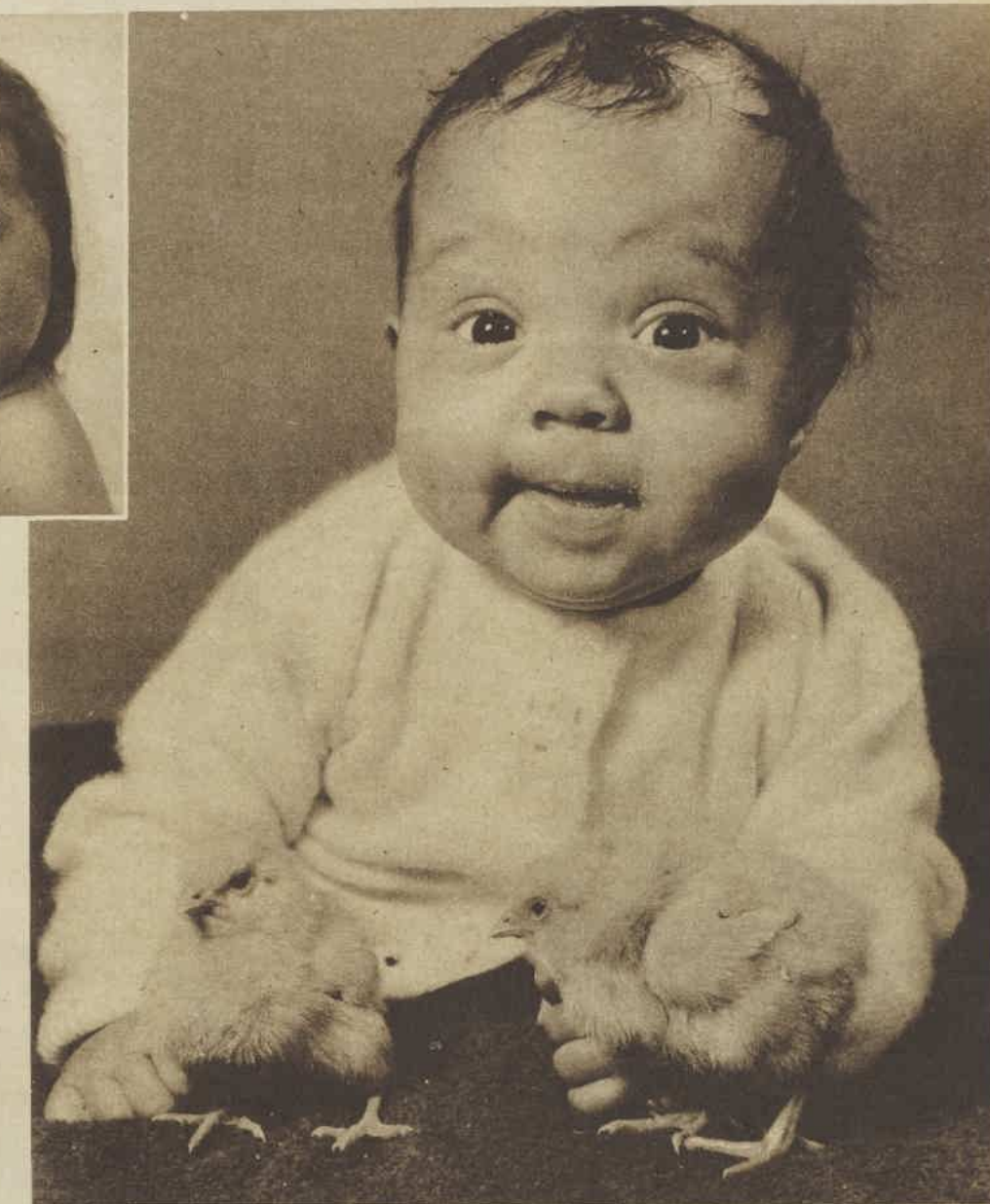
Such simple troubles soon yield to treatment, and an early squint is nothing to worry about.

However, a late squint — in an older baby or toddler—is a matter for an eye specialist.

This means a "lazy" eye, with a weak muscle. Unless treated, the sight in that eye will deteriorate. Treatment at first is to block the sight of the good eye to make the baby use the "lazy" one.

However, the greatest menace to the beauty and health of many babies' eyes is the carelessness of mothers in not protecting their young children's eyes from strong glare.

We often see babies bare-headed in direct rays of bright sunshine. On



. . . likes her own baby best

the beach they have the additional glare of the sand and surf.

And how often are little toddlers seen being pulled along in pushers facing right into the sun!

Even inside the house a bassinet is often placed in such a position that baby's eyes are subjected to a strong glare while facing a window.

A screen with a dark color (green

At the first sign of dryness or dandruff, a little lubricant (white petroleum jelly is excellent) should be gently massaged into the affected area every night. Wash off at bath-time the next morning, using firm massage with a soapy hand and taking care to rinse off all the soap.

Neglected cradle-cap can cause a nasty, spreading rash.

Medical advice should always be obtained if the trouble persists.

Baby's hair should be brushed well morning and night, and the brush and comb kept scrupulously clean.

If a child has very soft, fine hair it is often a good plan to have it cut quite short and keep it short for a year or more to strengthen it.

Sound teeth

Dental care begins in the pre-natal period.

From the beginning of pregnancy (and even before) the mother's diet should be rich in minerals (especially calcium and phosphorus).

Later essentials are a good diet for the nursing mother, and for the baby and the toddler a well-balanced diet,

with a big proportion of hard foods to ensure good mastication and exercise for jaws and teeth.

Good dental hygiene and regular visits to the dentist should begin at a very early age.

Good posture

By posture is meant the way in which a baby's body is held while he lies, sits, stands, and, later, walks.

Good posture, necessary for perfect health, is also a part of baby's beauty culture, for it ensures good and graceful carriage.

The foundation for good posture is laid in the pre-natal period with good bone-formation, and from the earliest weeks of life baby should be handled and carried correctly, have a roomy bassinet, with no cramping of limbs.

Properly supervised exercise later is most important.

A regular short daytime rest, lying flat on the floor with all muscles relaxed, works wonders for posture. (This can be at story-telling time.)

It should also be remembered that no child can be beautiful if he is nervy and fretful, a condition often resulting from an unhappy home or a tired and nervy mother.

By Sister MARY JACOB,
our Mothercraft Nurse

for preference) should be placed round the bassinet.

Early neglect inevitably brings eye troubles in later years.

Glossy hair

Bright, glossy hair reflects good nutrition, and all toddlers should have this beauty asset.

Care of baby's scalp in the early weeks prevents cradle-cap.

The cause is often neglect (generally through nervousness) to wash and massage the scalp properly over the "soft spot."

In a hundred-and-one *Wonderful* ways...



Sherry 'n' Savouries

Sherry or Vermouth is tops for suppers and snacks. Richly rewarding before dinner, too—and wonderfully relaxing. Don't be a slave to fashion, suit yourself: choose sweet, cream, medium or dry.



Cherish your chicken!

Add a touch of wine when cooking... serve with a well-chilled white wine—Sauternes* or Graves* (semi-sweet); Hock or Chablis* (dry); Riesling,* Moselle or Pearl (somewhere in between)

(*Francois Sauternes, Graves, Sauternes, Reims)

Life is more pleasant
with WINE

Wine is one of the kindest blessings bestowed on us by Nature to enrich our daily lives. Nothing, quite so well as wine, relaxes you, refreshes you in a quiet moment before dinner, after the hurly-burly of the day. You'll treasure, too, the new enchantment wine adds to even the most familiar family meals... the magic character it imparts to all your cooking, subtly enhancing every flavour. Australian wines are among the finest in the world — yet they're surprisingly inexpensive. Discover for yourself a rich new way of life tonight... with wine!!



Mmm! Marinated Steak

Steep (marinate) your steak in Burgundy or Claret for an hour or two before cooking. See how it enhances flavour and tenderness. Serve remainder of bottle at table. Smile coyly at the compliments.



WINE is so friendly to food!



Celebration? Champagne!

Or, maybe, Sparkling Burgundy, Sparkling Hock, Sparkling Moselle — all lifting, lighthearted wines with a flair to harmonise with festive fare. Serve well chilled and savour to the last bright bubble.



Port is perfect... anytime

Port is a happy—and a healthy—"anytime" wine... after meals with fruit or cheese... 'tween meals with cake or biscuits... or by itself! From tawny brown to ruby red, there's a port for every palate.

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Many readers have written sympathy and advice for the unhappy woman whose article "What Has Happened To My Marriage?" was printed in the issue of May 18. The author felt herself strained almost to breaking point by the cumulative burdens of housework and motherhood. Short extracts of some letters appear below.

Help for a tired and harassed mother

● Author of the original article married at 21 and went to live in a small town-ship without water supply or electricity and miles from a shopping centre.

AFTER early health troubles, she had two children—the older a very mischievous daughter.

As time went on, with piled-up work and no recreation, quarrels arose with her husband, whom she loved dearly, and she began to ask what had happened to her marriage and to the happy girl she had been as a bride.

Readers of her article have given various hints on how she can overcome her troubles—including growing a garden and sitting on her husband's knee now and then.

CUT DOWN ON CHORES

"Oh, sister, you sure do need help—the help to pull yourself out of the well which is threatening to engulf you as surely as a sea of trouble."

"To get more rest, list and itemise all your duties and honestly consider which could be lightened or even eliminated."

"Drying up can be totally cut out (boiling water and detergent is much cleaner)."

"Floors painted with plastic preparation do away with polishing."

"Sponge over tablecloths, and darker clothing for the toddler will help shrink your washing (metaphorically, anyway)."

"I feel very sympathetic to those the ironing. Only iron those articles which absolutely must be done and use drip-dry fabrics."

"And stocktake your general appearance. Have you let your figure go? Is your hairstyle out of date? Why not change it?"

"Marguerite" (name and address supplied).

LEARN TO SING

"I think the lassie's biggest problem could be self-pity, and the quickest way to get out of this is to start to sing, all day if necessary."

"You would be surprised how a song can lighten the burden, and while you sing you haven't time to think about petty worries..."

"And why not try taking the children out for a walk in the afternoon? Many problems are blown away by the fresh air."

Mrs. Betty M. Baker, Courtland Farm, Bullaring, W.A.

DON'T DREAM OF DANCES

"I was deeply touched by the account of the everyday life of a tired mother."

"Having passed through those very same experiences, but being a little farther along 'the road,' prompts me to write this."

"I want to tell this tired

mother: 'Do not despair! A little farther along the road you will suddenly realise that out of this dim present has emerged a new and deeper love, full of understanding.'

"Don't dream about dances if you just can't go; instead, on the first bright and sunny day, pack a simple lunch and, with husband and children, take it to a nice clean spot with a tree for shelter."

Mrs. P. Driussi, Goonclabah, N.S.W.

SIT ON HIS KNEE

"You are thinking too much of yourself, my dear."

"Your little girl is extraordinarily mischievous because she is being left too much to her own devices."

"Let her help you in your work—that is, let her think she is helping. When you are washing, give her a few simple things, or her own dolly's clothes, to hang on the line."

"When you are ironing, let her sort out the hankies. When you're baking, let her cut her own biscuits."

"And your husband needs more affection..."

"Give him a surprise kiss, or sit on his knee occasionally. You'll be surprised what this will do."

"There's hardly a wife and mother among us who hasn't at times locked herself in the bathroom and heaved great sobs of desperation, wonder-

ing at the injustices of life." "One Decade" (name and address supplied).

GROW A GARDEN

"I had eight children, all hard births because they were all over 10lbs. at birth."

"There were frequent quarrels, resulting in nervy children, and many illnesses and other troubles."

"Finally, when I thought I could stand it no longer, I read an article which said: 'If ugliness or sorrow is all around, don't be downcast. Look to nature, even if only a potplant.'"

"That phrase went round and round in my head for days, and then one day I started a garden."

"I reviewed my marriage as I worked outside in the sunshine and realised that it took two to make or break it and that my own attitude was not helping, so I determined to try to rectify things."

"I learnt to laugh and I taught humor to the kiddies, it's marvellous for depression." (Name and address supplied.)

"MUDDLER" HUSBAND

"Fantastic mother, you must consult your doctor immediately and obtain a good tonic to build you up."

"Your husband is, like most men, totally unaware of what you are suffering."

"Forgive me for saying it, but he sounds like a muddler to be working until 10.30-11 p.m."

"Show him your article."

"Connie" (name and address supplied).

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All these makers put a sample pack of Calgon into every washer they sell. They recommend everyone to use Calgon because it puts an end to laundering trouble caused by water.

CALGON KEEPS CLOTHES AND WASHER SPARKLING CLEAN

Water and soiled clothing contain hardness minerals which combine with soaps, detergents and dirt to deposit stubborn film, both on the washing and the machine. Calgon prevents film and makes soaps or detergents wash astonishingly better. In the first rinse it washes away every trace of soap and soil, or "hangover dirt", removes old scale on the machine and prevents new clogging deposits. This assures consistent performance with minimum maintenance. Calgon laundered clothes are whiter, softer, brighter.

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PEUGEOT 403

THE Peugeot is well engineered throughout, well proven (both here and abroad), with nothing radical either mechanically or in body styling.

As a long-term buy, it is one of the best cars on the market.

I stress "long-term," for the Peugeot—like most new cars—depreciates heavily in the first year of ownership. But, unlike some other makes, it will continue to give first-class service for many years and the depreciation becomes secondary.

Built by the old conservative French firm at Sochaux, the Peugeot appeals to thrifty French motorists.

The 403 model is particularly roomy; it can comfortably

ably carry four passengers and quantities of baggage.

The 14-litre engine gives excellent performance for the good driver, and the 403's road characteristics are among the very best.

I had the use of a 403 in Tasmania recently, and it was like getting into a favorite pair of shoes.

By BETTY McKAY

It is an easy car to drive once you get used to the odd gear-shift. The car is light and accurate to steer, the braking system is one of the safest fitted to a family sedan, and, in the driver's seat, you feel comfortably in control.

The front seats are individual, although they form a bench-type seat. The backs are fully adjustable, and can

be lowered to make a bed. Rear-seat passengers have a stable, smooth ride, even over rough roads.

The interior is easy to keep clean, with washable trim on the seats, doors, and headlining, and with rubber matting in the front compartment.

Although the glove-box is disappointingly small, there is plenty of room for parcels on a deep shelf behind the rear seat.

Almost the only complaint I have concerns the pendant-type pedals, which are too high off the floor for comfort. However, it doesn't take long to get accustomed to them.

Many "extras" are included in the very fair price of £1308 (including tax), like the heating, cooling, and demisting units and the screen-washers. Thrift is a feature of the

MOTORING

● This medium-priced French car is one of the easiest to review because it is basically a sound vehicle.

AMERICAN HOUSE OF 1960

● Familiar building materials have been used in exciting new ways in this revolutionary all-American house in Connecticut, U.S.A. It was designed by one of America's most successful architects, Edward Durell Stone. Twelve pyramids resembling Red Indian tents form part of the roof and a modern interpretation of back-porch lattice-work surrounds the house. Story and more pictures overleaf.



FRONT V
of the house
necticut, U.
walls are
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

June 8, 1960

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



**FASHION TRICKS
WITH FUR FABRIC**
... pages 8, 9

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Gay clothes first worn by males

MARY T. MOOS (T.W., 11/5/60) complained about boys copying the bright clothes of girls. Doesn't she know that it was the males who originally wore bright clothes, showy hats, stockings, petticoats, and, yes, earrings? It is we females who have stolen the males' fashions. When Sir Walter Raleigh threw his cloak into the puddle for Queen Elizabeth to walk on, Sir Walter Scott says, "He was wearing a crimson velvet cloak, richly ornamented with lace and embroidery, with a bonnet of the same, encircled with a gold chain turned three times around it, and secured by a medal. His hair was combed upwards and made to stand on end, and in his ears he wore a pair of silver earrings, having each a pearl of considerable size." Raleigh was also wearing bright red stockings. Petticoats were originally worn by men under their suits of armor and they gradually changed in design until they are as worn by women today. So, for once, I am on the side of the males. I like their brightly colored clothes and do not think them in the least unflattering. — Winsome Evans, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

Driving age

I CANNOT imagine why our local Safety Council is even thinking of lowering the age for a driving licence. If it cares to

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

OUR PIN-UP: Duane Eddy, whose driving, haunting, twangy guitar made hits of "Forty Miles Of Bad Road," "Some Kinda Earthquake," "Bonnie Came Back," is 22. Born in Phoenix, Arizona, he swims, fishes, collects records, and is a student of American history. Eddy's current seller is the exciting "Shazam."

look over police records it will see that most of the road accidents occur when the driver is aged from 17 to 21. Bearing this in mind it would be advisable for the driving age to be raised instead of lowered. — Gillian Metcher, Applecross, W.A.

Slow to learn

THE coming of rock-'n-roll has shown us how slow older people are to accept new ideas. My mother, who took a dislike to rock-'n-roll immediately, has heard so much of it now that she is beginning to like it. Rock-'n-roll, like abstract art and television, is here to stay — so people might as well learn to enjoy it now as later. — Ron Rowe, St. Kilda, Vic.

Long skirts

OUR school dramatic club recently put on a play set in the seventeenth century. I had to play the part of a man, but my friend had the good fortune to portray a young woman. She said how wonderful it was to wear long skirts and have long rustly petticoats; she felt so elegant and graceful. "How much we miss by wearing short skirts nowadays," she sighed. Although we are both fashion-conscious teenagers I agree with her. — Judy Hutchinson, Crystal Brook, S.A.

Ready to serve

I THINK C.M.F. training for boys and girls is really good. Experience can be gained in many fields and it also helps to broaden our outlook on life. Although I am only seventeen I am looking forward to the day when I can join the C.M.F. and be able and ready to serve my country in any emergency. — Wendy Shoebridge, Herston, Brisbane.



WENDY SHOEBRIDGE

Shirt and tie

WITH the increasing popularity of casual clothes, some teenage boys seem to think a white shirt and tie are out of date and sissy. We are two teenage girls who think ties and white shirts make a boy look well groomed and show he has a little personal pride. With all the wonderful fabrics available nowadays, surely it is easy enough to have a clean white shirt each day. — F. Bromfels and N. Davies, Ballarat, Vic.

Silent work

AM I the only one who agrees with parents that while doing homework it should be only homework, and that radio serials and crazy songs should come afterwards? — Ulga Dubrowsky (11), Blackwood, S.A.

White Australia

I AGREE with the "White Australia" policy. If we let Asians into our country it would lower our prestige, as their standard of living is not up to ours. Also they would work for lower wages and put Australians out of work, and in no time there would be large slum areas throughout Australia. It is better for them to come in just to study and then take their knowledge back to their own lands. — Rhonda Bryce, Windsor, Qld.

Afraid to shave?

ARE boys of 15 afraid to shave? All the 16-year-old boys I have been out with seem as though they don't want to shave. Today I saw a boy in the train dressed nicely for work in a well-pressed suit, white shirt, and tie, but his appearance was affected by his young growth of beard. I would be proud of my first shave and would try it as soon as possible. Are boys too lazy to start? — Lorraine Garriock, Regents Park, N.S.W.



JOAN CAMPBELL

Never dull

ONE of the most successful clubs ever formed in Mount Isa for teenagers has been the Youth Club run by the R.S.L. At the club we can learn anything we want to, such as judo, marching girls, gymnastics, boxing, and dancing. I learn judo, marching, and dancing, and, of course, there are the lucky ones who get picked to train as a junior leader at Magnetic Island. The training lasts for nine days. We never find a dull moment at the club and we go camping as often as possible. — Joan Campbell (15), Mt. Isa, Qld.

School system

I HAVE recently moved from N.S.W. to Tasmania and am surprised to find a great difference in the education system. I passed my Intermediate at the end of last year, but although I am now in fourth year I feel as though I am repeating a year, as the education down here is of a lower standard. I am sure there must be many other families who move from one State to another, so why isn't education handed over to the Commonwealth Government, or at least all States given the same standards and methods of examination? — Helen Luther, George Town, Tas.

Against equality

I DISAGREE with Lesley Clark (T.W., 27/4/60), who says that there should be equal wages for men and women. If this were so, men would lose respect for women. They would not offer women their seats in buses, nor would they pay a woman's fare to the movies. Women would not be treated as gently, either. I would rather receive lower wages and be treated better. — "Mall," Lismore, N.S.W.

Tip for D.J.s

I AM a disc-jockey fan, but I wish that instead of playing one side of a disc (which they themselves think will be the "big" side) they would play both sides. Firstly, it would give each side of the disc a chance of being a hit, and, secondly, we wouldn't get fed up with hearing the same songs all the time. — "Both Sides," Manly, N.S.W.

Boys and girls like holding hands

I AGREE with "For It" that holding hands is not cheap. Her girl-friend's father ought to be thankful that she is not doing this behind his back. If he didn't like his daughter holding hands, why didn't he speak up while her boy-friend was there? — Beryl Hauritz, Kingaroy, Qld.

FOR a boy to hold a girl's hand shows that he likes and respects her. I'm sure this girl's father held his wife's hand during their courting days, and there is certainly nothing cheap about it. A few boys have held my hand and it's a nice thought to know somebody likes you and has made this gesture towards you. — "Approving Eye," Concord West, N.S.W.

HOLDING hands is only a sign of friendship. Although only 14 I went with a boy for nearly nine months. We always held hands and my mother always said holding hands with a boy looks much nicer than walking with arms around each

● Is there anything wrong with holding hands? "For It" (T.W., 27/4/60) asked this question, saying her girl-friend's father was tough in forbidding his daughter from holding a boy's hand while watching TV. Replies strongly show that holding hands is a good old Australian custom.

other. I have been out with a few boys and always held hands. — "Not Cheap," Preston, Vic.

TWO people who like each other naturally hold hands to help express their feelings for each other. Of course, it is the girl's prerogative to refuse to hold hands, but I can't see anything against it at all, if the couple's feelings for each other are mutual. — "Perfectly Natural," Parkes, N.S.W.

THERE is nothing wrong with holding your boy-friend's hand while watching television or the pictures. It is a nice friendly way of letting the boy

know you like him. I do not believe in a great show of affection, but it gives me a warm, secure feeling to have my hand held by a boy I like and respect. — "Chicle," Gympie, Qld.

HOLDING hands may help a young girl to overcome shyness. If they were to watch TV and not pay any attention to one another, each would think that he or she was not wanted. Even if the boy was touching the girl's hand it would convince her that he still liked her. — "No Objection," Wagga, N.S.W.

WHY can't we teenagers hold hands without people sniggering behind our backs? Even if you don't like the boy it's a good way of keeping one hand warm in winter. — "Happy Handies," Hurstville, N.S.W.

IF a father takes this attitude a girl will form the wrong idea of a healthy friendship with members of the opposite sex. It is quite wonderful to be able to relax in front of the TV with your boy-friend, his arm casually around you, or holding your hand. My boy-friend is quite a regular watcher of TV at our house and our parents quite approve of our showing a small token of affection by holding hands. — "Another For It," Avalon Beach, N.S.W.

GIRLS and boys look ridiculously cheap holding hands in public. Is the reason that she wants to hold his hand because she is frightened of him darting off and leaving her? — "Against It," Yanakie, Vic.

**YOU DON'T
HAVE TO
STAND ON
YOUR HEAD**



TO PLEASE A BOY

JUST tell him you like his neckties . . . hold his hand when you're strolling . . . wear pink . . . barrack for him on the football field . . . bake him some cookies . . . let him open car doors, room doors, any doors for you . . . ask him about his hobby . . . help him with his algebra homework . . . wear blue . . . let him carry your parcels home from work . . . always say please and thank you . . . phone him occasionally but don't talk long . . . lend him your favorite book . . . keep your hair shining clean . . . laugh a lot . . . invite him home for an after-school snack . . . smell of soap or cologne . . . adore his old car . . . appreciate his jokes . . . be on time when you meet him . . . tell him how much you enjoy being with him . . . listen attentively . . . be friendly to his friends . . . wear pink . . . allow him his moods . . . invite him to a picnic . . . be a lady if he steps on your new shoes while dancing . . . buy him a small present for no special reason except that you like him . . . write him a letter for no special reason except that you like him . . . save foreign stamps for him . . . have clean pink nails . . . let him show you off . . . knit him a pair of socks . . . wear blue, light and navy . . . dress like a girl not a boy . . . have principles . . . play fair . . . dress correctly for the occasion he takes you to . . . say what you feel (or almost) . . . remember his birthday . . . be kind to his dog . . . respect his freedom . . . keep your promises . . . listen to his ideas . . . follow, don't lead, while dancing . . . respect his budget . . . ask him about his job or hobby . . . wear pink!

**YOU DON'T
HAVE TO
CLIMB A
MOUNTAIN**



TO PLEASE A GIRL

JUST give her a silly little present . . . tell her she looks nice . . . laugh at her father's jokes . . . be neatly dressed . . . bring her a flower . . . be honest . . . treat her like a lady . . . show that you're proud of her . . . be masculine . . . make friends with her friends . . . be on time . . . brush your shoes . . . listen when she talks . . . admire her dress . . . play a game with her little brother . . . tell her she has pretty eyes (or hair, or hands) . . . be charming to her mother . . . walk on her correct side in the street . . . squeeze her hand at a crowded party . . . ring her up for no reason at all . . . take her to a classical concert . . . take her to the circus . . . offer to help her father mow the lawn . . . give her your coat if she's cold . . . take the initiative . . . lend her a good book . . . ask her advice, but make your own decisions . . . clean your teeth . . . be unselfish . . . bring her home right on her parents' deadline . . . take her arm crossing the street . . . write to her if you go away . . . tell her she's not dumb . . . take her home to meet your family . . . don't squander money . . . be generous . . . compliment her in front of others . . . be tactful . . . don't take her somewhere you can't afford . . . be affectionate . . . bring her into the conversation . . . tell her the truth . . . laugh, but not too loudly . . . give her your sturdy shoulder to cry on.

BIG BREAK AT 17

● Imagine playing Eliza Doolittle in "My Fair Lady" at the age of 17, dancing on the stage with the star, Robin Bailey, and singing "I Could Have Danced All Night" with an audience roaring its appreciation.

It sounds like a dream, and it felt like a dream to Perth teenager Geraldene McMorrow when she first did so in Her Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne.

By Winfred Bisset

GERALDENE cracked the theatrical jackpot last year when she was called upon, at four hours' notice, to take over Bunty Turner's part.

"I had butterflies on the first night I played Eliza," Geraldene said, "and they were not helped by the laryngitis I'd had for a couple of days.

"After the first performance Mother kept me in bed for fourteen hours, but I loved every minute of the show."

In Melbourne she appeared five times as Eliza, and has also understudied and appeared in the singing quartet. She is now dancing in the chorus of the "My Fair Lady" number-one company in Sydney.

Geraldene comes from a family of dancers. Her mother conducted two schools of dancing in Perth — stage and ballroom — and, with Geraldene's father, won the Western Australian professional ballroom dancing championship and held it for 14 years.



TODAY, aged 18, Geraldene is well on her way to fame on the stage.

Her younger sister, Gail, had a dancing career mapped out for her, but a car accident put a halt to it.

Geraldene has an impressive record in examinations.

At the first primary ballet examinations held by the Royal Academy of Dancing in Australia, in 1947, she gained the highest marks in Australia.

Star pupil

She took her first piano exam the following year, at the age of six, and gained the highest marks in the State.

She received two letters of credit from the Australian Music Examination Board in 1954 — one for first-grade art of speech and one for third-grade pianoforte.

She gained honors in all A.M.E.B. pianoforte exams for first, second, third, fourth, and fifth grade; and honors in first, second, and third grade art of speech.

In primary ballet she gained honors in grades one and two, and won the highest marks in

the State in 1954 for grade three.

Then, aged 13, she gave up examination work and concentrated on stage training and drama.

On March 6 last year Geraldene, her mother, and Gail left Perth by ship for Melbourne, where Geraldene was to be auditioned for a part in "Grab Me A Gondola."

The day they arrived in Melbourne J. C. Williamson's phoned Mrs. McMorrow, asked her if she could pick up a script of "My Fair Lady" immediately, teach Geraldene some of the numbers that night, and have her in for an audition at 10.30 the following morning.

Their luggage was still on the wharf, waiting to be picked up, but 24 hours after reaching Melbourne Geraldene was standing on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre singing "I Could Have Danced All Night" and "Wouldn't It Be Lovely?"

She hadn't even seen the show.

After singing her two songs she was handed a script and asked to read some of the lines, one piece in cockney.

When she had finished, John McCallum, J.C.W.'s assistant managing director, walked down the aisle and asked her to join the company as understudy to Bunty Turner, and to start work immediately as a member of the chorus.

And three days later, about two months after the show had opened, Geraldene appeared in "My Fair Lady."

Busy life

She usually leaves the theatre as soon as she can clean off her make-up and get into ordinary clothes. By the time she takes the late tram home it is about midnight when she gets into bed.

Rising time is about 10 a.m., unless she has a rehearsal call, and this occurs every time anyone joins the cast, whether in a leading role or as a member of the chorus.

Once a week there is a general call, at which members of



GERALDENE McMORROW as she was three years ago, on Cottesloe Beach, not far from her Perth home.

the chorus, ballet, and understudies all take part.

In addition to her six night performances, two matinees, and extra rehearsals every week, Geraldene has two singing lessons, has taken up dancing again with Betty Pounder, J.C.W.'s ballet mistress, and makes time to fit in some piano practice.

So she doesn't have much time for a gay social life.

On the first night she played Eliza, Geraldene had only four hours' notice to be ready.

Bunty Turner's shoes did not fit, so Mrs. McMorrow put cotton-wool in the toes. In the ball scene, however, it was too dangerous to wear shoes that did not fit when she walked down the spiral stairs, so there was a rapid dash to a Melbourne shoe shop for a pair of white satin court shoes.

Bunty's frocks needed very little alteration, but while Geraldene was at the dressing-room mirror making up, two hairdressers were at work on the front of her hair, cutting a bang similar to Bunty's.

But despite the rush she was ready to sing the famous first lines, "Ow-w-w-w, two bunches of violets trod in the mud. Why don't you look where you're going?"

Shares flat

Geraldene took lessons in cockney to make sure that she had the right accent for the first part of the show.

In Sydney she shares a Darling Point Road flat, which is opposite a house her mother owned and where they lived for a year in 1948. Her flat-mate is Anne Hathaway, a member of the "M.F.L." cast.

The day Geraldene arrived in Sydney after a fortnight's holiday at home in Perth, her cousin Kevan Johnston and his wife, Jill Perryman, left Sydney for Melbourne after months in revue at the Phillip Street Theatre.

They opened at the Comedy Theatre, Melbourne, on the same night as Geraldene opened in "My Fair Lady" in Sydney.

THRILLS IN HIGH PLACES



Specially soled boots, lightweight nylon rope, metal snaplinks called karabiners, pitons, and a piton hammer are some of the equipment a climber uses.

● Rock-climbing is a rugged sport packed with enough thrills to satisfy any teenager's thirst for adventure.

IT is, of course, more dangerous than tennis or football, but commonsense and a willingness to learn will overcome the nervousness of most beginners.

From then on, training, confidence, and consideration — towards yourself and others — will make it safe.

Most States have rock-climbing clubs or bushwalking clubs in which a few members practice climbing.

Beginners should seek their early instruction from these clubs — where serious accidents are rare — or, at least, from someone they know to be thoroughly experienced.

Never climb alone

Climbing alone, or with an equally inexperienced climber, is dangerous and foolhardy. Other people may have to risk their lives to get you out of trouble.

The novice will usually begin, supported by a safety rope, on problem climbs of 40 or 50ft. Not all climbing is difficult, but it is better to learn at 40ft. how to cope with the difficult pitch you might strike at 300ft.

Like every sport, climbing has its own equipment. The beginner will need a stout pair of boots fitted with the type of rubber soles shown in the picture above.

Some climbers have boots fitted with tricounis — small, saw-toothed metal grips which clamp around the outside edge of the sole — and climbers, which are three-point hobs.

Sandshoes are not recommended. Apart from any other factor, they will not support a climber's foot or ankle.

A 1½ in. nylon rope, 120ft. long, weighs about 4lb. and costs about £10. It is expensive, but it is the best and safest. Nylon rope will stretch nearly a third of its length before it breaks, and it is extremely durable.

A pair of well-padded shorts is essential to prevent the painful burns you could get roping down a cliff. A good idea is to

buy a pair of football shorts and reinforce the groin and seat with two or three thicknesses of blanket.

Some of the many climbing techniques and safety measures can be understood properly only by seeing them demonstrated. But one or two essential principles may be explained here.

Balance is the essence of all climbing. Learn to stand upright on the cliff. Some beginners crouch and hug the rock face, others lean out at awkward angles. It is safer — and easier — to stand naturally.

Always have three secure holds — two feet and a hand or two hands and a foot — before you make a move. And then move smoothly. A good climber moves with the grace and ease of a ballet dancer.

Jerky movements are tiring, and a tired climber is a danger to himself and others on the rope. Conserve your strength. **TEST EVERY HOLD.**

With toeholds, keep your heels down, pressing your foot into the rock.

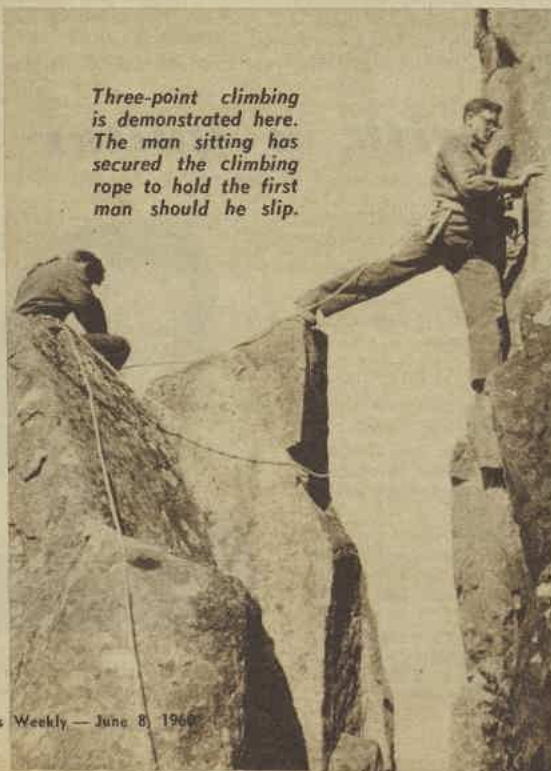
In using handholds, try always to have your forearm close to the rock. If your elbow is sticking out at right angles you are wasting much of your strength pulling outwards instead of downwards.

Climbing has its own jargon, too. Some of the terms you will hear are: "pitch" — the climbing section of a cliff or mountain face; "stance" — a rest point between pitches.

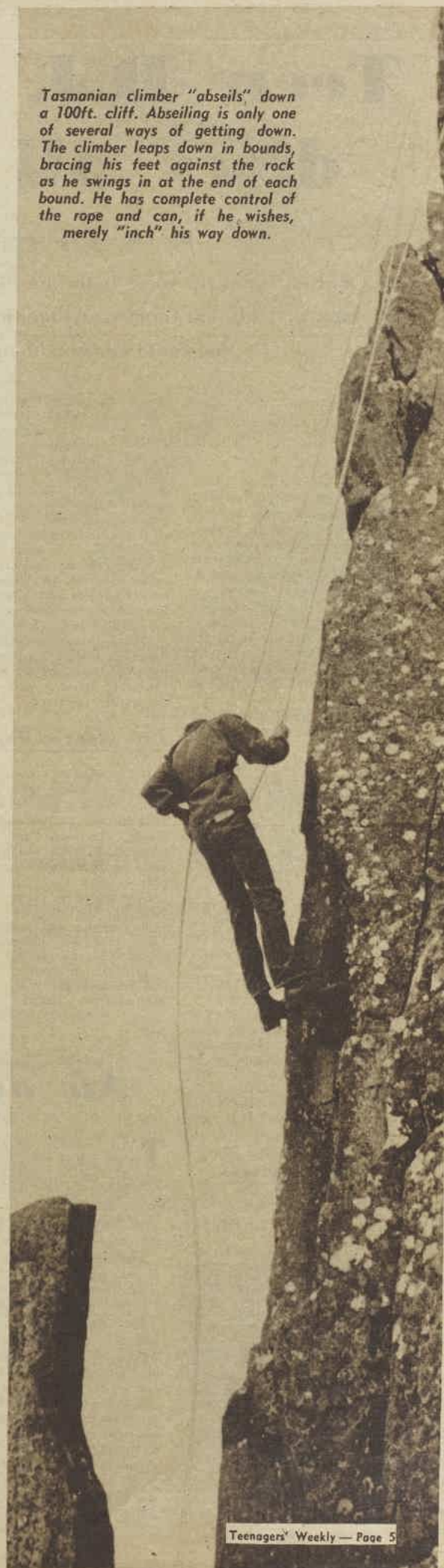
A "belay" is a method of anchoring yourself and your climbing party on the face, or a safety measure to prevent the leader falling.

Whether your nearest hills are in Tasmania or the Alps, the Grampians or the Flinders Ranges, the Blue Mountains, or the Glasshouse Mountains of Queensland there is plenty of fun waiting for you up there.

Three-point climbing is demonstrated here. The man sitting has secured the climbing rope to hold the first man should he slip.



Tasmanian climber "abseils" down a 100ft. cliff. Abseiling is only one of several ways of getting down. The climber leaps down in bounds, bracing his feet against the rock as he swings in at the end of each bound. He has complete control of the rope and can, if he wishes, merely "inch" his way down.



Teen D.J. spins discs all day

By Carol Tattersfield

● Ken Sparkes' voice is the first thing you notice about him. It's soft, but important sounding — the sort of voice that could launch a thousand discs.

AND it does. Ken is a disc jockey and he's rising fast in this field of radio.

At 19, he's the new D.J. at Station 2GB, centre of the Macquarie Network, and the only teenage disc jockey in Sydney.

He's got a lion's share in the business, too — a programme every day of the week, including Saturday and Sunday.

"I was very lucky, though," said Ken. "It's a pretty competitive business to get on the air. I just had a good voice for it, I guess. The voice is the main thing. You're not a person. Just a voice."

But Ken, with his slim boyishness, shock of red hair, and laconic humor, seemed very much a person as he spun the story of his D.J. career.

"My whole radio career," he began, "is only three years old. And I've only been in the country before, as junior announcer at 2MG at Mudgee, N.S.W."

"It's best to start in the country—with not much staff, and more primitive facilities than the big stations—because by the time you've coped there you can cope anywhere."

"And in the country you get experience in all branches of broadcasting."

Had Ken stayed in Sydney to start his radio career he probably would not have gone straight on the air and at 16 wouldn't have had such a free rein.

Ken took the initiative to start 2MG's first D.J. programme.

Taught himself

"Had a terrific time," he said. "No experience, so I just had to teach myself."

"I'd get an idea for a programme subconsciously, wake up in the middle of the night, grab a pencil and paper, and in the morning get it on to a tape and then polish it for the air."

And apart from his inspirational nightwork, Ken had to work long day hours to keep his programme up to—and ahead of—scratch. Often he had to get up at 4 a.m.

There was homework to do, too. Although, as Ken says, a disc jockey has to have a second sense to pick the sort of record which will suit the mood of his audience, he also has to

have some knowledge of the type of people he's playing for.

"I wrote to teenagers in America to get new angles; I got to know, through correspondence, some of the recording artists and asked them for special tapes for my programme, and I had to mix with all the radio listeners round the Mudgee area," he said.

That was easy for Ken, because most of the enthusiasts were teenagers like himself or young marrieds and they all thought the same about music.

"Music makes the world go round," said Ken warmly, "especially a teenager's world. I'm crazy about it. Any sort, but mostly popular."

100 discs a day

Just as well he's keen on it, because a disc jockey's job would be tough otherwise.

"I listened to 100 discs yesterday," he said, "and that's normal. You see, you have to know every record before you play it."

Listening so much to music, Ken has learned quite a lot about singing and writing it. Like other disc jockeys, he's recorded a couple of discs, "Christmas At Home," which was released last year, and a Western-type ballad, "Ride Wide," which will be released soon.

"I've written a lot of ballads," he said. "I may be putting some down on tape now that I'm in Sydney and have more time."

His time in Mudgee certainly did seem to be cut out, as far as any personal life was concerned.

"We were forever doing programmes in these out-of-the-way little towns," he explained. "Sometimes some of the equipment would break down, there wouldn't be a technician for miles, and I'd have to get cracking with wire and pliers and fix it."

Even at the station in Mudgee Ken often found he needed about six hands. "You had to spin your own discs—here someone else does it—organise your commentary, answer a telephone ringing in the studio, and cope with the commercials all at the same time."

"And the main thing was that you had to sound confident and cool and collected to the audience. Just as well the radio audience can't see what really goes on!"

Several times, however, the confusion was in fact broadcast.

"Once we were having a bit of technical trouble and I was on the phone talking about it, while a soothing record was playing over the air," he said, "Suddenly the chair I was sitting on slipped. I grabbed



KEN SPARKES, the only teenage disc jockey in Sydney's radio business, showing the smile you can hear in his words.

a switch to save myself, but the switch happened to be an 'on the air' one."

"The disc stopped playing. I yelled 'whoops' and a couple of other things, and the whole lot went on the air."

Even advertising was much

more informal in the bush. Ken used to handle all the sponsors and the commercials himself—from the selling of advertising time to the final presentation over the air, when he'd usually introduce the sponsor and chat to him informally about the product.

"When I'm broadcasting I smile all the time," he said.

Smiling voice

"You've got to get the smile into your voice, see? In fact, you do the whole routine—hands waving and all the facial expressions you can muster."

"No one sees you, but it comes out in the voice."

The "smile in his voice" has earned Ken a couple of enthusiastic fan clubs—as well as a salary way above the average 19-year-old's.

And later this year Ken will be starting his own D.J. programme on TV, so the public will be able to see, as well as hear, his smile.

Ken grinned when I asked him the old question: Is rock-n-roll dying?

"We-ell, it's changing," he said. "The rock-n-roll beat's still there, all right. But there's more ballad in it now. You can hear the words—and they seem to make more sense."

An artist with a guitar

TALL, dark, and handsome Robert Towns, of Clarence Gardens, Adelaide, certainly has his hands full—he's got a paintbrush in one hand and a guitar in the other.

This 18-year-old has been studying art for two and a half years, and playing the guitar for about 12 months.

Weekdays Bob attends classes at the South Australian School of Arts, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.; three nights a week he attends night school, a music lesson is fitted in on Tuesday nights, and his spare time is taken up with music practice and study.

Bob, Chris Kennedy, another guitarist, and John Brogan, who plays the drums, have teamed up to form the "Teen Beat Trio." Uniform for their engagements is dark green slacks, blue jumpers, white shirts, and Maverick ties.

Bob's guitar, an electric one, is the pride of his life, and he can play with or without an amplifier. For dances and similar functions the amplifier is always attached, but for TV appearances he plays without it. He sings pop songs, and adapts their tempo to a rock-n-roll beat.

And for the future? Bob hopes to become an artist executive in an advertising agency, and musically he wants to appear regularly on television, and have permanent bookings with a jazz group.



GUITARIST Robert Towns is also an art student aiming at an advertising career.

LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

● When bearded Rolf Harris' "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport" did a marathon kangaroo leap into the charts almost overnight, it was the pay-off to his years of battling.

"I HAWKED the thing round London for two solid years," the 30-year-old Western Australian said. "Nobody would look at it."

At the time Rolf was studying art and keeping body and soul together by singing one night weekly at that London mecca for homesick Aussies, The Down Under Club.

It was in London that he first hit upon the woosh-woosh sound that you hear as the gimmick in his hit disc.

Hurrying to dry a portrait he was painting on a piece of hardboard, Rolf held it over a heater and waved it about—woosh-woosh.

Now the sound is made with the same board—since elevated to the title of "wobble-board" and due for further exposure on a single and an EP soon to be released.

Will they be anything like "Kangaroo"? "Well, I'm always looking for something crazy to do," Rolf says.

Recently Lee Gordon took advantage of Rolf's presence in Sydney to rope him in for a Big Show appearance.

Deep in the wobbleboard king's past is an Australian junior backstroke championship win.

Local Talent: Heading the list this week is former Sydney secretary and part-time singing student Joan Sutherland, who went to London in 1951 and is now recognised as a world-class operatic star. Among the arias on her new Decca LP are two from "Lucia di Lammermoor." At Covent Garden last year, her singing of the name role earned her the greatest ovation accorded any British-born singer since Melba.

Plenty of teenagers thought Paul Anka's "Puppy Love" was sloppy. Me, too. But Dig Richards shows that the young-love theme can be handled in a much more mature and attractive manner in "Comin' Down With Love" (Rex 45). Flip is the cute oldie "Ain't She Sweet."

Diana Trask fans have been waiting impatiently for a follow-up to her first U.S. hit, "Soldier, Soldier." Well, it's here, "Love Me Now," theme song from the Guinness movie "Our Man In Havana," plus a revival of the naughty but nice "A Guy Is A Guy" (Coronet). Mitch Miller recently signed Diana to a contract for Coronet records.



DIANA TRASK

Thousands cheer up whenever a new Frankie Davidson hits the market, so there'll be a big welcome for his "I Care For You," words and music by F.D., on a W. and G. 45. A rocking revival of "You're Driving Me Crazy" is the flip.

In the future you'll be hearing plenty of Festival's new Teen label, and Johnny Devlin helps the launching with an EP, "Johnny Devlin Sings." The gold-lame-suit man sings "Gigolo," "Who Will You Choose, Johnny?" "Lonely Blues," and "Gold Diggin' Doll."

Pops: Though she seldom sings it, Connie Francis says she really likes rock-n-roll. You can hear for yourself how well this top girl singer and R. and R. go together on her "Rock-n-Roll Million Sellers" (M.G.M. LP). Among them are "Heartbreak Hotel," "I'm Walkin'," "Silhouettes." Before long you'll be seeing Connie in the movie "Where The Boys Are."

One that got me in right away was Bobby Rydell's "Ding-a-Ling" (H.M.V. 45), the breezy, free-and-easy flip to "Swingin' High School," from the movie "Because They're Young."

Just about anybody would be happy to spend "Saturday Night With Conway Twitty" (M.G.M. LP). Conway, or, in other words, Mr. Harold Jenkins, sings a well-rounded selection that includes "Hey, Little Lucy," "Judge Of Hearts," and "Goin' Home." Should be more Saturday nights like this one.

Incidentally, anyone who's thinking of putting on a spaghetti party at their place one of these weekends couldn't do better than spin a couple of discs from the R.C.A. EP series "Sanremo 1960." There isn't much to choose between the four Italian popular artists, who are given an EP each; all have that inimitable, intimate Continental appeal.

Classical: To many music-lovers the tour of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be the highlight of the concert season this year. A very attractive R.C.A. LP offers the orchestra, under its chief conductor, Charles Munch, with that great violinist Jascha Heifetz, in the lyrical Mendelssohn E Minor Concerto, plus the brilliancy and excitement of Prokofiev's Concerto No. 2.

Equally attractive, though to rather different tastes, is an Ace Of Clubs LP, with Julius Katchen playing the ever-popular Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1 and Liszt's colorful "Hungarian Fantasia." With the London Symphony Orchestra, under Pierino Gamba.

Dancing: If you haven't yet tried out that new dance novelty "The Madison," Al Brown's Tunetoppers will put you through the paces (Top Rank 45).

WORTH HEARING

VIVALDI: The Four Seasons

ALTHOUGH so much of the music we hear at concerts and on the radio was written in the 19th century or just before or after it, there were other periods of music that were at least as vital. In recent years interest in earlier composers (that is, composers who wrote before Haydn and Mozart) has been increasing strongly; one of the once-neglected composers who has had a big upswing is Antonio Vivaldi, an Italian violinist, composer, and priest, who was born about the same year as Bach.

Among his most charming works is a cycle of four descriptive violin concertos called "The Four Seasons."

It is possible to get imported seven-inch discs of the four individual concertos for less than £1 apiece (Philips). Alternatively, you can get a more off-beat aspect of Vivaldi in a concerto for two trumpets and orchestra recently released locally by Decca.

—Martin Long



BEARDED Rolf Harris bounded into popularity with his rollicking delivery of "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport."

Backed blues — and won

● Bruce Gillespie's ink-smooth singing has made quite a hit, deep in the heart of Sydney rock-n-rolldom. Yet he's never sung a note of it.

"CAN'T stand it," said the 18-year-old veteran of rock-n-rollish TV shows "Bandstand" and "6 O'Clock Rock." "With my voice you have to be particular about the sort of songs you choose."

Bruce wasn't being over-convicted. He is half-Indian and his voice has a particular flavor. It suits the mood indigo, deep purple, blues type of song — the sort Nat King Cole sings.

"I'm crazy about Nat King Cole," said Bruce. It's a craze that has paid him handsomely.

Just after Bruce had migrated to Australia from his native Mount Abu, in north India, he was wandering round the Melbourne streets, jobless, and decided to cheer himself up by going along to a dance-hall.

"Brother, I just managed to rake up the five-bob entrance fee. And I didn't know — or care — how I was going to get home," said Bruce.

"Well, they were running this singing competition, and the

prize was £2. I'd never sung in my life before, but I did know this Nat King Cole number, 'Autumn Leaves.'"

He won the £2 prize—and a contract to sing at the dance-hall.

He got other dance-hall jobs and then struck a £25-a-week job with a vaudeville show.

Next rung up the ladder was a job at Brisbane's Theatre Royal. Then at Chevron's Hotel, Surfers' Paradise, and he's now at Sydney's "Latin Quarter."



BRUCE GILLESPIE

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Fashion tricks with

FUR FARE

by Dawn James



1 Tapered pants are chic — but rather extreme if you aren't tall and elegant, too — when they're made from leopard-skin and topped with a bulky-knit sweater.

2 Jerkin — sleeveless, straight, and V-necked — covers a long-sleeved blouse and a slender skirt or pants. This fur fabric is white, with ocelot-like markings.

3 Pretty party girl wears pink, pink, pink. She keeps her hands warm in a muff of beaverlon, decorated with a single rosebud. Muff takes about 1-3yd. of 45in. material.

4 Checks (black and white) in a swinging skirt, with a white sweater. And, banding the skirt hem, is a strip of black lamb.

5 Princess-line dress is bound round the neckline and down the front with fur fabric (needed: about 1yd. 45in. material). The dress is buttonless — the fur trimming is enough — it's done up with snap fasteners.

● There's absolutely nothing like fur to send a girl's morale skywards. If you can't afford the real thing, then consider fake fur. Fur fabric is on sale in narrow widths (from about 2in.) or in the 45in. variety. The fur fabrics include "skins" like ocelot and leopard; real rabbit fur is available in the narrow widths; materials like beaverlon are frankly fake. Chosen with discrimination, they'll look wonderful—and they're warm, too.

OUR COVER GIRL is wearing a coronet of white bunny fur. It's real fur and it's easy to make. For full instructions, turn overleaf.



7 Cosy in the chilly winter winds: a jacket with matching hood, in white or pastel beaverlon. It's worn over the slimmest of bright wool pants.

8 Furry belt and buttons transform an otherwise uncluttered dress. The buttons can be covered; with the belt added, they will need 1-8yd. 45in. fabric.

9 Brown lamb cravat adds a (moderately) expensive-looking touch to a simple suit. Made from the 4in.-wide fur, it takes 1yd., and should be backed with matching silk to give it that "well-finished" look.

Mix-n'-matched cuffs and skirt: the skirt is plain, but the cuffs are made from grey fur in the 4in. width. The cuffs need 1/2 yd. fur. Cut the strip in half, join the two halves in circles. Then slip on over the sleeves.

Once it wasn't cricket, but crime

By William Joy

● When you are playing your favorite sport after school or at the weekend, do you ever wonder how it began? Here are some odd historical facts which are not generally known:

TENNIS is believed to have originated in ancient Egypt and Arabia. Centuries later the Crusaders saw a version of it played on horseback.

TENNIS, as we play it today, was not invented until 1873.

It is, however, a direct descendant from Royal tennis, which can be traced back to the handball of the ancient Greeks described by Homer and similar games played by the Egyptians and Arabians.

Historians do not even know where the name tennis came from.

Some say it derives from the French word "tenez," loosely

CRICKET was banned by England's Edward IV and players were sentenced to gaol because the game interfered with compulsory archery practice.

regarded in this sense as the equivalent of "play."

Others claim tennis was named after the ancient Egyptian city of Tanis.

Whatever its origin, Royal tennis was well established in France in the 13th century, when it was known as Jeu de Faume, and it soon spread to England.

Kings and nobles played it in palaces and parks, first with bare hands, then with gloves.

They then tried binding their hands with tapes or thongs.

LACROSSE was invented by American redskins. Whole tribes played each other, as many as 500 a side, till the ground resembled a battlefield.

Later they adopted a battoir, or paddle, and in the 16th century they invented the racquet.

From the palaces tennis spread to the monasteries, where the monks went wild about it, playing it against abbey walls, in cloisters, and between the monastic cowsheds.

French monks so neglected their religious duties for tennis that the Archbishop of Rouen banned the evil game.

The monasteries, however, left their mark on the game. In Royal tennis the courts still have hazards representing flying buttresses, cowsheds, penthouses, buttery hatches, and the sloping roof of cloisters in ancient monasteries.

The courts are costly, and only two were ever built in Australia — one in Melbourne and the other in Hobart.

Tennis remained a game for the noble and wealthy till 1873, when Major Walter Clopton Wingfield, who played Royal tennis, invented lawn tennis as a garden sport.

He called it Spharistike, Greek for "play," and the All-England Croquet Club at Wimbledon tried it out.

From then croquet was finished. Today Wimbledon is the unchallenged home of tennis.

Early cricket

Britain's national game of cricket also has a long history.

Some say the French invented it and that the name comes from the French croquet.

Diehard Britons deny this. They say the game is typically English and that the name comes from the Saxon word "crice," meaning staff or stick.

When first played in the 12th or 13th century, cricket had no wickets. The players cut two circular holes in the turf. A batsman was out when he failed to hit the ball and it fell into the hole before he could ground his club in the crease.

Wickets were invented about 1700 after country youths began to use the stumps of trees or a section of a gate instead of the original holes in the ground.



GIRLS have always been keen on sport. This engraving by John Collet in 1770 was called "Miss Wicket and Miss Trigger." Note the odd shape of the cricket bat.

Cricket was not always a gentlemanly game. Edward IV sent everyone caught playing it to gaol, and in 1620 the puritanical Oliver Cromwell was denounced for playing the "disreputable game of cricket," while the town of Maidstone was branded profane because youths played cricket there on Sunday.

Not till 1748 did the Court of the King's Bench declare cricket a manly game and legal, provided no one wagered more than £10 on it.

Modern cricket stems from a historical meeting of the Marylebone Cricket Club in London in 1768, and the M.C.C. has since become the supreme court of cricket.

The greatest of all matches are between Australia and England for the Ashes.

The Ashes originated in 1882, when F. R. Spofforth skittled the English side and gave Australia a 7-run victory.

The English "Sporting Times" was so disgusted that it printed this obituary in a black-edged border:

"In affectionate remembrance of English cricket, which died at The Oval on August 20, 1882. Deeply lamented by a large circle of sorrowing friends and acquaintances. R.I.P."

"N.B. The body will be cremated and the ashes taken to Australia."

The Lion and the Kangaroo have fought for the Ashes ever since.

Lacrosse has possibly the most colorful history of all sport.

This fast game, played with a netted stick, was invented by the Iroquois Indians of Canada and America.

Pioneer French-Canadian settlers named it lacrosse because the sticks used by the Indians reminded them of a bishop's crozier.

Lacrosse was a savage, inter-tribal game in which any number could play. Average teams ranged from 75 to 200, though sometimes a thousand braves were on the field.

A big pow-wow, feast, or wild dancing preceded the game, in which the opposing braves tried to cripple as many of the opposition as possible with "accidental" smashes with the stick.

Squaws ran up and down the sideline beating the men of their tribes with stout switches to make them try harder.

Tribal medicine-men refereed the games. Wherever they stood was the goal-line.

Indian trick

A game of lacrosse heralded Canada's greatest massacre at Mackinac Fort on June 4, 1763.

The Sac Indians sent a large delegation to visit the Chippewas. They told Captain Etherington, in charge of the fort, that, as June 4 was King George III's birthday, they would honor him with a grand game of lacrosse, and they hoped Etherington and his troops would attend.

When Etherington became suspicious and refused, the Indians said they would play the game near the fort so that the soldiers and traders could see it from the palisade.

Play roved up and down for an hour. Many soldiers, trappers, and traders left the fort to watch, leaving the gate wide open.

Suddenly a chief shrieked a war call. The Indians dropped their sticks, grabbed tomahawks which squaws sitting on the sidelines had hidden beneath their blankets, and rushed the fort.

Only three white men survived the massacre. They included Etherington, who was captured and later released.

HOW TO MAKE THAT fur hat

● Our cover girl this week is wearing a natty little coronet of real bunny fur—and it's so easy to make.

The only materials required are 1 yd. of 4-in.-wide rabbit fur and ½ yd. velvet ribbon (about 1 in. wide).

NOTE: When cutting this real fur, use a razor-blade and cut from the under side. Scissors will damage the fur.

Cut a 1-in. piece off one end of the strip of fur. This is to "tie" the hat ends together in a fake knot. A real knot is too bulky.

With the fur hairs INSIDE, sew the two lengthwise edges of the fur together (these edges are bound, so it's not hard). Sew by hand, with double cotton, and as strongly as you can.

Now you have a long tube.

Make a circle of the hat. Cross the ends in front and decide if the hat is the right size. If it needs to be smaller, cut off the required amount from one end and reinforce the cut end with more stitching.

With a large safety-pin,



pull the tube inside out (pulling in the direction the fur grows, NOT against it).

Sew a gathering thread (double cotton) round the edges of the tube, and pull tight. Sew gathers flat and into place. This is the easiest way to "finish" the ends.

Cross one end over the other, so that you have the size you have decided on.

Where the ends cross and meet, circle the fur with the extra 1-in. (cut off in the beginning).

Sew the 1-in. edges together under the "knot," where the join won't show.

Tie the ribbon into a bow and sew in place over the knot.

Keep the hat on with a hatpin (at the back). Or, alternatively, sew buttonhole loops round the bottom edge and clip bobby-pins through the loops on to your hair.

NICER NAILS IN A MONTH

By Carolyn Earle

● *One of the nicest things about fingernails is that you can have them looking quite presentable in about four weeks if you really set to and do a thorough job on them. When your nails appear to be changing in any way — whether they lose their lustre, become thin or soft, split or acquire ridges — that's the time to find out what is wrong and apply remedies.*

BRITTLE, peeled, and split nails are a common problem with lots of people, including teenagers. These may be due to external causes, such as rough use and heavy work, or it can be a nutritional lack.

If your diet is at fault, take a little ordinary gelatine every day, either in capsule form from a chemist, or loose—stirred into fruit juice or added to deserts. Or you might prefer to take two full teaspoons of gelatine in a cold or hot drink every day for a few weeks.

In addition to gelatine it is also helpful to take a course of calcium concentrate. But do remember that new, strong nails must grow from the moon outward, so don't be too impatient!

External preparations for improving the nails are also valuable. A simple home remedy, if you can bear the smell, is the daily application of ordinary cod liver oil.

Apply it at night, and wear a pair of cotton gloves in which airholes have been cut. It improves the nails without encouraging the growth of cuticles.

While the nails are in poor condition go easy with the nail-brush, as that can do a great deal of harm. Use instead a small soft sponge lathered with bland soap into which you dig your nails. Follow with gentle cleaning with an orange stick covered with a piece of cotton-wool.

This is the most effective and gentle means of nail cleaning. Never use a metal cleaner or try to shape or point your nails. Always follow the line of the fingertips.

The handsome hands pictured above show healthy, well-kept nails. Nails filed to a rounded line and a conservative length are more becoming to the teenage hand.



"What can I do for nail-biting?"

● *This is a frequent question by young girls who are anxious to stop this ugly habit.*

The immediate response is, "How's your will-power?", for you will need plenty of that.

One workable way to stop nail-biting is to set up a strict routine and give yourself a complete manicure once a week (or more if you wish), for as long as you feel concern about your nails you will try hard to keep them looking nice.

When you've finally got your nails in better shape, splurge on a professional manicure—it will urge you to keep on trying. In a month's

time you should have and keep healthy, well-shaped nails.

A suggested remedy is to make the taste of the nails unpleasant by dipping them in quinine or some other bitter substance. This method is not always effective because the person forgets to use the preventive, but with helpful reminders from the family it is sometimes a means of curing an unpleasant habit.

Wearing light-colored polish is another good reminder for nail-biters, or you might wear some jangly bracelets which sound an alarm when you bite.

Try to keep your hands busy with knitting or sewing, or do crossword puzzles to occupy your mind and your hands.

Wear gloves whenever you can until you break the nail-biting habit.

Louise
Hunter

Here's
your answer

Little girl lost

"A FEW months ago I met a boy I liked very much. I went out with him for about two months and he used to ring me every week, but I have not seen nor heard much of him lately. I am very much in love with him, and he said he loved me, too. I cannot get in touch with him, but I think the reason he hasn't made contact with me is that I used to go out with other boys while I was going steady with him. Now I am sorry, and would like him back. I have another boy-friend, and all the time I am with him I keep thinking of the other boy. Could you please give me your advice on how to get him back?"

"In Love, but Lost," W.A.

I can't tell you how to get him back. He sounds as if he is lost to you, and from the sound of your letter you only have yourself to blame. It is awfully sad, I know, but if you're going steady, you're going steady—you are not play-



Poor boy!

"I AM a boy of 17, rather good-looking, and I have a problem. Every time I go out down the street the girls in the boarding-house next door come out and cluster around me. I like their company, but one of the girls I like very much. She is 16, very attractive, and quiet. Shyness is her downfall. I think she likes me, but stays in the background. What should I do: let her stay there or offend the other girls by paying too much attention to her?"

"Scottie," Vic.

Sooner or later you will have to choose one of the girls for your special date, so why not make it sooner and pick her out now. The rest of the crowd won't be disappointed; they will expect you to do this.

ing the field. Apparently you tried to do both. No girl can successfully.

You must either go out with a lot of boys or with one. You can't promise to do one thing, break your promise, and expect to live happily ever after. Things don't turn out that way. All that comes out of this is a lesson in love, which I'm sure is no comfort at all to you.

Hospital visit

"I AM writing to ask if you think I should go up to the hospital and visit a boy I have known about two months. This boy asked me to go out with him but I refused, as I already had a date. Then I was supposed to go out with him this week, but he is still in hospital. I would like very much to see him. Do you think he would think I am chasing him? I am 15."

"Pal," W.A.

I think you should go to see him if visitors are allowed. If his doctor says he can't have visitors, write him a little note and tell him you hope he will be better soon.

Love worry

"I AM 16 years old and I am in love with a boy older than myself by more than a few years. I do not know whether I should drop him or not. He is very nice and jokes with me. It is better for family circumstances that I should drop him, but I would like to hear your view on the matter."

"Uncertain Love," N.S.W.

Drop him. At 16, any relationship that is causing you to worry, and this obviously is, should be ended.

Crush on doctor

"I AM a nurse at one of the hospitals here and am attracted to one of the young single doctors. I know he likes me, but he never says more than 'hello' to me. I'd like to get to know him better. Is this a case for a smile when I see him or does this seem like gushing? Miss Hunter, is love so cruel that it always strikes you when the other is almost out of your reach?"

"Smiley," W.A.

I don't think that love is any more cruel than other emotions, and I certainly don't see how it is being cruel to you and your young doctor. You work in the same place, you see him every day, he sees you being efficient, charming, and womanly; hundreds of girls would give their eye-teeth for your opportunities.

Stop being emotional about love being cruel and get down to enjoying the bitter-sweet pleasure that the start (you hope) of a love affair is. It's the changing moods of the emotion that make it so fascinating.

I think a smile is woman's greatest help, or a human being's greatest help. It costs nothing and it says so much. There's no gush in a smile. Try it.

Scared of Mum

"JUST recently my mother started a Teenagers' Club in our district. She leads the club and, therefore, regularly attends our meetings, held on alternate Saturday nights. I have met several nice boys at the club who, before realising that Mother was present, have asked to walk me home. This was before, but now they know my mother comes they seem scared to ask. Should I flatly ask Mum to stop coming? Or should I go without the boys? I realise the club rests on her and am very grateful, but surely there is someone to take her place."

"Pigeontoe," Qld.

What a fix you're in! I think the only one who can solve your problem is your mother. Tell her about it and maybe she can find a way out. Perhaps she could leave early one night, or say she has to stay late on another, and let you find your own way home. If she does this the boys should realise that she has no objections to your being walked home. (And she'd only do this if she has no objections.)

I don't see how you can possibly suggest that she stop coming to the club altogether. It's a queer way of thanking her for starting it. Probably if she did stop attending it would fall to pieces round your ears and there would be no club to go to.

Enlist your mother's help, but don't do anything to jeopardise the club or everyone will dislike you heartily.

Meaning of kisses

"I AM a girl of 15. About two months ago I went out with a boy the same age as me. During the pictures he held my hand and gave me quick kisses on the cheek. Was I making myself cheap by letting him do this? After the pictures he walked me home. Then he kissed me several times on the lips. Was it all right for me to let him kiss me on our first night out; also, do these kisses mean he likes me a lot or is he just making a fool of me? He is very popular with other girls. Since that night he has made no attempt to ask me out again, but always says a friendly 'hello' when I see him. I always get a funny feeling when I see him and feel very excited. Do you think I am in love? I have been out with a few other boys since, but I keep on wishing it was this other boy with me, and I don't enjoy myself as much with these other boys. I have not told my mother how I feel, as she would only say I am being foolish. I hope you won't."

"Desperate," Qld.

I don't think you're in love with this boy. I think you're in love with the wonderful feeling you get when you get interested in boys, and one of them makes it plain he likes you. That is what this boy has done: made it plain that he likes you. His kisses meant this, too; he wasn't making a fool of you.

The fact that he hasn't asked you out since might mean many things. I think the main reason is money, and the second reason is your age. You are too young to have solo dates with boys, and he probably realises this and that it is not wise for any boy to become too romantic about a girl of 15.

I don't think you are being foolish feeling the way you do; if you are foolish to feel this way, so are all girls, all women. We all get ourselves in a state over the men we love or think we love.

Let things be for a while, try not to worry; but give him your best smile and talk to him when you see him.

To get back to kissing in the pictures, I think it's silly; you don't enjoy either the kiss or the pictures, and often you annoy other people. Kisses shouldn't be shared with an audience.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



LONGER hair is softer, more glamorous than short, but only after your summer curls have grown past the untidy-end stage, when the ends are ugly wisps, not fascinating tendrils that turn into kiss curls.

If you're going through that stage and are desperately having to use a million bobby-pins, combs, and hairpins, and not getting the result you want even then, make yourself an organdie fantasy and tie your hair up in it. They look divine.

Take two separate square yards of organdie in your favorite color—white and pastels are pretty, midnight-blue or black sophisticated and exciting.

Spread one yard of the organdie on a table and then take some artificial flowers in a contrasting shade and sew on the bottom layer of organdie. Press them flat with the second layer and sew both pieces together with a tiny rolled edge. Tie on in your favorite head-scarf way.

These fantasies when made out of tulle look colossal for a wedding or a formal evening do—very chic and very topknottish. And don't laugh, you can even make them out of two squares of clear plastic for showery days.

Steady tie

"I AM 16½ years old. I have been going steady with a boy for three months and I am very fond of him. Lately I've felt very unsettled and depressed—or should I say mixed up. I feel I'd like to go out with other boys, but I'm frightened of losing my steady boy-friend. There are other boys around our district who have been asking me out, but I feel I am tied down. Do you think I am too young to be going with one boy, and if I am how could I tell him, please?"

"Unsettled," N.S.W.

I think going steady is for the birds, as you well know. You're far too young, but if you've made a going-steady vow you'll have to break it before you start playing the field.

There's no nice way of telling your boy-friend the way you feel. It's always ghastly when you find the one you are keen on doesn't feel the same way as you do about things. If you're going to break it up, get it over quick and clean, but you're sure to lose him, at least temporarily. You should consider this: it's too late to have second thoughts when he's left you, hurt.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

How to form a club

● So you want to form a club. Maybe it's a record club, a rock-'n-roll club, a club to work for some deserving cause, a sports club, or maybe just a general youth club.

BUT whatever sort of club it is, there are a few basic rules you'll have to follow if you want it to be a success.

To help would-be club-formers, Patricia Honey, field officer of the National Fitness Council of Victoria, listed these basic steps:

- Decide on a common interest that will turn at least 10 people you know into enthusiastic members.

- Call them together and, with their help, set down on paper the aims of the club.

- Elect a president, secretary, and treasurer.

"The most important official of a club is the president, or leader," Patricia said.

"And the best president is not necessarily the person who has the most to say or is the most downright.

"Whoever has your aims and interests at heart, who has the most backbone, in whom you feel the most confidence and security is the one to elect."

To illustrate her point, she quoted the Chinese philosopher Lao-Tse:

*A leader's best
When people barely know that
he exists.*

*Not so good when people obey
and accuse him;*

*Worse when they despise him;
Fail to honor people*

They fail to honor you.

*But a good leader, who talks
little,*

*When his work is done, his aim
fulfilled,*

*They will all say, we did this
ourselves.*

Having decided on the right leader, the next steps are:

- Draw up a simple constitution and set of rules.

- Elect a committee to assist the officials.

- Fix details for your first club function.

The constitution and rules should list the name of the club and its purpose, eligibility of membership, the method of electing officials and committee members, and their powers and duties, how meetings are to be called and conducted, and functions organised.

The constitution should also give special or annual general meetings of members full powers

to change the constitution and rules.

Patricia said that six to eight was the ideal number for the committee of a small club.

And no term of office should be longer than a year, because frequent elections provide more opportunity for new blood with fresh vigor and enthusiasm to come into the picture, with consequent benefit to the club.

A secretary's term should be even shorter, she said. In a busy club six months was quite long enough for any person to carry the burden of this job.

And as a club grew the burden of work on office-bearers should be eased by the appointment of one or more vice-presidents, an assistant secretary and an assistant treasurer.

When we asked: "How old do you think young people should be before they can start successfully a club on their own?" Patricia said firmly, "As soon as they are in their teens."

Quick success

To show us what a club could do when run on the right lines, Patricia took us to the Burwood Youth Club in Melbourne.

Founded last November by First-Constable Peter Tunstall, who has since left the district, the club already has a membership of 63, with an average attendance of 45 at its weekly open nights.

Members' ages range from 13 to 18, with a few just out of their teens.

The office-bearers are all teenagers. President Graham (Bud) Abbott is 18, secretary Robin Macauley is 15, and treasurer Fred Hayes and assistant treasurer Jenny Graham are both 16.

Joint leaders are Col McDonald, in his mid-twenties, and Eva Gillitzer, 19, but they don't intrude on the running of the club, which they leave to the young office-bearers, who have shown themselves vastly enthusiastic, capable, and filled with a fine sense of responsibility.

Club membership fees are 7/6 a year for those still at school and 15/- for those working, and there is a charge of 1/- for attendance at their weekly club nights.

One of the biggest problems for any club is accommodation, and for the Burwood Club it



JAM SESSION in a baker's cart beneath the Burwood Youth Club's meeting loft. From left, Max Campbell, 17, Joan Hay, 17, Peter Ransom, 17, Susan McConchie, 15, Barry Green, 18, and Graham Spence, 17.

was solved by Mr. Don Fyffe, who gave members the use of the loft above his local bakery rent free.

Here they jive, rock-'n-roll, or waltz, play round games, quito, or table tennis, and gossip about their common interests.

Some of the members play the guitar and sing, and there is a record-player — usually set at full volume.

But it hasn't been all jam and jive for these young people. In the early days, they spent their time cleaning out the old loft, making the floor danceworthy, and painting the walls and high wooden beams.

Under the guidance of Eva Gillitzer, they'll soon be painting murals on the walls.

So now you know how to go about starting your club, and something of the fun you can make for yourselves once it is operating.

But if you feel you want some more help, write to the secretary of the Associated Youth Committee in the capital city of your State.

Here are the addresses:

Tasmania: Northern Office, Mr. L. G. Reid, 77 Cameron St., Launceston; Southern Office: Miss M. O'Keefe, Box 458A, G.P.O., Hobart.

Queensland: Mrs. M. J. Paulson, "Trocadero," Melbourne St., South Brisbane.

New South Wales: Mr. Gordon Young, cnr. Macquarie and Bent Sts., Sydney.

South Australia: Miss Helen Black, 70 South Terrace, Adelaide.

Western Australia: Miss J. Bone, 50 James St., Perth.

Victoria: Mr. Keith Tinkler, T. & C. Building, Collins St., Melbourne.

The A.Y.C. will not only provide you with written advice, but, if you want it, will arrange for an organiser to help form your club, no matter how far it may be from your capital city.



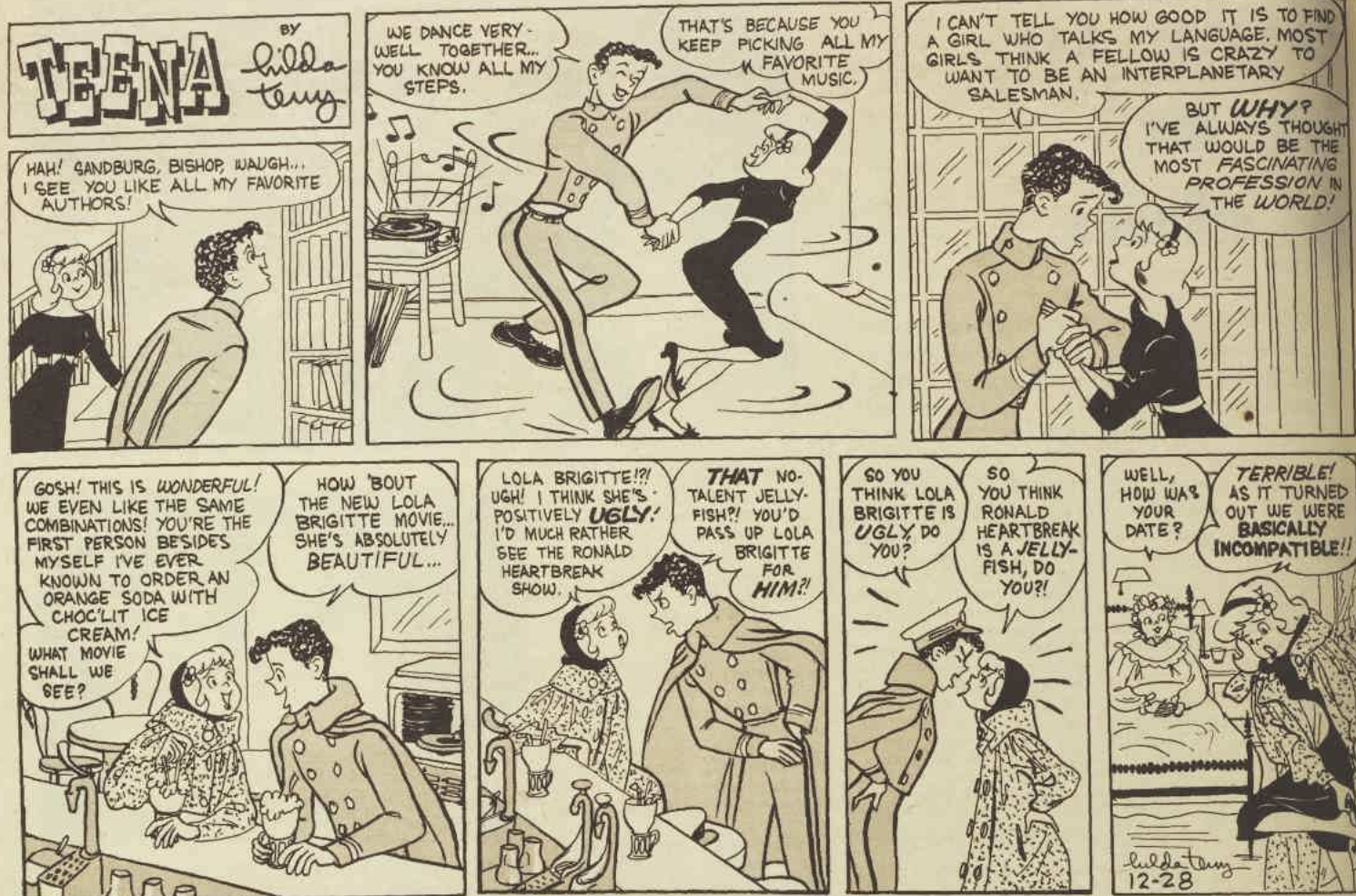
ROUND GAME: Assistant treasurer Jenny Graham wins a round game heat with president Graham Abbott.



TABLE TENNIS is popular with most members and particularly with 15-year-old Johnny Moore.



JIVE SESSIONS are features of open club nights. Here are secretary Robin Macauley and treasurer Fred Hayes.



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING!

● There's nothing wrong with girls. There, I've said it!

BUT whoa, girls. Before you think you've finally beaten me, allow me to explain exactly what I mean.

The "nothing" that I reckon is wrong is the useless fashion fad on which a girl wastes her time and money.

Here are some of the Nothings about which lasses make, in my opinion, too much ado.

Perhaps the most futile fashion girls follow is in underwear.

These garments are so darned silly it's no wonder they have been called unmentionables. They're hardly worth talking about!

Take the slip, for instance. It qualifies as a Nothing because

there's nothing to see (a fraction of petticoat showing is one of the worst slips a girl can make!) and the frills obviously do nothing.

Yes, the slip, in clothing importance, is truly a *petty coat*. Nevertheless, girls spend as much time buying one as they would with a mink coat, and take as much pride in it.

Another Nothing wrong with lasses is the woman's watch.

In my black book this watch is big-time because it's small time! Take a look at one (if you can find it) and you'll see what I mean. The biggest thing about it is the tick!

How girls can tell the time by their watches beats me. But then perhaps they can't—and that's why they're always late for dates!

Girls' handkerchiefs are a bit on

the nose, too. Proof that they're useless lies in the fact that when a girl has a cold or a real boo-hoo she always has to borrow Dad's or the boyfriend's to do the job properly.

And girls really put their foot in it with their toenail-painting antics.

Shoes that show peeping toes are today about as popular with girls as Peeping Toms, yet girls still paint their toenails red. They ought to have their heads read, instead!

In the Nothing race females' stockings are home and *hosed*. They're sheer all right—sheer nonsense!

What, may I ask, is the point of wearing them at all when they're flesh-colored, seamless, and "invisibly" woven?

Plain old skin meets those requirements, doesn't it?

And while girls' tiny hands might be frozen, I'm frozen by their tiny handbags!

Particularly the ones they have for formal shows. Why girls bother with these I don't know. They are expensive, but far from expensive. About the only thing they hold is their fantastic price.

Earlier in this piece I said that slips might be the biggest Nothings, but I must admit I'm wrong.

I've just thought of something else that must be, without a doubt, the most foolish female fad.

I refer to the wedding dress. This gown of fragile beauty, so far as I can see, never costs anything under about 50 guineas. Now that's enough for a bloke to buy two good suits that will each last about three years of heavy use.

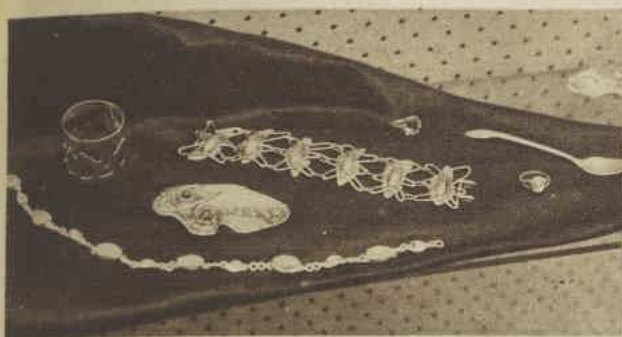
But does a girl get her 50 or more quids' worth from her dress? No, it's a white elephant!

Usually the conquering heroine puts it away with the champagne corks and theatre programmes of her courtship, and it's never used again.

If she sells it she gets about a third of the price.

Which just goes to show, "There's no fool like an old tulle!"

—Robin Adair



ALL HER OWN WORK. This collection by Margaret Goldthorpe won her an award at the end of last year.

● Some people say diamonds are a girl's best friend, but Margaret Goldthorpe and Emily Hope would rather have silver or gold any time at all.

THESE two Melbourne girls, both 20, are third year students in goldsmithing and silversmithing at the Royal Melbourne Technical College.

At the end of their fourth year, having weathered some solid studying and lots of teasing from the male students, Margaret and Emily will become the college's first women graduates of their chosen course.

Margaret's big interest is in designing and making jewellery. She hopes to establish a new era in women's jewellery, introducing some individually styled pieces in simple, elegant designs whose popularity will not rely on fashion fads.

"For instance, all the beaten

copper jewellery that is 'in' now will end up stacked away in useless piles in thousands of women's wardrobes in a few years," she said.

"I'd like to establish a jewellery style that will last because of its dateless simplicity."

Artistic designs

Emily hopes to use her skill making chalices, candlesticks, crucifixes, and other church furnishings, and would like to re-establish the medieval fashion of enriching silverware with enamels.

Both girls have an artist's appreciation of modern and old designs in everything from jewellery to furniture.

"In my work I'd like to combine modern, flowing lines of basic design with the richness

There's gold in their fingertips

by Sheila McFarlane



SILVERSMITHING STUDENT Margaret Goldthorpe files a copper goblet at the Royal Melbourne Technical College. Watching her is lecturer V. Vodicka.

of the ornate line and color of the Middle Ages," Emily said.

And Margaret: "I love the fresh, clear-cut look about modern design in anything, yet equally I admire old things which have a mellowness and depth that seems to be lacking in modern work.

"There is life — of a different kind — in both."

Margaret's personal tastes in jewellery illustrate her point. She collects old pieces with the fervor of an antique-lover, yet everything she designs and makes herself at the college is of the modern, bold style.

For Margaret jewellery has an unusual fascination. It could even be said she loves it too much to wear it.

"I am always taking out my collection at home and gazing at it, occasionally trying a piece on before I go out, but I nearly always decide against wearing any of it," she said.

"I think I probably have a phobia about it. I've seen so often lovely pieces completely lost on an outfit because the wearer has piled too many on together."

Margaret also has an impeccable clothes sense and makes most of her classic-style dresses.

Both girls have proved their qualifications for the course in showing patience, perception, and skill with their hands, all necessary requirements of a silversmith.

"First year was rather tedious, but second year was worth it, and now it becomes more absorbing each week," Margaret told me.

During first year they worked only in copper, beginning on tiny chains, and finding themselves all thumbs for a few weeks. Then they progressed to simple rings and brooches, and even set a few stones.

Amethyst ring

In second year they produced bigger and more intricate things — nut-bowls, lidded sugar-basins, and a necklace of silver set with a few stones.

They are allowed to use any semi-precious stones they have and Margaret used an amethyst in one of her rings.

"But," she added, "it's amazing the effect one can get with glass."

And she's thrilled with the bracelet she made using six tiny pottery "scarabs" — imitations of Egyptian semi-precious stones — which a friend sent her from Egypt.

At the end of last year Margaret won an award for her work.

This year they began with some relief work in copper — one piece a Madonna and Child. From now on they will be con-

centrating more on the theory and history of smithing.

Their final year will see them enamelling, etching, casting, and setting stones.

"We'll be allowed to work in gold next year — if we bring our own gold," Emily said.

When the girls complete their course they will have to work in the industry for a year before taking their diplomas.

"It will probably mean putting aside our own creative ideas for a time, but that will be good discipline for us," Margaret said.

Margaret has a very special ambition: "I believe there's a tiny town in Northern England called Goldthorpe, and I think it may be the original home of my family.

"The name, meaning Town of Gold, suggests that it was a gold-mining settlement, and I think it would be the ideal spot, if I can find it, to begin making my own brand of jewellery."

One of the college lecturers, Mr. V. Vodicka, believes that women have a natural aptitude for making jewellery.

In Europe there are as many women as men in the trade, and he hopes that more Australian girls will take it up.

"Women have the patience, the imagination, and the sensitive fingers for it," he said.



AT WORK in the silversmithing room at the Tech. are Emily Hope (left) and Margaret Goldthorpe.



DUANE EDDY



KITCHEN (above) is next to the dining-room. It has walnut-finished wood cabinets and a cooking island with built-in range top. Instead of the more orthodox meals alcove there is a round walnut table and matching chairs with leather seat pads.

(above)
built in Con-
t. Roof and
faced with
shingles
old-style lat-
the home,
gardens to
privacy.

grouping
a spacious
where car-
the various
striped de-
abric which
sofa was
boards on
a barn.

own study
russ living-
dining-room.
ardens sus-
the ceiling
a version of
a. Dining-
closed off
ng doors.



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Your friends may not talk about your lavatory,
but can you be sure what they think?

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**Harpic is made specially for cleansing
all sewer and septic tank toilet bowls.**

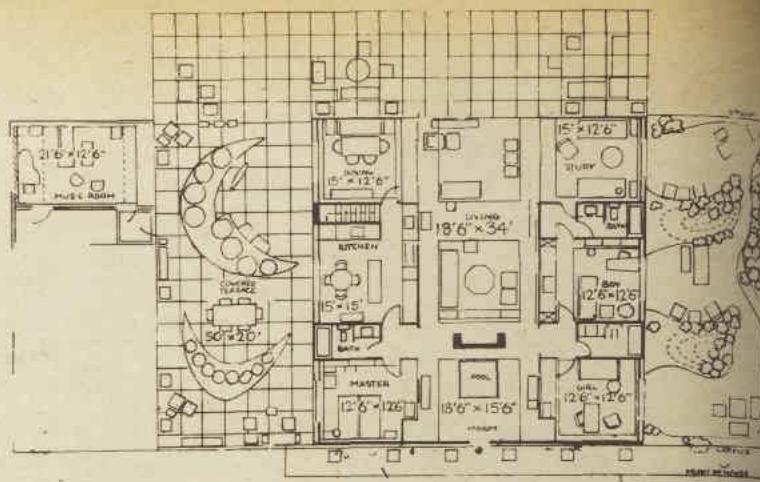
Harpic cleans round the S-bend — where no brush can reach! It cleans more thoroughly above, as well as below, the water because Harpic stays on the sides of the bowl, cleansing and disinfecting all night long. When flushed next morning, the porcelain is sparkling clean.

HARPIC

Regd.

LAVATORY CLEANSER

Safe for cleaning
Septic Tank
Toilet Bowls



FLOOR PLAN of the 25 squares house. Hall space has been reduced to a minimum—less than 1 square—and each room in the house opens on to a terrace or screened garden area. Living, dining, and study form T-shape.

American House of 1960 (continued)

ROOF OF SKYLIGHTS

● Janet Somers, returned recently from an extensive trip through the U.S.A. to see the latest in housing, decorating, and furnishing, describes this exciting, unusual home set in its own world of gardens.

IT was built in Connecticut, U.S.A., and sponsored by the Celanese Corporation of America.

The house was duplicated, except for the terrace, music-room, and garage, as a showcase for the newest in design and decorating in a Fifth Avenue, New York, furniture store.

Using materials long familiar in American building, such as cedar shingles and lattice, architect Edward Durell Stone has created a romantic house set in its own world of gardens and courts behind lacy grillework.

Design co-ordinates John and Earline Brice were sent on a country-wide trek of America for inspiration in colors and design motifs for the fabrics, carpets, and other furnishings. In conjunction with furniture-designer Edward Wormley, they created the interior decor.

There is a romantic feeling as you step from the motor court into the entrance hall or atrium, with its sunken pool set in a tiled floor.

Ceilings soar, and there is an impression of extravagant space.

It is fifty feet from atrium to the far wall of the living-room, and the view continues through sliding glass doors to the garden beyond.

Only a chimney breast divides the two areas.

At the far end there is a study on one side and the kitchen on the other. Concealed sliding panels allow these two rooms to be opened up as part of the main living area or separated from it.

The kitchen opens on to the covered terrace.

MUSIC ROOM (below) is apart from the main house and is reached by a covered terrace. It doubles as a television viewing room.



ENTRANCE HALL with its sunken pool and hanging garden above. Wall behind the pool is the back of the living-room's open fireplace.

race which links the big double garage and music-room with the house.

Pyramid-shaped skylights in every room, including the kitchen, seem to bring the sky into the house and introduce a sparkling pattern of light which changes with the seasons.

For year-round comfort the house has specially designed, three-zone, thermostatically controlled heating-air-conditioning system. This circulates electronically cleaned air throughout, which is warm in winter and cool in summer.





DRESSING-CHEST in the master bedroom (above) is attached to the wall. The room's sliding doors match rice-paper shoji screens at window. Reflected in the mirror is the padded bedhead with modern picture above. All three bedrooms have their own bathroom. At right (above) is the master bedroom photographed from the sheltered breezeway outside. This room, like every other in the house, has a floor-to-ceiling window.

NEW TEXTURES AND COLORS IN BEDROOMS

● Each room in this house opens directly on to a terrace or screened garden area. Skylights in the ceilings flood the rooms with ever-changing light during the day, and incandescent bulbs in hanging gardens supply soft evening light.

STUDY or fourth bedroom (below) opens off the living-room, but can be closed off with sliding doors which are in concealed recesses. Twin sofas can be made into beds for overnight guests. Decor matches living-room, and the large rug is made of nylon. Another synthetic fabric, acetate-rayon-nylon, has been used on sofa beds. The sheer curtains are in subtle, delicate shades inspired by the colors in a stained-glass window in New England.





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HOUSE WITH SWIMMING-POOL FOR UNDER £4000

● The house alone costs between £2700 and £3300 to build. It has been designed under the direction of architects Kevin Borland and Geoff Trewenack.

PLANS for this design, No. 839 in our series, can be bought for £10/10/- a complete set from any of our Home Planning Centres. See addresses in panel at right.

In an area of only 9.5 squares in timber and 10.39 squares in brick, this house includes three bedrooms and a living-dining-room which measures 18ft. x 12ft. Much space has been saved by the use of an internal bathroom which is lit by a skylight. Frontage is 58ft.

The services are grouped together, which saves money, but does not impair their efficiency.

The large, well-equipped kitchen has its own entrance from the carport. The laundry opens off the kitchen.

Bedrooms 2 and 3 have been produced from one room by means of a wardrobe divider. Each one has adequate space for a bed, and desk if required.

The living-room opens on to its own private court, which is shielded by the use of screens or fences from the entrance and the rest of the house. This provides a perfect outdoor living area.

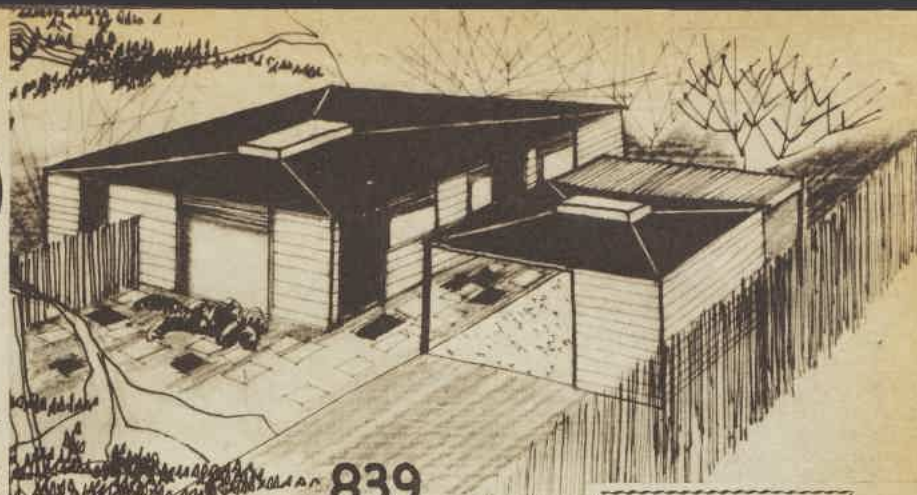
Extra and unusual features about this house include a workroom off the carport, which could also be used as a storage area, and a suggested position for a swimming-pool.

Cost to build the house only is as follows: In timber between £2700 and £3100, in brick between £2900 and £3300. To build the carport and workroom add £300 for a timber construction and £400 for brick. Additional cost for a swimming-pool as indicated would be between £600 and £800.

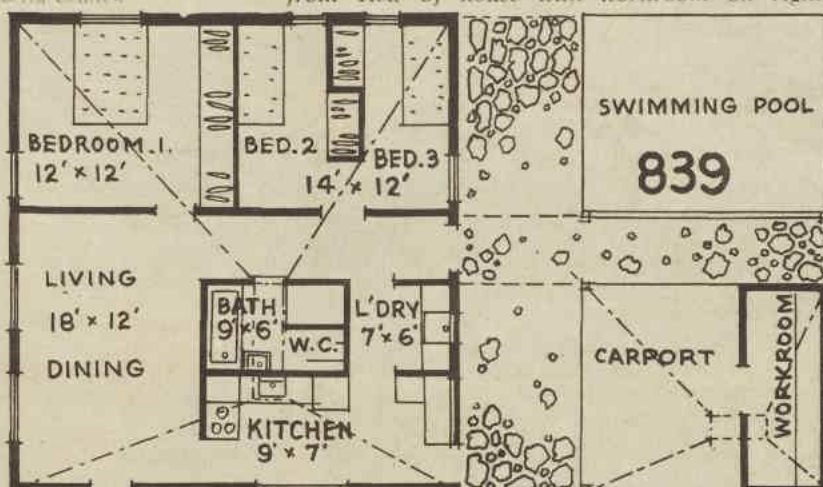
For accurate costs on your own site, please consult your local Home Planning Centre. These Centres are under the direction of qualified architects and personnel who will assist you with your building,

furnishing, and home-planning problems.

Addresses of our Centres are given in the panel at right. Please telephone first if you wish to consult architects at Geelong, Hobart, and Canberra Centres.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH for plan No. 839 shows front view of house with workroom on right.



FLOOR PLAN for design No. 839, showing internal kitchen and wardrobe divider between bedrooms 2 and 3. The laundry is next to the kitchen.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121.)
MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale Street. (Telephone 32044.)
GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop Street. (Telephone X6111.)
ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd., Rundle Street. (Telephone W0200.)
HOBART: FitzGerald and Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Telephone 27221.)
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott and Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven St. (Telephone 7733.)
SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns, Brickfield Hill. (Address mail to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.)
CANBERRA: Anthony Horderns, Civic Centre. (Telephone J2311.)

BULKY KNITS by

Lincoln has the complete fashion story at your fingertips!

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Demurely buttoned at neck and 3/4 cuffs - this dolman-sleeved sweater takes 8 oz. of Lincoln's "Daphne" 3-ply. Total cost (approx.) 22/-.
STYLE 2219. BOOK 773.

Lincoln
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LINCOLN DOES WONDERFUL THINGS WITH WOOL

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 8, 1960

By LEILA C. HOWARD,
OUR FOOD
AND COOKERY EXPERT

● Cabbage — the homely vegetable that is grown in many backyard gardens — is available almost all the year. It can be the basis for many appetising family meals.

CABBAGE BRETONNE

One medium-sized head of cabbage, 2 cups beef stock or bouillon cubes and water, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream or evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, nutmeg, 2 tablespoons olive oil, 2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar, 2 teaspoons sugar, paprika.

Cut the cabbage into eight wedges, cook in stock until tender. Drain and keep warm. Mix beaten eggs, cream, nutmeg, and salt, pepper to taste. Heat oil, vinegar, and sugar to boiling in top of double saucepan. Add, stirring, to egg mixture. Return to double saucepan and cook over simmering water, stirring constantly, until thickened. Remove core from cabbage and discard. Place cabbage in warm bowl and cover with sauce. Sprinkle with paprika. Let stand a few minutes before serving.

COLESLAW SALADS

One small head of cabbage, 1 white onion or 3 shallots, $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup French dressing (2 parts oil to 1 part white vinegar, seasonings).

Salad accompaniments such as sliced ham, corned beef, luncheon meats, cucumber, wedges of tomato, radish roses, onion or carrot rings, celery curls, gherkin pieces, olives, hard-boiled eggs, cheese, mayonnaise.

Wash and drain cabbage, shred finely. Peel and chop onion or shallot. Rub garlic round bowl, add cabbage and onion, pour over the dressing and toss well. Spoon on to serving-plates, and arrange some of the salad accompaniments attractively over top. Spoon mayonnaise over if desired.

CABBAGE MEXICANA

Half cup water, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped red pepper, nut of butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ medium-size cabbage, finely shredded.

Place water, onion, red pepper, butter, sugar, salt, and cayenne pepper into large saucepan. Add shredded cabbage. Cover closely, cook over low heat until all water is evaporated. Shake pan frequently.

CABBAGE YEAST BREAD
(left) makes a substantial dish which can be served separately or with either fish or meat. Below is another colorful coleslaw salad.

HEART OF A CABBAGE

THE recipes on this page offer a variety of ways of cooking and serving this inexpensive vegetable, so it need no longer be thought of only in association with corned beef. There are also some ideas for using up cold leftover meats in cabbage salads, which are called coleslaws.

All spoon measurements are level.

STUFFED CABBAGE (Dutch style)

One head cabbage, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced pork, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced beef or veal, 2 thin slices of bread that have been soaked in water, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, nutmeg, 2 tablespoons butter.

Remove 8 to 10 outer leaves from the cabbage and cook them in boiling salted water 10 minutes. Reserve remaining cabbage for salads or other uses. Drain cooked cabbage and put a leaf or two on a square of double-folded cheesecloth. Mix the meat with the bread and season with the salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Put a thin layer on the cabbage arranged on the cloth. Cover with a leaf, add another layer of meat, and continue until leaves and meat are used, finishing off with leaves. Gather the four corners of the cloth and tie. Lower into salted water, simmer $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Remove cabbage from cloth, place in greased baking-dish, dot with butter, and cook in moderate oven until light brown. Serve with tomato-flavored savory rice.

CABBAGE YEAST BREAD

Half cup scalded milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 oz. yeast, 2 eggs (beaten), 2 cups flour (approximately), 1 small head cabbage (shredded or chopped), 1 onion (chopped), 2 hard-boiled eggs.

Place the milk in mixing-bowl. Add half the butter and salt. Cool to lukewarm. Add

yeast, let stand until dissolved. Add eggs. Add flour and mix thoroughly, using enough flour to give a soft dough. Knead on floured board until smooth. Put in bowl and let stand in warm place until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, saute cabbage and onion in two tablespoons of the remaining

STUFFED CABBAGE, Dutch style, served with a savory rice and a variety of salad ingredients with coleslaw are the dishes illustrated above.

butter until they are tender and lightly browned. Add hard-boiled eggs, set aside to cool. Roll dough into 12 or 14-in. square, fit into an 8-in. or 9-in. square tin. Fill with the sauteed cabbage, cover with the dough that hangs over edge of tin, pressing edges together to give smooth top. Brush with some of remaining butter (melted), let rise. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Brush with the remaining butter and cut into squares.



£5 recipe prize for tasty loaf

● A tasty fish and vegetable loaf wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

FOR a special-occasion dinner or party the prizewinning recipe could be varied by spooning the filling mixture into hollowed bread rolls or small cheese pastry-cases instead of the large bread loaf.

A luscious, elegant pie which combines the flavor of rum in the pastry, cream filling, and meringue topping wins the consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

GOLDEN CRUSTY LUNCHEON LOAF

One square loaf of day-old bread, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ green pepper (diced), extra 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, salt, pepper, 1 egg, extra $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 2 tablespoons dry sherry, 1 large tin salmon (drained), 1 medium-size tin whole kernel corn (drained).

Slice crust off one long side of loaf and remove most of the soft centre bread so the crust forms a shell. Brush all



over with melted butter and bake in moderate oven until golden and crisp. Sauté green pepper in extra butter or substitute for 3 minutes, add flour and mix well. Stir in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, bring to boil, stirring constantly. Season with salt and pepper. Add beaten egg, milk, lemon juice, sherry, sweet corn, and salmon (well flaked). Mix well and reheat. Fill into hot bread case and serve, accompanied by sautéed mushrooms, peas, and carrot rings.

GOLDEN crusty luncheon loaf can be prepared well in advance and needs only a last-minute reheating before serving. See prizewinning recipe at left.

HOME HINT

A PRIZE of £1/1/- is awarded to Mrs. K. W. Incher, Rudall, West Coast, S.A., for the following hint:

To make pikelets a nice golden-brown, peel a small potato and rub it over the warmed griddle-iron instead of greasing it. Repeat after each lot of pikelets, slicing a layer off potato when it goes brown, and use again. This also prevents pikelets having a greasy taste.

If you have a useful hint to pass on to other housewives, send it to Home Hints, Box 4088 W.W. G.P.O., Sydney. We will pay £1/1/- for every one used.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. N. McGuinness, 41 Stawell St., Coburg, Vic.

RUM PIE AFLAME

Pastry: One and a half cups sifted plain flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, pinch salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg-yolk, 2 or 3 tablespoons rum-and-water mixture.

Mix and sift flour, sugar, and salt. Cut in the butter or substitute. Beat egg-yolk with rum and water, add to flour, mix thoroughly. Press with hands over base and sides of an 8in. flan-tin to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness. Prick well. Bake in hot oven for 10 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate and bake until pastry is light golden color.

Filling: Half pint milk, pinch nutmeg, 2oz. sugar, 2 eggs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons gelatine (softened in 1 tablespoon water), 1 teaspoon cornflour, 2 tablespoons rum.

Separate eggs. Add sugar to yolks and beat well. Sift in cornflour. Heat nutmeg and milk, add gradually to the egg mixture, beating well. Put all into top of double saucepan and cook over hot water until thickened. Add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Allow to cool, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and

the rum. Spoon into pastry-case.

Meringue Topping: Two egg-whites, 1 dessertspoon icing sugar, 1 teaspoon rum, extra warmed rum.

Add rum to egg-whites and beat until stiff, gradually sprinkling in sifted icing sugar. Whip until meringue is rich and glossy. Pile on top of pie, spreading well to edge. Bury 2 small half egg-shells, open side up, in top of meringue. Return to oven for few minutes until meringue is lightly honey-colored. When ready to serve, fill egg-shells with warmed rum. Set aflame and serve.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Wilkinson, 75 Terrace Rd., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

FAMILY DISH

APPLE caramel roll, this week's family dish, is a delicious hot sweet for the family dinner. The roll serves five people and costs approximately 4/-.

APPLE CARAMEL ROLL

Four ounces shortcrust pastry, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sweetened, cooked apple pulp, drained free of syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each cinnamon and grated lemon rind, 1oz. good shortening, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Knead pastry lightly on floured board, roll thinly to oblong shape. Spread to within $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of edge with apple pulp mixed with cinnamon and lemon rind. Moisten edges of pastry, roll up, starting to roll from longest side. Lift into greased ovenware dish. Heat shortening, sugar, water, and lemon juice until hot and thoroughly mixed. Pour over roll. Bake in moderate oven approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Serve hot.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—JUNE 8, 1960

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Orchid culture



GARDENING

• *Cymbidium Princess Elizabeth*, variety Adamsons, has 18 spikes. Its prolific growth is one reason why this genus of orchids is one of the most popular. Flowers mid-winter to early summer.

CYMBIDIUM orchids are easy to cultivate in a bushhouse or glasshouse. Many other orchids will grow indoors on a glassed-in verandah, porch, or under shady trees.

Cymbidiums should be grown in large pots with extra good drainage. There are thousands of hybrids.

The species of original slipper orchids (cypripediums) are also easy to grow. Some of these are *C. insigne*, *Charlesworthii*, *callosum*, *exul*, *Fairrieanum*, *barbatum*, *hirsutissimum*, *javanicum*, *parishii*, and *venustum villosum*. Hybrids and more tropical species rarely flower in cool glasshouses or bush-houses.

Slippers are ground-growing orchids, mostly grown in composts of chopped osmunda or todea fibre, sphagnum moss, and charcoal. They all need shade and a fair amount of water in hot weather.

C. insigne, *Charlesworthii*, *javanicum*, and *hirsutissimum* have been grown for years in nothing better than grey clayey soil that is well drained. But they need regular liquid manure to keep them vigorous.

Dendrobiums easy to cultivate include *D. nobile* (white tipped with purple), *D. aggregatum* (yellow), *amoenum* (white tipped with violet), *aureum* (yellow with brown and purple), *chrysanthemum* (orange with fimbriated lip blotched with deep red), *crispatum* (white flushed with pink), and *dal-housieanum* (dull yellow shaded pink).

Dendrobium densiflorum bears flowers in hanging clusters resembling grapes (flowers are golden-yellow), *D. thyrsiflorum* is similar, but has white flowers with yellow lips.

Eastern Australia is rich in native dendrobiums, of which the rock-lily (*Dendrobium speciosum*) is one of the most popular.

Zygopetalum mackayi is a robust orchid which bears long flower scapes in spring and early summer. Flowers are scented and colors include white, green, and pale purple blotched with brown. They do best in a cool glasshouse or enclosed verandah.

• *Vanda*, variety *Rothschildianum*. Vandas are easily cultivated. Grow them in large pots, using compost made of three parts of sphagnum moss and one part of todea fibre.



• *Cypripediums*, or slipper orchids, form a well-known group. They are winter-flowering, providing blooms when flowers are scarce.



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derivative nod towards his parents and neighbors—"those dopes are knockin' themselves out doin' high dives while here all we have to do—"

"Young man," interrupted a clubman harshly, "go away." Pomeroy widened his eyes. "Pardon?"

"I said, go away. This is a private preserve, the property of The Club since the first tourist cast a line from that pier into this gulf. No visitors. Posted. Keep out."

Pomeroy thrust his lower bill forward. "And if I don't?" he asked.

"Then," said the oldest of the clubmen heavily, "we shall be forced to eject you, distasteful as a brawl might be to us."

Pomeroy eyed the clubmen. Along in years, they were, and not in the best of shape by reason of their sedentary life, but there were seven of them and they were large; he was only a stripling.

Still, a beating was only a beating while an unanswered challenge somehow was the most shameful thing in life to Pomeroy; so the young pelican dug his bill into his chest and said, "I take considerable ejectin'."

He got it, too. While the fishermen with feverish joy pulled in mackerel, snapper, sheephead, sailor's choices, grouper, catfish, trout, eels, crevalle jack and even one pompano without a single hook being burglarised, the seven clubmen gave Pomeroy a going-over. But good.

"Must be the mating season," observed one tourist learnedly when the ejection proceedings were at their most riotous. "I read somewhere that they turn savage then."

At the moment, Pomeroy was under water with three or four clubmen dispassionately bashing him over the head, sending him down again each time he came up. He was about ready to quit trying when there was a considerable commotion overhead and he sloshed up to blessed air to find, miraculously, that no sledgehammer bill was poised to let him have it.

When he got his eyes uncrossed he discovered the reason for the surcease; his father was laying about him, and poppa was better than fair at handling himself in a fight.

THE clubmen drew off in a body, outraged beyond repair and with more than one sporting a swelling eye. They scowled at poppa in concert.

"Of course," the oldest said finally in the voice of doom, "you realise what this does to your chances of becoming a member."

"I don't care," poppa panted. "You've got no call to rough up a kid like that, no matter what he did."

"They jumped me, poppa!" Pomeroy cried. "I wasn't doin' a thing and these guys just started pushin' me around."

"Come, Pomeroy," poppa said, and led the boy away. He did not wait until they got home to administer disciplinary measures; he gave Pomeroy a wallop on the fishing grounds, in full view of the neighbors. Which, as any child psychologist will agree, is always a mistake.

"Ruin my chances of making The Club, will you?" poppa growled. Whap! "Put me on the black list by acting like a drape, will you?" Whap-whap!

"Poppa," momma protested, "not on the head."

Back home, Pomeroy got off by himself and brooded. This was one crazy world. Being a pelican was bad enough, if pelicans were expected to knock themselves silly every time they wanted a bite to eat, but to be a pelican named Pomeroy with an old man who walloped him in public just for standing up for his rights—how could it be worse?

Continuing . . . THE PELICAN THAT HATED TO DIVE

from page 33

And those old creeps in The Club, where did they get off? This was a free country, wasn't it? If he wanted to, he bet he could take it up with the right people and make those guys let him feed off the tourists' fish.

If this Spindrift bunch had any backbone, forgot the exclusiveness bit, they could push The Club off the pilings, take over and feed easy. But would they? No, they'd rather yessir The Club and hope for a bid to join some day, meanwhile going bald pounding the water with their heads in hundred-foot drops.

Well, he wasn't going to take this lying down; not Pomeroy. If the old folks wouldn't back him up, he'd go it alone. Just wait.

He waited while he got a few more pounds on him, and during that time he became the biggest juvenile problem ever known to Spindrift Key. He refused to fish and when poppa ordered momma to quit feeding the big loafer as though he were just out of the egg, he went hungry until his father had to break down, fearing for the boy's health.

Came the day when momma and poppa started thinking about another little one and Pomeroy flatly refused to leave the nest. Tearfully on momma's part and grimly on poppa's, he was dumped out bodily.

Pomeroy climbed back five times, but after the sixth splash his aversion to diving overcame his stubbornness and he left home. Poppa had to hold momma to keep her from going after her boy as he flapped away into the sunset.

"It'll be the making of him," Pomeroy's father said, with a couple of wing feathers firmly crossed, out of sight.

"But Pomeroy will starve!" momma wailed. "He won't dive."

"When he gets hungry enough he'll dive," poppa promised. "Through concrete, if necessary."

Poppa's prophesy, however, was not fulfilled immediately. Pomeroy went hungry for a while, but did not dive; instead he joined up with a disreputable gang of gulls that hung around Mooney's Fish House and fed off the leavings that came down the slops chute.

If he knew he was lowering himself on the social scale by several hundred notches, he convinced himself that he didn't care. Besides, Gilly, the gull gang leader, and his boys at least didn't go around screeching. "Yoo-hoo, Pom-er-oooy!" in falsetto voices.

He continued this disgraceful existence until the day when, flexing his muscles, he decided he was ready to get things straight with The Club, fix it so he could eat whole, fresh-hooked fish instead of the bits and oddments at Mooney's.

He made his way down to the pier, muttering what he was going to do to the first clubman that tried to stop him. He arrived, and was promptly set upon by all seven members, who, it would seem, had spent the intervening weeks doing pushups in anticipation of his return.

This time there was no poppa to come to the rescue. Pomeroy finally escaped, looking as though he had been caught in a propeller.

"And stay out!" they told him, but he didn't.

Now anyone would think that a pelican that had twice been thrown out of a place so definitely would admit he'd had it. The ordinary pelican might have, but there was only one

Pomeroy. He did concede that as things stood his chances of getting those tourists' fish looked mighty dim, but he met this admission with the vow that so long as he could not dine at The Club no other pelican would.

The next time he returned to the pier, therefore, it was not to the pilings where the clubmen held forth. Instead, he flew down the shore, picked up the pier at its land end, and flew, fast and low, out its entire length, buzzing the tourists.

As has been mentioned, the fishing folk were tightly packed. Between January 1 and June 1 railing space at the wharf was at a premium from dawn on, regardless of conditions of tide or weather. This churning mob was a perfect setup for a holocaust.

Put a tourist on a pier, struggling for breathing room, already enraged by having some of the biggest fish he ever hooked in his life swiped by pelicans, one after the other, and then send a modern pterodactyl avalanching upon him, uttering weird noises, knocking off his hat and sunglasses, and you have a highly emotional

How hard it is to make
an Englishman acknow-
ledge that he is happy.
— William Makepeace
Thackeray

individual. Multiply this by two or three hundred and you have an explosive potential that is frightening.

As Pomeroy zigzagged out the pier, uproar spread ahead of him, utter chaos followed in his wake. Some fishermen who saw him coming tried to fend him off with their rods and succeeded only in thrashing their neighbors about the head and shoulders. This brought retaliation, and the sounds of splintering tackle formed a jagged obbligato to the cries of terror and outrage.

Somebody flung a can of live bait at Pomeroy and missed the pelican, but not anybody else within a twenty-foot radius. Several fist fights broke out, a large woman went into keening hysterics, the kids whooped ecstatically, and the beach cops converged on the scene.

Pomeroy sailed out over the end of the pier, banked sharply, turned and made another run.

"Here he comes again!" squalled the tourists, and the second act of the panic was on. Most of those in the target area hit the deck, a few stood their ground and swatted futilely at Pomeroy. Kicked overboard in the scramble were scores of tackle boxes, vacuum bottles, picnic lunches, camp stools, bait buckets, and suntan-lotion bottles.

A beach cop plunging into the maelstrom was flattened by a wild swing thrown by a lady from Wisconsin. The children threw back their heads and squealed in pure rapture. Pomeroy banked again, surveyed the scene of carnage, and flapped away.

"Now let's see how it goes with those old jerks and their club," he told Gilly and the other gulls who had come along to see the fun.

The clubmen had drawn off during the riot, frozen in shocked disapproval. As relative quiet descended again they went back to their pilings and prepared to take up where they had left off. They got their first inkling that something was very wrong when the most venerable of their sacrosanct number took a pop bottle beside the head.

The blow itself was not too

bad, but its significance was colossal. Previously, the pelicans had been cured despitefully in every accent known to the United States, but this was all. Now, thanks to Pomeroy, the tourists were taking to violence. Another missile, this one a bait can grazed another clubman.

"Throw the rascals out!" sounded a hoarse voice, and that triggered a barrage of objects ranging from a child's sand pail to a brand-new sixty-dollar reel. Several clubmen were hit hard; one was knocked plumb off his piling.

"Hey!" a beach cop protested anxiously. "You can't do that! They're protected by law!"

"This for a law that protects the buzzard that busted my glasses!" cried a senior citizen from New Hampshire, and bunged a heavy sinker at the nearest pelican.

"It wasn't their fault," cried the cop. "It was that other screwball!"

"A pelican is a pelican," panted the oldest, and followed the sinker with a scaling knife.

The clubmen fled, their dignity demolished. They came at close to scurrying as a pelican can and they did not stop until they were out of range of the lethal fire.

They did not return until the following dawn and they might have been slightly apprehensive about their reception, but not too much; after all, a pier fisherman lost his frustrated docility only once in a thousand years and yesterday had been that day.

Today he would be his old self again, eyes glued on his bobber while his elbows fended off his compatriots and he rent the air with impotent oaths as the pelicans stole his fish from his hook.

And, indeed, this was how it was. The fires of revolt had died overnight. The beach cops who had assembled nervously at daybreak breathed a collective sigh of relief; things were back to normal. They returned to the tiresome chore of judging which bikini encased the most admirable contents.

Then Pomeroy came back with Gilly and his gull gang from Mooney's, there to watch the fun. They saw plenty. This time Pomeroy made four runs over the pier before he was satisfied with the shambles and led his syconphants off, convulsed by jeering laughter.

Hardly had the last piercing scream died away over the Gulf of Mexico before the tourists turned their attentions on The Club. The day before the senior citizen from New Hampshire had said that a pelican was a pelican, and this was the view of all; to them it was plain that one of the birds roosted there on the pilings was to blame for all this. Hands reached for things to throw.

This time The Club fled at the first volley, appealing over their shoulders for police protection. The cops were there by that time and trying to soothe the people; they did fine, too, until somebody announced that on the morrow he was bringing a shotgun with him and then those pelicans would get what was coming to them.

"You shoot one of those pelicans and we'll have to lock you up," warned a cop.

"Lock up a winter visitor?" gasped a tourist. "Blasphemy!"

"Well, uh," said the cop. "Anyway, you can't shoot a pelican."

"We'll see if I can't," said the fisherman, and next morning, sure enough, he carried a pump gun on to the pier with him. He brought it up to his

To page 32



5 gay touches with CHOCOLATE CRACKLES

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1. **Ingredients:** 8 oz. Copha*, 8 oz. icing sugar, 3 heaped tablespoons Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa**, 1 cup Coconut, 4 cups Kellogg's Rice Bubbles***.
Method: Combine all the dry ingredients in a good-sized mixing bowl. Mix well. Melt Copha gently. Pour into dry ingredients and mix. Spoon into paper cake containers and allow to set.

Now—some new touches.

2. **Marshmallow Crackles:** Spoon chocolate crackle mixture into paper cup containers or press into a slab tin and allow to set.

Make marshmallow by placing into saucepan 4 oz. (1 cup) sugar, 1 level tablespoon gelatine and 5 oz. (1 pint) water. Stir until boiling, simmer 2-3 minutes, cool. Beat until thick, adding colour and flavouring. Spoon marshmallow on top of each crackle or to cover the slice. Decorate if desired.

3. **Fruit Slice Crackles:** Spoon 2/3rds quantity of chocolate crackle mixture into 11" x 7" slab tin. Combine in a saucepan 2 cups chopped mixed dried fruit, 2 tablespoons jam and 2 tablespoons water. Mix together over a medium heat until combined. Spread over the slice and spoon remaining crackle mixture on top. Chill and cut into slices.

4. **Party Slice:** Spoon 2/3rds quantity of chocolate crackle mixture into 11" x 7" slab tin. Make icing: Sift 8 oz. icing sugar into a basin, melt 2 oz. Copha over gentle heat and add 1 tablespoon milk. Pour into basin and mix until thick and smooth. Flavour and colour as desired. Spread icing over slice and spoon remaining crackles roughly on top. Allow to set.

5. **Crackle Snow Balls:** Drop spoonfuls of crackle mixture into desiccated coconut. Roll into balls. Set on waxed paper. Decorate for Christmas with holly or for birthdays with a candle.

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shoulder as the clubmen edged
into view, and so there was no
meeting that day. Nor the next.
On the third day the shotgun-
wielder was missing, gone back
to Iowa; but Pomeroy was not.
Gilly reported that The Club
was in session again, and so
Pomeroy made a run over the
pier and got things back to
what they had been, chaotic.
After that, a week passed with-
out The Club convening.

"Those old guys must be get-
tin' pretty hungry by now,"
Pomeroy chuckled. "They must
be about ready to come around
invitin' me to join their dopy
club."

"Sure they are," the gulls
chorused, and laughed out of
the side of their bills at the
idea. They knew full well that
a clubman would starve be-
fore he'd be pressured into mak-
ing an equal of a bum from
Mooney's.

Pomeroy waited and no club-
man appeared bearing a humble
invitation. He checked the pier
constantly from a distance, and
saw no sign of The Club; all
that was there were delighted
tourists, snatching fish from the
gulf without a single burgled
hook.

"They must've found another
pier," Pomeroy said finally.
"They couldn't go this long
without eatin'."

"Now, they ain't found an-
other pier," Gilly told him.
"There's a club at every fish-
ing dock and them stuffed
shirts wouldn't dream of
crashin' a place where they
wasn't wanted. Naw, they're
out in the gulf, divin' for fish
like ordinary workin' stiffs."

"Then the pier they used to
have is open to all," Pomeroy
grinned. "What are we waitin'
for?"

"You go ahead," said Gilly.
"It's all yours; you earned it.
Me and the boys will just
come along to watch."

POMEROY lit
out, triumph high in his heart.
Approaching the dock, he
licked his lips; the fish were
biting like crazy and they
looked like blues, his favorite.
And they were all his, as Gilly
had said.

He'd take it slow, not stuff-
ing himself right off, the bat.

He'd stretch out his pleasure,
dawdle over dinner, and when
he'd had his fill maybe he'd
hang around awhile and swipe
fish off the hooks just for
kicks. He'd—

"They're trying to move in
again!" boomed a voice on the
pier. "Battle stations!"

Pomeroy braked with his
wings and stared in astonish-
ment. Something had happened
to the tourists. All these days
free from pelican suzerainty
had given them the will to
resist; they had become bold
on the heady stuff of actually
keeping the fish they caught.
And every man jack of them
was armed with something
throwable which he proceeded
to hurl at Pomeroy.

The young pelican ducked
and dodged, but even so he
caught plenty. Something
cracked him in the head,
dizzying him, sending him into
a spin from which he barely
recovered before he crashed.
Another missile stung him in
the tail-feather region as he
frantically winged over and
tried to get out of there.

"Police!" he squawked. "Us
pelicans are protected!"

The cops were elsewhere:
they had determinedly avoided
the fishing pier ever since the
horrid possibility of having to
arrest a winter visitor had been
raised. Pomeroy's cries went
unanswered except by gibber-
ing laughter sent up by the
gang from Mooney's, who had
come to watch the fun.

The debris pelted Pomeroy,
but he finally escaped, consid-
erably beat up, and made
for a buoy offshore. There he
perched, the laughter of Gilly
and his gang still ringing in
his ears. It was a low moment.
"Fine thing," he told him-

Continuing... THE PELICAN THAT HATED TO DIVE

from page 50

self, aloud. "You were goin'
to fix things and you did, all
right. You spoiled it for The
Club, sure, and when you did
you spoiled it for every peli-
can that flies. That, my pointy-
headed friend, includes you."

He gloomily started out to-
ward the fishing ground where
the pelicans who dived for a
fish were dropping from the
skies, chatting with friends,
laughing over little jokes,
never thinking of Pomeroy
these days.

He turned his sad eyes shore-
ward, toward the pier. Gilly
and his gang had moved in
and now they cluttered the
pilings that had once been re-
served for the most elite of
pelicans, The Club members.

The tourists did not bother
them — no gull could unhook
a fish — and the Mooney's
Fish House crowd were doing
all right on dead bait, scraps
of leftover lunch, and other
titbits.

"My pals," Pomeroy said
bitterly. "Split their sides
laughin' while I was gettin' that
goin'-over. They knew what
I was goin' to get and they let
me stick my neck out. And I
thought they were my friends."

Friends? He had no friends.
The world was against him.

He peered out into the gulf
again and saw that the people
of Spindrift Key were starting
home, the morning's fishing
finished. Yes, there went
mamma and poppa, too, and he
half raised a wing to wave to
them, folded it again. No use;
they were through with him.

"And I can't go back to
Mooney's," he muttered. "That
gang would ride the tail
feathers off me. Gilly said
every other pier on the West
Coast had a club, so what
would be the use of tryin'
someplace else? All it would
do would burn up the tourists
wherever I went, if I tried that
dive-bombin' stuff."

Burn up the tourists — for
a moment Pomeroy was
tempted to do just that, out
of meanness, but he shook his
banged-up head; somehow it
seemed a pretty lousy trick,
spoiling everything for every-
body just because he'd goofed
off completely with his own
life.

"Hey," he told himself,
"stop thinkin' like a square.
What do you care about any-
body else, any more than they
care about you? It'd serve 'em
right if you started up on
Cedar Key and went right on
down the coast to Cape Sable,
makin' tourists hate pelicans.
Maybe then they'd be sorry
they picked on you. Maybe
then they'd wish they'd never
yelled 'Yoo-hoo, Pom-er-oooy'
at you."

But no pelican had yoo-
hooped Pom-er-oooy at him in
a long, long time. He was
alone, and he was only a little
boy. It was awful. The more
he thought of it, the worse it
got, and pretty soon it became
too much for him to bear. He
began to weep, the tears
coursing down his cheeks.

How long he sat there,
weeping, the buoy's bell tolling
a mournful accompaniment, he
never knew; but it seemed for-
ever before a wing was thrown
over his shoulder and poppa
cleared his throat and said
huskily, "There, there, son. It'll
be all right."

Pomeroy turned and buried
his face in his father's breast.
"It'll never be all right," he
sobbed. "I've been a stupid
jerk. I've spoiled everything."

"Maybe you're a little mixed
up," poppa conceded, "but
there's not a vicious feather
on your body. You got off on
the wrong foot with that name
your mother — well, never

mind about that. Let's go
back to Spindrift Key and
start all over again. Why, you
haven't even met your baby
sister. Name of Pete."

"Go back? But they'd throw
me out," Pomeroy cried.

"No they won't," poppa
said. "They'll welcome you
home, even the fellows who
were in The Club."

"Them?" Pomeroy asked,
drawing back in horror.

"They'd murder me."

"Unh-unh," his father
smiled. "Y'see, while they may
have wanted to wring your
neck when they lost their
gravy train, they don't now.
Seems that having to get out
and dive for fish did things
for them. Took off all that
excess weight; gave them some
muscle tone. They all swear
they feel twenty years younger;
wouldn't go back to The Club
if they could."

And that was the way
was when Pomeroy went to
Spindrift Key. Maybe
ex-clubmen were a bit too
first, but they accepted
eventually and so did all
other pelicans when they
how Pomeroy had changed
you're down that way, ye
see them all getting along
buddy-buddy, at Spindrift
and out on the fishing ground.

And at the latter place
you look sharp, you
notice that one of the peli-
can when he dives, hits the
tail-first, an agonised ex-
pression on his face, one
tightly clenched over
beaked nose.

That's Pomeroy. He
firmly resolved to do
think he's supposed to do, a
high-dive for fish, but it
doesn't mean he has to like

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Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

from page 25

want me to ask you about the war in the Peninsula, or — but never mind that! I wanted to tell you — he — he doesn't understand!" He had raised his handsome young face, pallid in the moonlight, and had blurted out: "About the Light Division, I mean! He — he only thinks of the Guards, and the Cavalry! He may say — oh, I don't know, but pray don't take it amiss!"

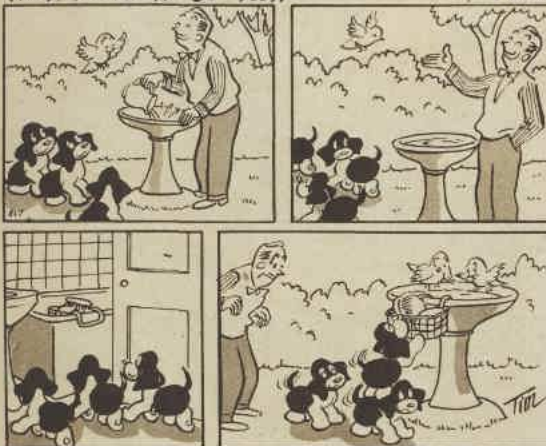
"Nay," Hugo had said reassuringly. "I won't take it amiss! Why should I?"

"No, Well, I wanted just to warn you!" Richmond had confided. "He's quite antiquated, you know, and, of course, he does ride devilish rusty."

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

By TIM



"There's no need for you to be fatched, lad: my Grandfather Bray was just such a cobby old fellow!"

"Oh!" Richmond had sounded rather taken-aback. "Was he? I mean—Yes, I see! But there's Vincent, too, and —" He paused, knitting his brows. "I don't know why he was in such a bad skin to-night, but in general he — he is a bang-up fellow, you know! What they call Top-of-the-Trees! A regular out-and-outer! You should see him with a four-in-hand!"

"Happen I will."

"Yes, of course. Do you drive yourself, cousin?"

"Nay, I'm no Nonesuch!"

RICHMOND had been disappointed, but he had said quickly: "No, you haven't had the opportunity—" He had broken off short, and although no color could live in the moonlight Hugo had known that a vivid flush had flooded his cheeks. He had stammered: "I don't mean — I meant only that you have been doing other things! Things m-more worth the doing! I wish you will tell me, if it isn't a dead bore, about your campaigns!"

Yes, Hugo thought, reviewing that interlude, a nice lad, young Richmond; but what such an ardent colt was doing hobbled at Darracott Place was a puzzle. If ever a lad was mad after a pair of colors! If my lord didn't take care, thought Hugo, casting off the bedclothes and swinging his feet to the ground, he would have the lad chin-deep in mischief.

Dismissing Richmond from his mind, he strode to the window and pulled back the curtains, and stood for a minute or two, leaning his hands on the sill, and looking out.

The sprawling house was built on an elevation in parkland which stretched for a distance to the south and east, but merged into thick woods on the northern and western fronts.

Below Hugo's window, a part of the gardens which appeared to be extensive though not in very trim order, lay between the house and the park. The day was fresh but fair; it beckoned compellingly; and within a very short space of time Hugo, fortified by a thick ham sandwich and a pint of Kentish ale, supplied to him by a kitchenmaid, had set out for a ramble round the park.

He returned by way of the stables, which were situated to the west of the house. They had been built to accommodate many more horses than now stood in the stalls and were

and about!" said his lordship. "I've no patience with young fellows who lie abed till all hours. Another morning you may come out with me, I'll take a look at your horses."

"Ay, sir, do! They're neither of them the equal of this fellow," said Hugo, patting the neck of Richmond's colt, "but the bay's a prime fencer and strong in work."

"H'm! Pity you're so big!" commented his lordship. "What do you ride? Seventeen stone?"

"All of that," admitted Hugo. "Eh, lad, you've got a proper high-bred 'un here!"

"Do you like him?" Richmond asked eagerly. "He's young — pretty green still, but a perfect mover! I broke him myself."

Lord Darracott, leaving Richmond to show off his treasure, went into the stable and was soon heard putting curt questions to John Joseph. It seemed doubtful that he would find John Joseph's answers intelligible, but he apparently understood enough to satisfy him, for when he presently emerged he rather surprisingly told Hugo that he had a good man there who knew his work. Richmond having gone off to confer with his groom, his lordship commanded Hugo to accompany him back to the house.

"I've a good deal to say to you," he informed him, "I'll see you in the library after breakfast."

Few members of his family would have sat down to breakfast with much appetite after such a pronouncement as this, but Hugo was soon consuming an extremely hearty meal. The fact that his cousin Anthea had chosen to seat herself on the opposite side of the table troubled him not at all. He was able to verify his first impression that she was a pretty girl with remarkably fine eyes and a good deal of countenance. It seemed a pity that she should be so cold and inanimate when a little vivacity would have done so much to improve her.

Neither Vincent nor Claud was an early riser and each incurred censure for walking into the breakfast parlor when the meal was nearly over. Vincent, never in his sunniest mood before breakfast, furiously resented the scold he received, but betrayed this only by his thinned lips and a certain glitter in his eyes. Claud, on the other hand, was unwise enough to excuse himself.

Owing to the stupidity of his man, the carelessness of the laundress, and the inexplicable whims of Fate, which decreed that although one might sometimes achieve a desired result at the first attempt, at others success would elude one until one was exhausted, it had taken him three-quarters of an hour to tie his neckcloth. The style he had chosen was the Mail-coach, and, as it was bulky as it was wide, he bore all the appearance of having a compress round a sore throat, as his brother took care to inform him.

"I have it!" suddenly announced his lordship, grinning triumphantly. "I'll set you to work!"

"Eh?" ejaculated Claud, alarmed.

"You are a Bartholomew baby, a park-saunterer, a good-for-nothing Jack Straw!" said his fond grandfather.

"Well, I shouldn't put it like that myself, sir," said Claud, "but I daresay you're right. Well, what I mean is, no use setting me to work: I couldn't!"

"You can teach Hugh how to pass himself off with credit! Give him a new touch! Rid him of that damned brogue! You

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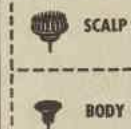
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don't know much, but you've moved in the first circles all your life and you do know the established mode!"

"Father! Really!" Matthew exclaimed.

"Cousin Hugo doesn't need any touch that Claud could give him!" declared Richmond, scarlet-faced.

Hugo, who had continued throughout this embarrassing dialogue to eat his way through several slices of cold beef, looked up from his plate to smile amiably, and to say with a marked Yorkshire drawl: "Nay, I'd be fain to learn how to support the character of a gentleman. I've a fancy to be up to the knocker and I'll be well suited to be put in the way of it. And I should think," he added handsomely, "that our Claud could teach me better nor most."

"Exactly so!" said Vincent. "An assingoo may tutor thee!"

"To support the character of a gentleman!" exclaimed Anthea, unexpectedly entering the lists. "In this house, cousin, unless you will be content with my brother, you will search in vain for a model!"

"You keep your tongue, miss!" said his lordship, without any particular animosity.

"Anthea, pray!" whispered Mrs. Darracott.

"Oh, have you changed your mind?" asked Vincent, levelling his quizzing-glass at Anthea. A provocative smile curled his lip; he said silkily: "Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus, my sweet life?"

Her eyes blazed and Hugo, considerably surprised, intervened, saying in his deep, slow voice: "Nay then! Don't fratch over me! I don't know what I'm to carry, but I'm agreeable to be called an elephant: it won't be for the first time! They call me Gog Darracott in the regiment, but when I was a lad it was more often the great lump! There's no need for any fuss and clart on my account: I've a broad back."

"It must at all events be acknowledged that you have an amiable temper," said Matthew, pushing back his chair. "You will excuse me, Elvira, if you please!"

Mrs. Darracott replied suitably, and Matthew left the room. He was shortly followed by Lord Darracott, who went away, commanding Hugo not to keep him waiting. Hugo, who had just received his third cup of tea from Mrs. Darracott, said that he would follow him when he had finished his breakfast, a reply which struck Claud as being so foolishly hard that he was moved to utter an earnest warning. "Better go at once!" he said. "No sense in putting him in a bad skin, coz!"

"Nay, what could he do to me?" said Hugo.

"That you will discover," said Vincent drily. "You will also discover the pains and penalties that attach to the position of heir."

"Happen I've discovered a few already," drawled Hugo.

Claud coughed delicately. "Rather fancy you mean perhaps, coz!"

"Ay, so I do!" agreed Hugo.

"I'm much obliged to you."

"The spectacle of Claud entering upon his new duties, though not unamusing, is not one which I can support at this hour of the day," said Vincent. "Do you mind postponing any further tuition until I have withdrawn from the room?"

"Ah!" retorted Claud, with an odious smirk. "You're piqued because my grandfather didn't ask you to hint Hugo into the proper mode!"

This quite failed to ruffle Vincent. "He did," he

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answered. "I was persuaded, however, that it would prove to be a task beyond my poor power, and declined the office." He saw that while his target remained unmoved Richmond was looking at him with a troubled frown between his eyes. He smiled slightly at the boy, and said, as he rose from the table: "What I am going to do is teach Richmond how to point his leaders."

Richmond had been shocked by Vincent's conduct, but this was an invitation not to be resisted. His brow cleared; he jumped up, exclaiming: "No! Do you mean it? You're not hoaxing me, are you?"

"No, but perhaps I should have said I mean to try to teach you."

"Brute!" Richmond said, laughing. He said ingenuously: "Vincent is always out of reason cross before breakfast. Cousin Hugo! Snaps all our noses off!"

"Well, if you ask me," said Claud, as soon as the door was shut again, "he's got a devilish nasty tongue in his head any hour of the day! Takes after the old gentleman." He looked at his large cousin, and shook his head. "You may think it's a fine thing to be the heir: All I can say is, I'm dashed glad I'm not. Y'know, coz, if you've finished your tea, I'd as lief you went off to see what my grandfather wants. There's no saying but what he may blame me for it if you keep him waiting."

THUS adjured, Hugo went in search of Lord Darracott, and found him seated at his desk in the library. There was a pen in his hand, but the ink had dried on it, and he was staring absently out of the big bay window. He turned his head when he heard the door open, and said: "Oh, so here you are. Shut the door, and come over here! You can take that chair, if it will bear you!"

It creaked, but gave no sign of immediate collapse under Hugo's weight.

For several moments his lordship said nothing, but sat looking at him morosely. "You don't favor your father!" he said at last.

"No," agreed the Major.

"Well, I daresay you're none the worse for that! You are his son: there's no doubt about it!" He put down his pen and pushed aside the papers on his desk, something in the gesture seeming to indicate that with them he was pushing aside his memories.

"Got to make the best of it," he said. "When I'm booked, you'll step into my shoes. I don't mean to wrap the matter up in clean linen, and I'll tell you to your head that that's not what I wanted, or ever dreamed would come to pass!"

"No," said the Major again, sympathetically. "It's been a facer to the both of us."

Darracott stared at him. "A facer for me, but a honey-fall for you, young man!"

The Major preserved a stolid silence.

"And don't tell me you'd as lief not step into your uncle's shoes," said Lord Darracott. He gave a short laugh. "If you thought you'd turn me up sweet by writing that flim-flam to Lisette you mistook your man! I detest maw-worms, and that's what you sounded like to me! I do you the justice to say you haven't the look of a maw-worm, so maybe it was your notion of civility. Let me have no more of it!" He waited again for any answer the Major might like to make, but, getting none, snapped: "Well,

have you a tongue in your head?"

"I have," responded Hugo, "but I was never one to give my head for washing."

"You're not such a fool as you look," commented his lordship. "Whether you've enough sense to learn what every other Darracott has known from the cradle we shall see. That's why I sent for you."

"It's why I came, think on," said Hugo reflectively. "My

you must be well aware of it, that in marrying a weaver's daughter — however virtuous she may have been! — he did what he knew must ruin him with me!"

"Ay, they were pluck to the backbone, the pair of 'em," nodded Hugo. "What with you on the one hand, and Granddad on t'other, they must have had good bottom, seemingly." He smiled affably upon his lordship. "I never heard that they regretted it, though Granddad always held it was no good would come of the match. 'Like to like and Nan

find them, Hugo had added thoughtfully: "You put me in mind of him now-and-now, particularly when you start ringing a peal over someone. However, you didn't send for me to talk about Granddad, so likely I'm wasting your time, sir."

"I wish to hear nothing about your granddad, as you call him, or your mother, or the life you led when you were a boy!" declared his lordship, his face still alarmingly suffused with color.

"Understand me, that period is never to be mentioned! I recommend you to put it out of your mind! I collect that there are no longer any ties binding you to Yorkshire, and that circumstance I cannot but regard as fortunate. I'll be plain with you: since I can't keep you from succeeding me I mean to see you licked into shape before I stick my spoon in the wall."

"Nay, we can't tell but what I'll break my neck over a rasper, or go off in the smallpox," interposed Hugo in a heartening tone.

"Where the devil did you learn to hunt?" exclaimed his lordship.

"In Portugal."

"Well, that's more than I hoped for!" he said.

"You'll be able to hunt from here. I used to hunt in the shires, but I'm getting too old for it now. Sold my lodge in Leicestershire some years ago. Just as well I did. I should have had that neck-or-nothing boy of mine coming to grief over those fences, sure as a gun!"

"I've a fancy to hunt in the shires myself," confessed Hugo.

"Oh, you have, have you?"

Then you'd best rid yourself of it," interrupted his lordship sardonically. "I'll make you a respectable allowance, but it won't run to the Quorn or the Pytchley."

"Nay, I wasn't thinking of it!" replied Hugo, looking startled. "Nor of your making me an allowance neither, sir. I've plenty of brass."

Lord Darracott was amused. "Ay, your pockets are well lined because you've just had the prize-money for the Peninsula and Waterloo paid to you. I know all about that, and no doubt it seems a fortune to you. You'll change your ideas a little when you've learnt the ways of my world."

"My grandfather left me some brass, too," said Hugo diffidently.

"What you choose to do with your other grandfather's savings is no concern of mine: spend them as you wish! For your support, you'll look to me — and you'll be glad enough to do so before you're much older! You are going to live in a different style to any you've been accustomed to, and you wouldn't find yourself able to strike a balance on a weaver's savings, however thrifty he may have been. Let me hear no more on that subject!"

"No," said Hugo meekly.

"Well, that brings me to what I have to say to you," said his lordship. "You're my heir, and you've all to learn, and I choose that you shall learn it under my roof. For the present you'll remain here — at all events until you've lost that damned north-country accent! Later I'll let your uncle introduce you into society, but the time for that's not yet. This is your home, and here you'll stay. Which reminds me that you must sell out, if you haven't already done so."

"I have," said Hugo.

The craggy brows drew together. "Taking a lot for granted, weren't you?"

"Well," Hugo drawled, "there was a lot I could take for granted, sir."

"What if I hadn't chosen to acknowledge you?"

"Nay, I hadn't thought of that," confessed Hugo.

"Don't be too pot-sure!" said his lordship, by no means pleased. "I could still send you

packing! And make no mistake about it: if I find you intolerable I'll do it!"

A flicker of relief shone for an instant in the Major's eyes, but he said nothing.

"However, you're better than I expected," said his lordship, mollified by this docility. "I daresay something can be made of you. Watch your cousins, and take your tone from them! I don't mean Claud — but the other three. Vincent's an idle, extravagant dog, but his tone is excellent — what they call nowadays top-of-the-trees!"

"You may take him for your model — and I'll see to it you don't copy his extravagance! No use looking to him to set you right when you make mistakes, however: he won't do it, because he's as sulky as a bear over the whole business. That's why I've told Claud to give you a new touch. Between 'em, he and Anthea can teach you pretty well all you need to know. She was born and bred here, knows all the ways of the place, all our history, every inch of my land! Not married, are you?"

"Married!" ejaculated Hugo, taken aback. "No, sir!"

"No, I didn't think you could be," said his lordship. "I recommend you to get on terms with your cousin Anthea. She doesn't want for sense, and she's a spirited, lively girl, and would make you an excellent wife, if she took a fancy to you. I shall say no more on that head at present, however. What you can do at the moment is to go over the house with her; get her to tell you about the family! Ring the bell!"

The Major rose and obeyed this peremptory behest. He also mopped his brow.

"I'm going to send for her," said his lordship. "She can take you up to the picture-gallery for a start."

The Major, showing alarm for the first time, tried to protest, but was cut short. "Ay, I know that throws you into a stew! You haven't been in the way of doing the pretty, and you're shy. You'll have to get the better of that, and you may as well begin at once. Chollacombe, desire Miss Darracott to come to me here immediately!"

The Major, attempting no further remonstrance, ran a finger inside a neckcloth grown suddenly too tight, and awaited in considerable trepidation the arrival of his cousin Anthea.

It was some little time before Anthea obeyed the summons to the library, but Lord Darracott, contrary to the Major's expectation, showed no sign of putting himself in a passion, and when Anthea did at last enter the room, greeted her quite genially, saying: "Ah, here you are, my dear! Where the devil have you been hiding yourself?"

ANTHEA put up her brows. "We are rather busy this morning."

"Well, never mind that!" said his lordship. "I want you to show your cousin round the house. Tell him its history! He don't know anything about the family, and that won't do. You can take him up to the picture-gallery, and let him see a few of his ancestors."

"I am persuaded, sir, that that is a task Chollacombe is longing to perform."

"Don't argue with me, girl," snapped his lordship.

"Nay, if my cousin's throng —"

"And don't you think you can argue with me, either!" said his lordship. "You'll do as you're told, the pair of you!"

The Major hesitated, but Anthea said coolly: "Very well, Grandpapa. Will you

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father being killed almost before I was out of long coats, there was no one to tell me anything about my family, and barring I'd a lord for grandfather I didn't know anything."

"You're blaming me, are you? Very well! If I had known that there would ever have been the smallest need for you to know anything about me, or mine, I should have sent for you when your father died, and had you reared under my eye."

"Happen my mother would have had something to say to that," remarked Hugo.

"There's nothing to be gained by discussing the matter now. When you father married against my wish he cut himself off from his family. I don't scruple to tell you, for

to Nicholas' was his motto."

"Are you telling me, sir, that the fellow objected to his daughter's marrying my son?" demanded Lord Darracott.

"Oh, he wasn't at all suited with it!" replied Hugo. "Let alone my father was quality-make, he was too much of a care-for-nobody for Granddad: caper-witted, he called him. Shutful with his brass, too, which used to put Granddad, by what I'm told, into a rare passion. But Granddad's bark was worse than his bite, and he came round to the marriage in the end. It's a pity you never met him: you'd have agreed together better nor you think."

Lord Darracott, almost stunned, sought in vain for words with which to dispel this illusion. Before he could

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

come with me, if you please, Cousin Hugo?"

The Major, with something of the air of one nerving himself to lead a forlorn hope, bowed, and accompanied her out of the room. But once beyond Lord Darracott's sight and hearing he said apologetically: "There's no sense in fratching with the old gentleman, but if you're throng this morning I can look after myself, well-enough, cousin."

"When you have lived in this house for a few days you will have discovered that it is wisest to obey Grandpapa," she returned, leading the way towards the staircase. Unless you have a fancy for the sort of brangling he delights in?"

"Nay, I'm a peaceable man," she said. "I don't know how you contrived to keep your temper at the breakfast-table. I could have wished that you hadn't."

"Well, it wouldn't be proper for me to start a fight with my grandfather."

"It would be very proper for you to start one with Vincent." He smiled, but shook his head. "Hard words break no bones. Seemingly, I've put Vincent's nose out of joint, so it's natural he should be nattered. Happen he'll come about."

She did not speak again until they had reached the

upper hall. She paused then, and asked abruptly: "Has Grandpapa told you that he means to keep you here?"

"Ay, but chance it happens that he can't abide me he'll send me packing," he replied cheerfully.

"Do you — are you going to submit to his tyranny?"

"Well, there you have me," he said, rubbing his nose with a large forefinger, and slightly wrinkling his brow. "It won't do for me to be at odds with him, so it's likely I'll have to submit to him."

She glanced up at him rather searchingly. "I see!"

"While I'm under his roof," added Hugo. "The odds are that won't be for long."

She walked across the hall, and into a large saloon whose chairs and pendant chandelier were all muffled in holland covers. "The State apartments," she announced. "So-called because Queen Elizabeth once occupied them for a sennight. That, by the way, is a portrait of our noble ancestor," she added, nodding to the picture over the fireplace. "Very Friday-faced, not to say hang-dog."

"I should say myself that the poor fellow suffered from a colicky disorder," replied Hugo.

She laughed, and led him on into an antechamber. "Very

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instant I knew what he meant to do! I didn't do so because— Oh, you don't understand! For me the case is quite otherwise!"

"Ay, it would be," he agreed.

"Well, it is, so you need not speak in that detestable way! Whenever I come to cuffs with Grandpapa it's Mama who suffers for it, and she has enough to bear without being blamed for my sins! That's why I asked you not to offer for me, so that Grandpapa couldn't say it was my fault,

● No man has yet lived long enough in this world to doubt the infallibility of his own judgment.

— Josh Billings

or bully Mama into urging me to accept you."

The huge creature before her, looking the picture of guilt, said feebly: "The thing is I'm in a bit of a hobble. It wouldn't do for me to tell my grandfather I was promised, not before I was sure of it myself."

"But aren't you sure of it?" she asked, a good deal astonished.

"Well," he temporised, once more rubbing his nose. "I am and I'm not. There been nothing official, as you might say. It's — it's been kept secret betwixt the pair of us. It was just before the last campaign, you see, and I was recalled in such a bang that there was no time to do aught but get my baggage together, and be off. What's more, there was no knowing but what I might have been killed, so it was thought best to keep it secret. And I haven't been home since."

"Have you been engaged for two years?" she exclaimed.

"Better nor that," he said. "It was in the spring of '15 that it happened, and now we're in September. It seems to me I ought to make sure she hasn't changed her mind before I speak to the old gentleman, and so far I haven't been home."

"But she must have written to you!"

"Er — no," said Hugo, much discomposed. "She — well, there were reasons why she couldn't do that!"

A DREADFUL suspicion occurred to Anthea. "Cousin, do you mean — is she a — a lady of Quality?"

The Major shook a miserable head.

"Can't she write?" Anthea asked in a hushed voice.

"No," confessed the Major.

Feeling a trifle weak, Anthea sat down on the window-seat. "Cousin, this is — this is positively terrible! You can have no notion —! What's to be done?"

"If you think I ought to tell the old gentleman —"

"No, no!" she said quickly. "Oh no account in the world! Of course, I see now why you didn't say you wouldn't offer for me! He would have been bound to have asked you why not. No one could be brave enough to make that disclosure to him! But what are you going to do?"

He said vaguely that he hadn't made up his mind. "I can't think how you dared to come here at all," said Anthea, knitting her brows. "To be sure, you didn't know what Grandpapa was like, but you must have known that he

would never tolerate that sort of marriage! Cousin, you're not in a hobble! You're in the saddle!"

The Major, who, by this time had had the satisfaction of seeing that his judgment had not been at fault when he had decided that animation would greatly improve Miss Darracott, ventured to approach her and to sit down.

"He won't receive her, you know," Anthea said. "It is useless to think he might come about. He never forgave your father, and he was his favorite son."

"Nay, I wouldn't bring her here."

"That's all very well, but you can't expect the poor girl to wait for years and years to be married!" objected Anthea.

"Besides, surely you would not like yourself! If you're thinking that Grandpapa may die soon, I must tell you that I don't think there's the least chance of it."

"Oh, no, I should think he's good for a piece yet!" Hugo agreed. "But I'm not going to stay here for years and years."

"He thinks you are," she said doubtfully.

"Ay, but that's just one of the daft notions he takes into his head. Happen he'll think it a good shittance when I do tell him I'm off."

"But how will you do it?" she asked. "It's he who holds the purse-strings, remember!"

He laughed. "Nay, he doesn't hold my purse-strings!"

"Ah, no! How stupid of me! You have your profession, and can afford to snap your fingers under his nose! Oh, how much I envy you. Did you come to look us over only? How long do you mean to stay?"

"Well, that depends," he said. "When I got the letter that told me the way things had fallen out, it fairly sent me to grass, for, not knowing anything about my family, I'd no notion how close to the succession I stood. Nothing will persuade my grandfather I wasn't happy as a grig to be succeeding him — though why he should have thought anyone would want to inherit a house that's falling to ruin, let alone encumbered estates, and a sackful of debts, has me fairly caped — but the truth is I wasn't at all suited, and the first thing that came into my head was to see if there wasn't a way out. That wouldn't fadge, however, so —" He paused, considering. "Well, I made up my mind to it that I'd have to come here, whether or no."

"I can understand that you didn't wish to do that while Grandpapa was alive."

"No," he admitted. "But if I've to step into the old gentleman's shoes, soon or late, it'll be as well I shouldn't be strange to the place or the people. So when Lissett wrote to tell me I was to come here, I did come. I don't say I wouldn't as lief have sent word his lordship might go to hell — eh, that slipped out! I'm reet sorry!"

"Don't give it a thought!" said Anthea cordially. "I never before heard such beautiful words, I promise you."

He smiled, but shook his head. "What's more, if his lordship and my father were at outs, that's no concern of mine. My other grandfather had more rumgumption than any man I've ever known, and he always would have it that my father came by his deserts. He didn't hold with a man's marrying out of his own order, and, taking it by and large, I'd say he was in the reet of it. What with him on the one side, hammering it in me I was Quality-born, and Grandfather Darracott here looking at me as if I was a porriwiggle, I don't know what I am!"

She went into a peal of laughter. "Oh, what is it? Porriwiggle?"

He grinned. "It's what we call a tadpole."

"That made her laugh more than ever. She said, wiping her eyes: 'No, I don't think anyone would like you to a tadpole, cousin! Tell me about the girl you are going to marry! Is she pretty?'"

"I don't know if you'd say she was pretty. She — she has golden hair and blue eyes, with long lashes that curl. She has a straight little nose, and a mouth like a bow, and — and a complexion like strawberries and cream!" replied Hugo rhapsodically.

"I should say she was a beauty!" Anthea said, taken aback. "I think you should lose no time in posting north — though it is probably too late already."

"I'm not afraid of that. I forgot to tell you that she's not one to break her promise."

She eyed him suspiciously. "What is her name?"

"Amelia," responded Hugo, adding after a reflective moment, "Melkinthorpe."

Anthea rose. "Well, I wish you very happy. Meanwhile we haven't yet looked at the ancestors. We must do so, you know, for Grandpapa is quite likely to ask you searching questions about them. Chiefly you must study the Van Dyck: here it is! Ralph Darracott, who was killed at Naseby; his wife, Penelope."

"His son was extremely virtuous, as you may see for yourself. He was succeeded by his nephew, Ralph II."

"I daresay you may have been thinking that your ancestors were rather commonplace, but Ralph II, I assure you, made quite a noise in the world."

"He would," said Hugo, regarding Ralph with disfavor.

"Yes, he was a beau of the first stare. His waistcoats were copied by all the smart of his day; he had fought three duels, and killed his man, before he was five-and-twenty; and he is generally supposed to have murdered his first wife, either by throwing her out of the window or by driving her to throw herself out of the window. Her ghost walks, you know."

"What, here?"

Anthea laughed. "No, don't be alarmed! This stirring event took place before Ralph became Lord Darracott. When he came into the country, which was seldom, he resided at the Dower House. He is said to have incarcerated his wife there and to have ridden all the way from London one stormy night and murdered her."

"Then he galloped away again, and shortly afterwards married his second wife. There can really be no doubt of the truth of this legend, for the sound of his horse's hoofs are frequently heard in the dead of the night. He came to a violent end, like so many of our illustrious family."

"But here, cousin, we have my grandfather, surrounded by his progeny, his wife, and two dogs."

Hugo dutifully gazed upon this conversation piece, but made no comment.

His eye was attracted by a

To page 68

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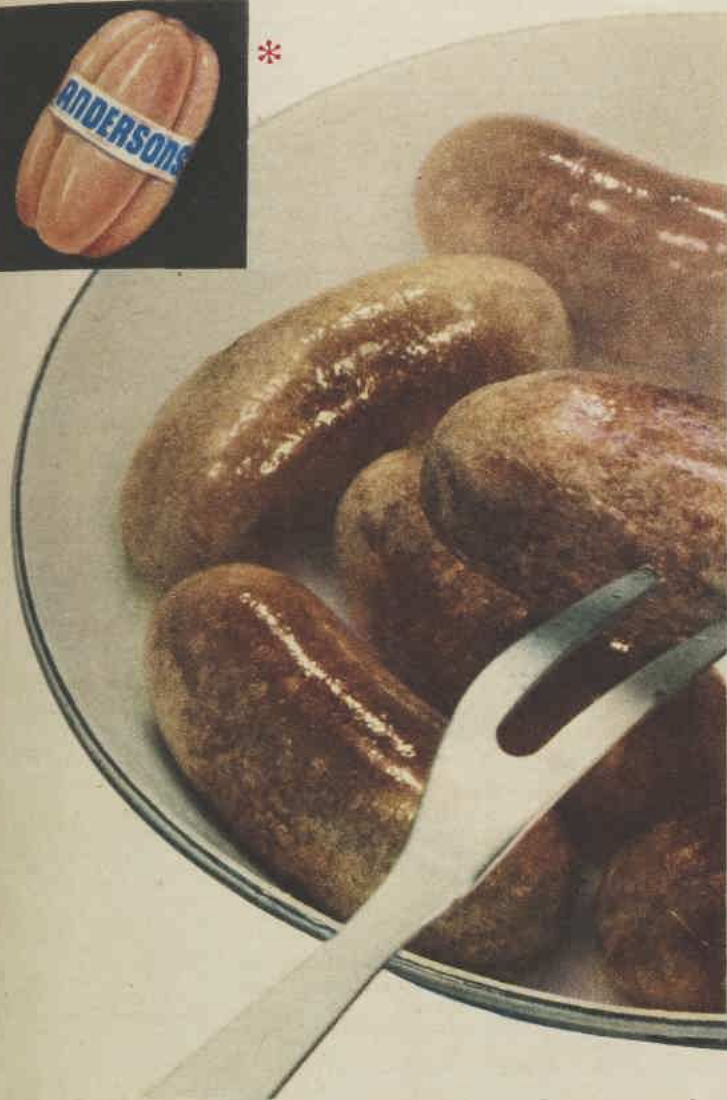


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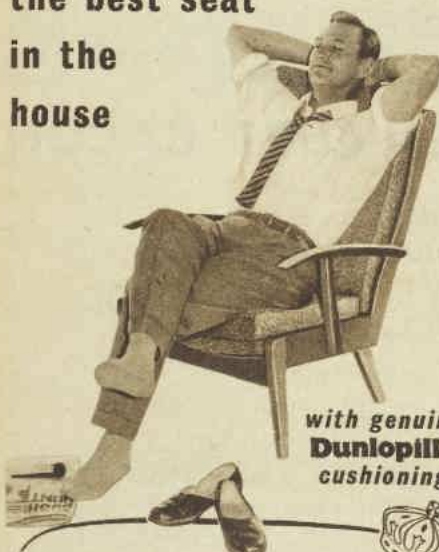


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Continuing... THE BLUE LENSES

from page 23

It had been Nurse Ansel who had said that Marda West needed care during convalescence, the suggestion had come after Jim had spent the evening laughing and joking, and his wife had listened, her eyes bandaged, happy to hear him.

Now, watching the smooth snake whose adder's V was hidden beneath the nurse's cap, she knew why Nurse Ansel wanted to return with her, and she knew, too, why Jim had not opposed it, why in fact he had accepted the plan at once, had declared it a good one. The vulture opened its blood-stained beak.

"Don't say you two have fallen out?"

"Impossible." The snake twisted its neck, looked sideways at the vulture, and added, "Mrs. West is just a little bit tired tonight. She's had a trying day. Haven't you, dear?"

How best to answer? Neither must know. Neither the vulture, nor the snake, nor any of the hooded beasts surrounding her and closing in must ever guess, must ever know.

"I'm all right," she said. "A bit mixed up. As Nurse Ansel says, I'll be better in the morning."

The two communicated in silence, sympathy between them. That, she realised now, was the most frightening thing of all. Animals, birds, and reptiles had no need to speak. They moved, they looked, they knew what they were about. They would not destroy her though. She had, for all her bewildered terror, the will to live.

"I won't bother you," said the vulture, "with these documents tonight. There's no violent hurry, anyway. You can sign them at home."

"What documents?" If she kept her eyes averted, she need not see the vulture's head. The voice was Jim's, steady and reassuring.

"The trust-fund papers Forbes and Millwall gave me. They suggested I should become a co-director of the fund."

The words struck a chord, a thread of memory belonging to the weeks before her operation. Something to do with her eyes. If the operation was not successful she would have difficulty in signing her name.

"What for?" she asked, her voice unsteady. "After all, it is my money."

He laughed. And turning to the snake, she saw the beak open. It gaped, like a trap, and then it closed again.

"Of course it is," he said. "That's not the point. The point is that I should be able to sign for you, if you should be ill, or away."

Marda West looked at the snake, and the snake, aware, shrank into its collar and slid towards the door. "Don't stay too long, Mr. West," murmured Nurse Ansel. "Our patient must have a real rest tonight."

She glided from the room and Marda West was left alone with her husband. With the vulture.

"I don't propose to go away," she said, "or to be ill."

"Probably not, but that's neither here nor there. These fellows always ask for safeguards. Anyway, I won't bore you with it now."

Could it be that the voice was overcausal? That the hand, stuffing the document into the pocket of the greatcoat, was a claw? This was a possibility, a horror perhaps to come. The bodies changing, too. Hands and feet becoming wings, claws, hoofs, paws, with no touch of humanity left to the people about her.

The last thing to go would be the human voice. When the human voice went, there would be no hope. The jungle would take over. Multitudinous sounds and screams coming from a hundred throats.

"Did you really mean that," Jim asked, "about Nurse Ansel?"

Calmly she watched the vulture pare his nails. He carried a file in his pocket. She had never thought about it before; it was part of Jim like his fountain pen, his pipe. Yet now there was reasoning behind it. A vulture needed sharp claws for tearing its victim.

"I don't know," she said. "It

ing, when he telephoned. You'll have the other lenses then, the ones that show color."

The ones that would show the bodies, too. That was the explanation. The blue lenses showed only the heads. They were the first test. Greaves, the surgeon, was in this, too, very naturally. He had a high place in the conspiracy. Perhaps he had been bribed.

Who was it, she tried to remember, who had suggested the operation in the first place? Was it the family doctor, after



"I don't mind telling you—it gets pretty lonesome driving all the way out here alone from Portland, Maine."

seemed to me rather silly to go home with a nurse, now that I can see again."

He did not answer at once. The head sank deeper between the shoulders. His dark city suit was like the humped feathers of a large brooding bird. "I think she's a treasure," he said, "and you're bound to feel groggy at first, I vote we stick to the plan. After all, if it doesn't work, we can always send her away."

"Perhaps," said his wife.

She was trying to think if there was anyone left whom she could trust. Her family was scattered. A married brother in South Africa. There were friends in London, no one with whom she was intimate. Not to this extent. No one to whom she could say that her nurse had turned into a snake, her husband into a vulture.

a chat with Jim? Did they not both come to her together and say that this was the only chance to save her eyes? The plot must lie deep in the past, extend right back through the months, perhaps the years.

But in heaven's name for what purpose? She sought wildly in her memory to try to recall a look or sign or word which would give her some insight into this dreadful plot, this conspiracy against her person or her sanity.

"You look pretty peaky," Jim said suddenly. "Shall I call Nurse Ansel?"

"No!" It came from her almost a cry.

"I think I'd better go. She said not to stay long."

He got up from the chair, a heavy, hooded figure, and she closed her eyes as he came to kiss her good-night. "Sleep well, my poor pet, and take it easy." In spite of her fear she felt herself clutching his hand. "What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing."

The well-remembered kiss would have restored her, but not the stab of the vulture's beak, the thrusting bloodstained beak. When he had gone she began to moan, turning her head upon the pillow.

"What am I to do?" she said. "What am I to do?"

The door opened again, and she put her hand to her mouth. They must not hear her cry. She pulled herself together with tremendous effort.

"How are you feeling, Mrs. West?"

The snake stood at the bottom of the bed, and by her side the house physician. She had always liked him, a young pleasant man, and although like

the others he had an animal's head, it did not frighten her. It was a dog's head, an Aberdeen's, and the brown eyes seemed to quiz her. Long ago, as a child, she had owned an Aberdeen.

"Could I speak to you alone?" she asked.

"Of course. Do you mind, nurse?" He jerked his head at the door, and she had gone.

Marda West sat up in bed and clasped her hands. "You'll think me very foolish," she began, "but it's the lenses. I can't get used to them."

He came over, the trustworthy Aberdeen head cocked in sympathy.

"I'm sorry about that," he said. "They don't hurt you, do they?"

"No," she said, "no, I can't feel them. It's just that they make everyone look strange."

"They're bound to do that, you know. They don't show color." His voice was cheerful, friendly. "It comes as a bit of a shock when you've worn bandages so long," he said, "and you mustn't forget that you were pulled about quite a bit. The nerves behind the eyes are still very tender."

"Yes," she said. His voice, even his head, gave her confidence. "Have you known people who've had this operation before?"

"Yes, scores of them. In a couple of days you'll be as right as rain."

He patted her on the shoulder. Such a kindly dog. Such a sporting, cheerful dog, like the long-dead Angus.

"I'll tell you another thing," he continued. "Your sight may be better after this than it's ever been before. You'll actually see more clearly in every way. One patient told me that it was as though she had been wearing spectacles all her life, and then, because of the operation, she realised she saw all her friends and her family as they really were."

"As they really were?" She repeated his words after him.

"Exactly. Her sight had always been poor, you see. She had thought her husband's hair was brown, but in reality it was red, bright red. A bit of a shock, at first. But she was delighted."

The Aberdeen moved from the bed, patted the stethoscope on his jacket, and nodded his head. "Doctor Greaves did a wonderful job on you, I can promise you that," he said. "He was able to strengthen a nerve he thought had perished. You've never had the use of it before, it wasn't functioning. So who knows, Mrs. West, you may have made medical history. Anyway, sleep well, and the best of luck. See you in the morning. Good night."

He trotted from the room. She heard him call good night to Nurse Ansel as he went down the corridor.

The comforting words had turned to gall. In one sense they were a relief, because his explanation seemed to suggest there was no plot against her. Instead, like the woman patient before her with the deepened sense of color, she had been given vision. She used the words he used himself. Marda West could see people as they really were. And those whom she had loved and trusted most were in truth a vulture and a snake.

The door opened, and Nurse Ansel, with the sedative, entered the room.

"Ready to settle down, Mrs. West?" she asked.

"Yes, thank you."

There might be no conspiracy, but even so all trust, all faith were over.

"Leave it with a glass of water. I'll take it later."

She watched the snake put the glass on the bedside table. She watched her tuck in the sheet. Then the twisting neck peered closer, saw the nail

To page 61

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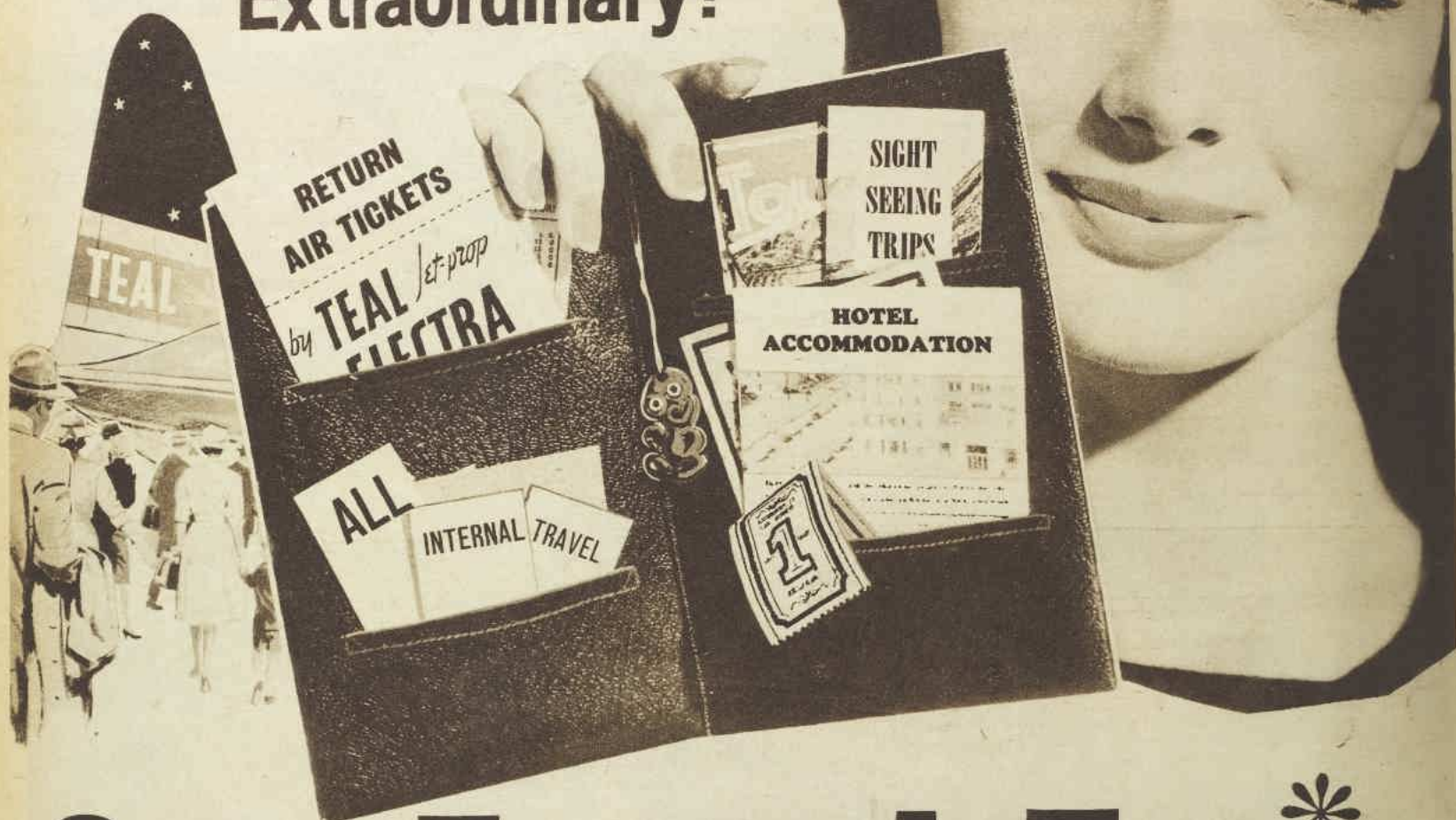
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 8, 1960

Continuing . . .

THE BLUE LENSES

from page 58

scissors half hidden beneath the pillow.

"What have you got there?" The tongue darted, and with drew. The hand stretched out for the scissors. "You might have cut yourself. I'll put them away, shall I, for safety sake?"

Her one weapon was pocketed, not replaced on the dressing-table. The very way Nurse Ansel slipped the scissors into her pocket suggested that she knew of Marda West's suspicions. She wanted to leave her defenceless.

"Now, remember to ring your bell if you want anything. I'll remember."

The voice that had once seemed tender was oversmooth and false. How deceptive are ears, thought Marda West, what traitors to truth. And for the first time she became aware of her own new latent power, the power to tell truth from falsehood, to tell good from evil.

"Good night, Mrs. West."

"Good night."

Lying awake, her bedside clock ticking, the accustomed traffic sounds coming from the street outside, Marda West decided upon her plan.

She waited until eleven o'clock, an hour past the time when she knew all the patients were settled and asleep. Then she switched out her light. This would deceive the snake, should she come to peep at her through the window slide in the door. The snake would believe that she slept. Marda West crept out of bed.

She took her clothes from the wardrobe, and began to dress. She put on her coat and shoes, and tied a scarf over her head. When she was ready she went to the door and softly turned the handle. All was quiet in the corridor. She stood there, motionless. Then she took one step across the threshold, and looked to the left, where the nurse on duty sat.

It was a snake there. The snake was sitting crouched over a book. The light from the ceiling shone upon her head, and there could be no mistake. There were the trim uniform, the white starched front, the stiff collar, but rising from the collar the twisting neck of the snake, the long, flat, evil head.

Marda West waited. She was prepared to wait for hours. Presently the sound she hoped for came. The bell from a patient. The snake lifted its head from the book, checked the red light on the wall. Then, slipping on her cuffs, she glided down the corridor to the patient's room. She knocked and entered. Directly she had disappeared Marda West left her own room, and went to the head of the staircase. There was no sound. She listened carefully, and then crept downstairs. There were three flights, four floors, but the stairway itself was not visible from the cubbyhole where the night nurses sat on duty.

Luck was with her. Down in the main hall the lights were not so bright. She waited at the bottom of the stairway until she was certain of not being observed.

She could see the night porter's back — his head was not visible, for he was bent over his desk — but when it straightened she noticed the broad fish face. She shrugged her shoulders. She had not dared all this way to be frightened by a fish. Boldly, she walked through the hall. The fish was staring at her.

"Do you want anything, madam?" he said.

He was as stupid as she expected. She shook her head.

"I'm going out, good night."

she said, and she walked straight past him, and out of the swing door, and down the steps into the street. She turned swiftly to the left, and seeing a taxi at the farther end she called and raised her hand. The taxi slowed, and waited.

When she came to the door she saw that the driver had the squat black face of an ape. The ape grinned. Some instinct warned her not to take the taxi. "I'm sorry," she said, "I made a mistake."

The grin vanished from the face of the ape.

"Make up your mind, lady," he shouted, and he let in his clutch and swerved away.

Marda West continued walking down the street. She turned right, and left, and right again, and in the distance she saw the lights of Oxford Street. She began to hurry. The friendly traffic drew her like a magnet; the distant lights, the distant men and women. When she came to Oxford Street she paused, wondering, of a sudden, where she should go, whom she could ask for refuge.

And it came to her once again that there was no one, no one at all, because the couple passing her now, a toad's head on a short black body clutching a panther's arm, could give her protection, and the policeman standing at the corner was a baboon, the woman talking to him a little pinked-up pig.

No one was human, no one was safe. The man a pace or two behind her was like Jim, another vulture. There were vultures on the pavement opposite. Coming towards her, laughing, was a jackal.

She turned and ran. She ran, bumping into them, jackals, hyenas, vultures, dogs, the world was theirs, there was no human left. Seeing her run they turned and looked at her, they pointed, they screamed and yapped, they gave chase, their footstems followed her. Down Oxford Street she ran, the night all darkness and shadows, the light no longer with her, alone, in an animal world.

"Lie quite still, Mrs. West, just a little prick, I'm not going to hurt you."

She recognised the voice of Dr. Greaves, the surgeon, and dimly she told herself they had got hold of her again, she was back at the nursing home, and it did not matter now, she might as well be there as anywhere else: at least in the nursing home the animal heads were known.

They had replaced the bandages over her eyes, and for this she was thankful.

Such blessed darkness. The evil of the night hidden.

"Now, Mrs. West, I think your troubles are over. No pain and no confusion with these lenses. The world's in color again."

The bandages were being lightened after all. Layer after layer removed. And suddenly everything was clear, was day, and the face of Dr. Greaves smiled down at her. At his side a rounded, cheerful nurse.

"Where are your masks?" asked the patient.

"We didn't need masks for this little job," said the surgeon. "We were only taking out the temporary lenses. That's better, isn't it?"

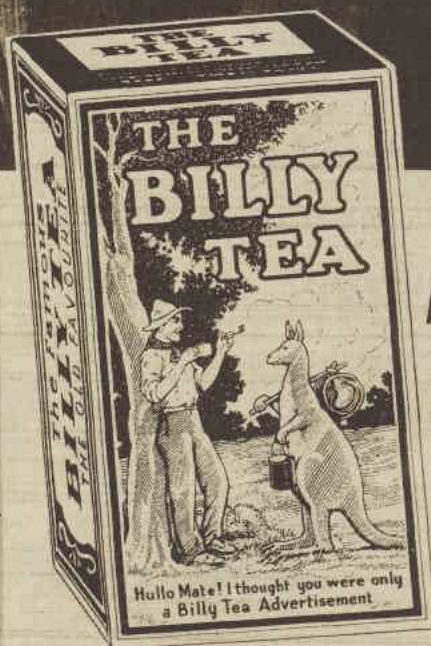
She let her eyes drift around the room. She was back again all right. This was the shape: there were the wardrobe, the dressing-table, the vases of flowers. All in natural colors, no longer veiled. But they could not fob her off with stories of a dream. The head scarf

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 8, 1960

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she had put around her head before slipping away in the night lay on the chair.

"Something happened to me, didn't it?" she said. "I tried to get away." The nurse glanced at the surgeon. He nodded his head.

"Yes," he said. "You did. And frankly, I don't blame you. I blame myself. Those lenses I inserted yesterday were pressing upon a tiny nerve, and the pressure threw out your balance. That's all over now." His smile was reassuring. And the large warm eyes of Nurse Brand—it surely must be Nurse Brand—gazed down at her in sympathy.

"It was very terrible," said the patient. "I can never explain how terrible."

"Don't try," said Dr. Greaves. "I can promise you it won't happen again."

The door opened, and the young physician entered. He, too, was smiling. "Patient fully restored?" he asked.

"I think so," said the surgeon. "What about it, Mrs. West?"

Continuing . . . THE BLUE LENSES

from page 61

Marda West stared gravely at the three of them — Dr. Greaves, the house physician, and Nurse Brand — and she wondered what palpitating wounded tissue could so transform three individuals into counterparts of an animal kingdom, what cell linking muscle to imagination.

"I thought you were dogs," she said. "I thought you were a hunt terrier, Dr. Greaves, and that you were an Aberdeen."

The house physician touched his stethoscope and laughed.

"But I am," he said. "It's my native town. Your judgment was not wholly out, Mrs. West. I congratulate you."

Marda West did not join in the laugh.

"That's all right for you," she said. "Other people were not so pleasant." She turned to Nurse Brand. "I thought you were a cow," she said, "a

kind cow. But you had sharp horns."

This time it was Dr. Greaves who took up the laugh. "There you are, nurse," he said, "just what I've often told you. Time they put you out to grass and to eat the daisies."

Nurse Brand took it in good part. She straightened the patient's pillows, her smile was benign. "We get called some funny things from time to time," she said; "that's all part of our job."

The doctors were moving towards the door, still laughing, and Marda West, sensing the normal atmosphere, the absence of all strain, said "Who found me then, what happened, who brought me back?"

Dr. Greaves glanced back at her from the door. "You didn't get very far, Mrs. West, and a very good job for you, or you mightn't be here now. The porter followed you."

"It's all finished with now," said the house physician, "and the episode lasted five minutes. You were safely in your bed before any harm was done, and I was here. So that was that. The person who really had the full shock was poor Nurse Ansel when she found you weren't in your bed."

Nurse Ansel . . . The revulsion of the night before was not so easily forgotten. "Don't say our little starlet was an animal, too?" smiled the house doctor.

Marda West felt herself color. Lies would have to begin. "No," she said quickly. "No, of course not."

"Nurse Ansel is here now," said Nurse Brand. "She was so upset when she went off duty that she wouldn't go back to the hostel to sleep. Would you care to have a word with her?"

APPREHENSION seized the patient. What had she said to Nurse Ansel in the panic and fever of the night? Before she could answer the house doctor opened the door and called down the passage.

"Mrs. West wants to say good morning to you," he said. He was smiling all over his face. Dr. Greaves waved his hand and was gone. Nurse Brand went after him, and the house doctor, saluting with his stethoscope and making a mock bow, stepped back against the wall to admit Nurse Ansel. Marda West stared, then tremulously began to smile, and held out her hand.

"I'm sorry," she said, "you must forgive me."

How could she have seen Nurse Ansel as a snake! The hazel eyes, the clear olive skin, the dark hair trim under the frilled cap. And that smile, that slow, understanding smile.

"Forgive you, Mrs. West?" said Nurse Ansel. "What have I to forgive you for? You've been through a terrible ordeal."

Patient and nurse held hands. They smiled at each other. And oh, heaven, thought Marda West, the relief, the thankfulness, the load of doubt and despair that was swept away with the new-found sight and knowledge.

"I still don't understand what happened," she said, clinging to the nurse. "Dr. Greaves tried to explain. Something about a nerve."

Nurse Ansel made a face towards the door. "He doesn't know himself," she whispered, "and he's not going to say, either, or he'll find himself in trouble. He fixed those lenses too deep, that's all. Too near a nerve. I wonder it didn't kill you."

She looked down at her patient. She smiled with her eyes. She was so pretty, so gentle. "Don't think about it," Nurse Ansel said. "You're going to be happy from now on. Promise me?"

"I promise," said Marda West.

The telephone rang, and Nurse Ansel let go her patient's hand and reached for the receiver. "You know who this is going to be," she said, "your poor husband." She gave the receiver to Marda West.

"Jim—Jim, is that you?"

The loved voice sounding so anxious at the other end. "Are you all right?" he said. "I've been through to matron twice, she said she would let me know. What has been happening?"

Marda West smiled, and handed the receiver to the nurse.

"You tell him," she said.

Nurse Ansel held the receiver to her ear. The skin of her hand was olive smooth, the nails gleaming with a soft pink polish.

"Is that you, Mr. West?" she said. "Our patient gave us a fright, didn't she?" She smiled and nodded at the woman in the bed. "Well, you don't have to worry any more. Dr. Greaves changed the lenses, they were pressing on a nerve, and everything is now all right. She can see perfectly. Yes, Dr. Greaves said that we could come home tomorrow."

The endearing voice blended to the soft coloring, the hazel eyes. Marda West reached once more for the receiver. "Jim, I had a hideous night," she said. "I'm only just beginning to understand it now. A nerve in the brain."

"So I gather," he said. "How damnable. Thank heavens they traced it. That fellow Greaves can't have known his job."

"It can't happen again," she said. "Now the proper lenses are in, it can't happen again."

"It had better not," he said, "or I'll sue him. How are you feeling in yourself?"

"Wonderful," she said, "bewildered, but wonderful."

"Good girl," he said. "Don't excite yourself. I'll be along later." His voice went. Marda West gave the receiver to Nurse Ansel, who replaced it on the stand.

"Did Dr. Greaves really say I could go home tomorrow?" she asked.

"Yes, if you're good," Nurse Ansel smiled and patted her patient's hand. "Are you sure you still want me to come with you?" she asked.

"Why, yes," said Marda West. "Why, it's all arranged."

She sat up in bed, and the sun came streaming through the window, throwing light on to the roses, the lilies, the tall-stemmed iris. The hum of traffic outside was close and friendly.

She thought of her garden waiting for her at home, and her own bedroom, her own possessions, the day-by-day routine of home to be taken up again with sight restored. The anxiety and fear of the past months put away forever.

"The most precious thing in the world," she said to Nurse Ansel, "is sight. I know now. I know what I might have lost."

Nurse Ansel, hands clasped in front of her, nodded her head in sympathy. "You've got your sight back," she said, "that's the miracle. You won't ever lose it now." She moved to the door. "I'll slip back to the hostel and get some rest," she said. "Now I know everything is well with you I'll be able to sleep. Is there anything you want before I go?"

"Give me my face cream and my powder," said the patient,

"and the lipstick and the brush and comb."

Nurse Ansel fetched the things from the dressing-table, and put them within reach upon the bed. She brought the hand-mirror, too, and the bottle of scent, and with a little smile of intimacy sniffed at the stopper. "Gorgeous," she murmured. "This is what Mr. West gave you, isn't it?"

Already, thought Marda West, Nurse Ansel fitted in. She saw herself putting flowers in the small guest-room, choosing the right books, fitting a portable wireless in case Nurse Ansel should be bored in the evenings.

"I'll be with you at eight o'clock."

The familiar words, said every morning now for so many days and weeks, sounded in her ear like a melody, loved through repetition. At last they were joined to the individual, the person who smiled, the one whose eyes promised friendship and loyalty.

"See you this evening."

The door closed. Nurse Ansel had gone. The routine of the nursing home, broken by the fever of the night before, resumed its usual pattern. Instead of darkness, light. Instead of negation, life. Marda West took the stopper from the scent bottle, and put it behind her ears. The fragrance filtered, becoming part of the warm, bright day. She lifted the hand-mirror and looked into it.

Nothing changed in the room, the street noises penetrated from outside, and presently the little maid, who had seemed a weasel yesterday, came in to dust the room. She said "Good morning," but the patient did not answer. Perhaps she was tired. The maid dusted and went her way. Then Marda West took up the mirror and looked into it once more. No, she had not been mistaken. The eyes that stared back at her were doe's eyes, wary before sacrifice, and the timid deer's head was meek, already bowed.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 8, 1960

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 8, 1960

ISLAND SLAPSTICK



RELUCTANT DRAFTEE Dick Shawn (right), who thought up the zany luxury-hotel idea, takes tea with the Mayor of Shima (Rollin Moriyama), his daughter, Nobu McCarthy, and fellow draftee Jack Warden.

Entertainment

★ In the Twentieth Century-Fox comedy "Wake Me When It's Over," hilarious events follow when bored U.S. Air Force personnel build and operate a luxury, beauty-staffed hotel on the lonely Japanese island of Shima where they are stationed.



SHARED ENTHUSIASM for the gigantic operation to make Shima a tourist paradise sparks off romance between Flight Nurse Margot Moore and the base commander, Ernie Kovacs, known as "the wildest man in the U.S. Air Force."

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CG21 142

New Films

Reviewed by Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★★ L'L ABNER

Musical, with Peter Palmer, Leslie Parrish, Stubby Kaye, Billie Hayes. In color. Prince Edward, Sydney.

CATCHY songs, spirited dances, and snappy dialogue bring cartoonist Al Capp's wacky Dogpatchers to life in this screen version of his popular American comic strip.

With the stazy sets, flamboyant in color, creating a theatrical atmosphere, these quaint hillbillies — livin', lovin', and courtin' — are, for the most part, re-creating Broadway hit roles.

But, although nonsensically imaginative, Capp's Dogpatchdom's plot is laced with topical satire.

Labelled the most "useless" part of America, Washington selects Dogpatch for a rocket base. And, to prevent evacuation, L'l Abner's community must produce something "necessary." Yokumberry juice — a guaranteed body-beautiful builder for scruffy men — does the trick but causes local confusion.

For strip-followers, Daisy-Mae (Leslie Parrish) isn't Daisy. But what she lacks in strip-Daisy determination she compensates with dewy-eyed persistence.

All other characters are convincingly Cappish. Peter Palmer, the handsome, vacant Abner, and Al Nesor, the beaked-nosed, sly Evil Eye Fleagle, are well cast.

As Earthquake McGoon, Daisy's hapless ruffian suitor, Bern Hoffman makes you shudder, and Stupefying Jones (Julie Newmar) — a well-stacked six-footer — slays.

But the strongest characters are Marryin' Sam (Stubby Kaye) and Mammy Yokum (Billie Hayes). The rotund comedian of "Guys and Dolls" fame, Kaye's sparkling personality, combined with Billie's pixie-like owliness, gives the film weight.

Highlights of the show are its dance sequences. Most routines are whirlwind, high-stepping numbers executed in perfect timing. But "The Sadie Hawkins Baller" is a study in rhythmic expression.

Able backed by the exuberant supporting cast, this fast-tempoed "musical" maintains a consistently high standard to the finale.

In a word... SPIRITED.

WEALTHY Fred May, Lana

Turner's boy-friend, recently left for a European vacation alone. This surprised friends, who have been expecting them to marry for some time now. But Lana's chief interest is in her daughter Cheryl's emotional adjustment, and is agitating for her release from the State school for girls.

★★ UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS

Comedy, with Michael Craig, Anne Heywood, Mylene Demongeot, James Robertson Justice. Lyceum, Sydney. In color.

THIS fast-moving comedy of a young couple's staff problems is delightfully polished and loaded with needle-sharp dialogue.

Although Michael Craig makes a gracefully harassed husband, Anne Heywood a charmingly put-out wife, and beautiful Mylene Demongeot is explosive, puckish, and oozing sex-appeal, the character players provide the basic fun.

The film would fall flat without them. Joan Hickson's performance as the delightfully prissy maid given to occasional indulgence—which wrecks an important dinner-party—is magnificent.

And, similarly, the roles of Joan Sims — the twittering, naive Welsh nanny who causes havoc on a London-bound train — and the sweet, elderly couple who turn out to be "old-school" bank robbers are gems.

Occasional appearances from Sidney James, the local copper on his beat, make useful staff gap-fillers. James Robertson Justice is a polished yet inquisitive father-in-law.

In a word... AMUSING.

★ TEN SECONDS TO HELL

Drama, with Jeff Chandler, Jack Palance, Martine Carol. Esquire, Sydney.

A THRILLER with a few thrills, this stark film set in bombed-out Berlin relies on the one element it lacks—tension.

The plot, developed as a character-study of two men under great strain, is in itself a potential winner. But, through weak handling of its major roles, suspense is lost. What could have been a "nail-chewing" job is unconvincing.

Members of an unexploded bomb demolition team, cool, cynical Jeff Chandler and his nervous rival, Jack Palance, draw up a wager on their life expectancy. Their rivalry turns to hatred through a mutual love for seductive landlady Martine Carol.

The action is focused on a series of attempts to defuse bombs, each one bigger and more dangerous than the last, with every bolt removed in measured detail.

But Chandler and Palance, in overacting their parts, convince you the bombs are merely "duds."

In a word... MISSED.



IDYLLICALLY happy after nine years of marriage to her business-manager husband, Marty Melcher, Doris Day has proved that a Hollywood star does not need scandal-publicity to remain popular.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 8, 1960



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kit-kat hanging beside it, and he exclaimed: "That's good!"

"Richmond? Yes, it's very like," she agreed. "Mr. Lonsdale painted it a year ago."

He stood looking up at the portrait. "Eh, he's a handsome lad!" he remarked. "Full of gig, too. What does the old gentleman mean to do with him?"

"I don't know."

He glanced down at her, and saw that the amusement had faded from her face. "Seemingly, the lad's Army-mad?"

"My grandfather will never permit him to join, however."

"That's a pity. I never knew any good to come of setting a lad's nose to the wrong grindstone."

"Oh, that won't happen, either!" she answered. "The likelihood is that he will be kept kicking his heels here. My grandfather dotes on him, you see."

"Nay, if he dotes on him, he'll let him have his way!"

"How little you know Grandpapa! Do you wish to look at any more portraits, or have you had your fill?"

"I've had my fill, and I'm reet grateful to you," Hugo said.

"I'll take you down the old stairway," she said, moving towards the door at the end of the gallery. "This end of the house is not used nowadays, but you might care to see it. It's the original house, but when the third Granville Darracott started building he added so much that the earlier part became nothing more than a wing. Take care how you tread on these stairs!"

He came down cautiously behind her, but paused on the half-landing to look about him, at dampstained walls, dry wood, and crumbling plaster. "It'll take some brass to put this in order!" he remarked.

"Money? Oh, it would cost a fortune, if it could be done at all! I daresay no one would think it worth it, for none of the rooms are handsome, and most of the panelling is sadly worm-eaten. It has been going to rack for nearly a hundred years."

When they reached the main hall of the house again their arrival coincided with that of Vincent and Richmond, who had just come in from the stables. Richmond was looking pleased, for although he had had to endure some stringent criticisms on his handling of the ribbons his Corinthian cousin had said that at least he had good, light hands. Vincent, wearing a blue bird's-eye neckcloth, and a coat with shoulder-capes, past counting, rarely looked pleased, and just now looked bored. He was quite fond of Richmond, but teaching a stripling how to drive a team in style was wearisome.

"How did you acquit yourself?" Anthea asked her brother. "Was your teacher odious or kind?"

"Oh, odious!" replied Richmond, laughing.

Vincent put up his glass, and levelled it at the hem of Anthea's dress. "It seems unlikely," he said, "but one might almost be led to infer that you had been sweeping the carpets, dear Anthea, or even clearing ash out of the grates."

She looked down and gave an exclamation of annoyance. "How vexatious! I have been

Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

from page 56

showing the East Wing to our cousin here, and the floors are filthy."

"The East Wing?" said Richmond. "What the devil for?"

"Oh, Grandpapa desired me to take him to the picture-gallery, and when we had reached the end of it I thought it a good opportunity to show him the original part of the house. He certainly ought to see it, but I'm sorry I did take him there now, for I must change my dress again."

"You don't mean to say you dragged poor Cousin Hugo all over that tumbledown barrack?"

"No, of course not. I let him see the parlors, that's all—and quite enough to bring on a fit of the dysmals, wasn't it?"

"Well, it's melancholy to see the place falling into ruin," Hugo admitted. "Still, I'd like to go all over it one day."

"You had better not," Richmond advised him. "The last time I went to rummage among the lumber for something I wanted I nearly put my leg through a rotten floor-board in one of the attics. At all events, don't venture without me!"

"Why this desire to inspect a ruin?" inquired Vincent. "Pride of prospective possession, or do you perhaps mean to restore it, in due course?"

"Nay, I don't know," Hugo said vaguely.

"Obviously you don't. The cost of restoring it would very soon run you off your legs."

"Happen you're reet," said Hugo amiably. "It's early days to be making plans."

"Just so!" said Vincent with so much meaning in his voice, but was prevented from further speech by an interruption.

Claud, hearing voices in the hall, came out of one of the saloons, and, addressing himself to Hugo, said severely: "Been looking for you all over!"

"What's amiss?" Hugo asked.

"Just what I expected!" said Claud. "Didn't I tell you the odds were my grandfather would blame me if you was to vex him? Dash it if he hasn't told me he shall hold me responsible for you!"

"Ee, that's bad!" said Hugo. "If I were you, I'd make off back to London as fast as ever I could."

CLAUD looked a little doubtful. "Well, I could do that," he admitted. "At least—No, it wouldn't fadge. There's another thing, too."

He paused, and it was evident from his darkling brow that he was brooding over a serious affront. His brother, halfway up the stairs, stood looking down at him contemptuously. "Don't keep us in suspense!" he begged. "What inducement has been held out to you?"

"He didn't hold out any inducement. No inducement he could hold out. I don't have to hang on to my grandfather's sleeve!" He perceived that Vincent had turned, and was about to descend the stairs again, and temporised. "Well, what I mean is I haven't yet! No saying when I might have to, of course."

"Fighting shy, brother?" said Vincent.

"I'm not fighting at all," replied Claud frankly. "I don't say I wouldn't like to see someone plant you a facer, because I would, but I don't care for boxing myself, never did! Besides, I'm not up to your weight."

"Remember that, and don't crow so loudly, little dunghill-cock!" said Vincent, resuming his progress upstairs.

"One of these days," said Claud as soon as Vincent was

out of earshot, "somebody will do Vincent a mischief!"

"Gammon!" retorted Richmond. "It was you who stirred the coals, not Vincent! Cutting at him like that!"

"Well, I've been vexed to death!" said Claud. "I don't mind it when my grandfather comes the ugly. I don't mind his cursing me. I don't mind it when he says I've got no brains. I don't mind his calling me a fribble, or a popinjay, or a Bartholomew baby. But when he tells me I look like a demi-beau—a demi-beau!"

"Claud!" breathed Anthea, deeply shocked. "He did not say that?"

"Oh, yes, he did! To my face! Said he didn't want Hugh tricked out to look like me, too. Said I could mend Hugh's speech, but he wouldn't

FROM THE BIBLE

• "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."
— Matthew 14.27.

Tossed in a little boat on the stormy sea, some of the disciples saw a figure walking on the water. They were afraid and without hope until they recognised through the darkness that it was the Lord. He bade them take courage. "There is nothing to fear, I am with you," He called to them.

have me teaching him to look like a counter-coxcomb! That to me! He must be queer in his attic!"

"Depend upon it, that's it!" she said. "If I were you, I wouldn't stay another day where you have been so insulted."

"Well, I am going to stay!" replied Claud. "I'll make him eat it, dashed if I won't! He wants Hugo to model himself on Vincent. A nice cake Hugo would make of himself if he started aping the Corinthian set!"

"I would and all," said Hugo, who was listening to this with his shoulders propped against the wall, his arms folded across his great chest, and an appreciative grin on his face.

"Of course, you would! You can't wear a Bird's Eye Wipe, and fifteen capes, and a Bit-of-Blood hat unless you're a top-sawyer, and you ain't! Told us you weren't! What's more, you couldn't wear a coat like that one of Vincent's even if you were, because you're a dashed sight too big already. You put yourself in my hands! I'll turn you out in new trim—show you the proper mode—all in print—no finery, but up to the nines!"

Hugo shook his head. "Nay," he said mournfully, "you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, lad."

"Dashed if I don't have a touch at it! Yes, and don't say nay, or call me lad!"

"Nay then," said Hugo, opening his innocent eyes wide.

If the Major nursed a hope that his elegant cousin's determination to give him a new touch would not survive his wrath, he was soon obliged to abandon it. A crusading spirit had entered Claud's bosom, and before the day was out he had succeeded in cornering the Major, whom he found writing a letter in one of the smaller saloons. He had given much thought to a difficult problem, and he had decided that the first step must be a bolt to the village, where he

would himself superintend the choice of hats, boots, gloves, knee-smalls, neckcloths, waistcoats, and shirts; and summon his own tailor to bring his pattern-card to his lodging in Duke Street. Gathering from this that a bolt to the village signified a visit to the Metropolis, the Major declined the treat. He was of the opinion that Lord Darracott would cut up extremely stiff if such a plan were even mooted.

"Thought of that, too," countered Claud. "Say you have the toothache! I'll offer to drive to London with you, and take you to a good tooth-drawer. No need to tell the old gentleman I'm going to rig you out in style."

The Major said that he thought his lordship was too shrewd to be bamboozled; and Claud made the disheartening discovery that his pupil was as obstinate as he was amiable, and so wordheaded that although he listened to what was said to him he seemed to be incapable of taking it in.

"Cast your ogle over me!" Claud adjured him. "Don't want to boast, but I assure you this rig of mine is precise to a pin!"

"Ay, you're as fine as five-pence," said Hugo.

"Well, I flatter myself this coat is an excellent hit. I don't say it would do for you, because you haven't the figure for it. Not but what you could wear a Cumberland corset, you know. Just to nip you in at the waist!"

"I'd look champion."

"You'd look as neat as wax," said Claud. "Not champion."

"I'd look as neat as wax," said Hugo tractably.

"Take my advice, and let Nugee make your coats! Or Stultz. I'll tell you what! Have a coat from each of 'em!"

"Nay, I've enough coats already," said Hugo.

"Dash it, haven't I been telling you forever that they won't do?" demanded Claud, in pardonable exasperation.

"Ay, you have, and I'm fairly nappered I didn't meet you before I let Scott take my measurements," said Hugo sadly.

A worse set-back was in store for the Pink of the Ton.

When he pointed out to the Major that two cloak-bags and a portmanteau could not, by any stretch of the imagination, provide adequate accommodation for the number of shirts any aspirant to fashion must carry with him, he was, in his own phrase, floored by his pupil's simple rejoinder that he had been informed that when staying in the country he might with perfect propriety make good the deficiencies of bucolic laundreries with a Tommy.

"A Tommy?" gasped Claud, his eyes starting from their sockets. "A false shirt-front?"

"Ay, that's it," nodded Hugo.

A shudder ran through Claud's frame. "No, no! Well, what I mean is—Dash it, coz! No!"

Encountering only a blank stare from the Major, Claud was moved to order Richmond's man, Wellow, who was looking after Hugo, to render up to him any Tommies he might have found. Wellow naturally repeated this extraordinary command to his own master, with the result that when Richmond rode out with Anthea and Hugo next morning he warmly congratulated Hugo on having successfully bubbled Claud.

"Bubbled Claud? How did I do that?" asked Hugo.

"No, no, cousin, you won't bubble me! Telling him you meant to eke out your shirts with Tommies! The silly gud-gudron bade Wellow hand 'em

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By MARY COLES

A RECORD number of 2500 aristocrats from the nation's finest flocks are in town to contest honors at the Sheep Show, which begins at the Sydney Showground on June 1.

Sheep Show Week partying begins with the president of the Australian Corriedale Association, Mr. Charles Carroll, and his wife, of "Beulah," Trangie, welcoming guests at a buffet dinner at the Pickwick Club on June 1.

The following night Mr. George Richardson, of Neverire, will preside at a dinner for 300 members of the Australian Society of Breeders of British Sheep at the Wentworth Hotel.

There'll be a thousand guests at the cocktail party the president of the N.S.W. Sheepbreeders' Association, Mr. George Falkner, and his wife are giving at David Jones' Restaurant on June 3.

It will be a gay curtain-raiser to the Sheep Show Ball later in the evening at the Empress Ballroom. The ball—also for a thousand guests—will aid the Far West Children's Health Scheme and Torch Bearers for Legacy.

MELBURNIANS are in a simmer of high glee to have Mrs. Randolph Galt (film star Anne Baxter) going down with her husband from "Giro," near Gloucester, to open the Exhibition of Australian Art at a champagne party at Thomas and Anne Purves' Australian Galleries at Collingwood on June 7.

Piece de resistance in the top-level collection will be William Dobell's controversial painting of the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, on view for the first time in Australia.

DARK-HAIRED Jean Richardson has a wonderful collection of lovely sweaters and cardigans in her trousseau to ward off the icy polar blasts when she and John settle at Geelong, Victoria, after honeymooning at Surfers' Paradise. Incidentally, the attractive gold satin rose and pearl-trimmed Alice bands worn by Meyrick Hall, Jill Cameron, Elizabeth Fell, and Sally Spurgeon, who attended Jean at her recent wedding, were made by her mother, Mrs. N. M. Kater, whose clever fingers are just as adept at painting, sculpture, and writing verse!

AT the sherry party to open Ray Crooke's Exhibition at the Terry Clune Galleries, I found Mrs. R. G. Skinner, of Windsor, and Mrs. Frank McCall Power behind the scenes shopping for William Drew paintings. Mrs. Skinner was signing a cheque for a magnificent, gold-saddled, plunging chestnut horse against a vivid-green background to hang at "Dunraven," the Skinners' property at Oberon. Mrs. McCall Power's purchase was a small mythical eagle in jade tonings for her Double Bay home, just completely refurbished in rich Asian style, following her recent trip to the East. The dining-room is out of this world—with gold wallpaper and peacock velvet hangings from abroad.

SUCH a wifely lament from Mrs. Dick Bentley. "When we go out to dine, 'Bent' never knows what to order, because he thinks nothing is as nice as the French-style cookery we have at home. And I don't think it is very clever of me. I like having a meal I haven't had to cook myself."

SPENDING their school holidays in Sydney last week, Ann and Sally, the youthful daughters of Sir Frank and Lady Tait, of Melbourne, saw "My Fair Lady"—for the 37th time!

SHORE'S navy-and-white school colors will "bloom" at the Old Boys' Union Dance at the Trocadero on June 1 as blue-and-white paper roses massed on trees in the four corners of the ballroom. The "gardeners" in charge of the decorative scheme are Mrs. David Dey, Mrs. Norman Falk, Mrs. Ted White, and Mrs. Dick Hodgkinson.

THE Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward will receive twenty-one debutantes at this year's Legacy Ball at the Trocadero on June 9.

OCCASIONS for celebrations on both sides of the Pacific will be the theme of the table setting exhibition the Australian-American Association is having at Monash Hut, Rose Bay, on June 8 to aid H.M.A.S. Watson's chapel-building fund. There'll be 21 settings. Although not listed as an exhibit, the official afternoon-tea table will be decorative, too, set with an antique Queen Anne silver tea service, owned by Mrs. D. F. Weingarth, who is organising the exhibition.

PARTYING, when he is off stage, Kenneth Laird, of the "My Fair Lady" company, literally dresses in a banana leaf! It is a fine muslin-like evening shirt, with Spanish draw-thread work. "The material was made from banana-leaf fibre in the Philippines, and it washes like nylon," he says.

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Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

People and Parties



GREETING GUESTS. Melbourne engineer John Tempy and his bride, formerly Ellison Murphy, after their marriage at "Mellool," the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Murphy, at Valentine. The wedding, which was the first performed in Valentine, was solemnised at home because the rustic resort on Lake Macquarie has not a church.



FROM London comes this picture of the Rev. and Mrs. R. G. Winder, of Newcastle, pictured after attending the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. Mrs. Winder wore a white waffle cotton sheath dress and matching duster coat with a midnight-blue straw hat. They will return to Australia next year.



STAGE STARS (from left) Noel Ferrier and Sheila Bradley with Bill Fenn (right) at cheery Left Bank Club luncheon party at the Koolabar Restaurant. Sheila stars with Gordon Chater in "Mistress Money," the new musical opening at the Phillip Street Theatre on June 1. Noel Ferrier is playing in "The Gazebo" at the Theatre Royal.



JUST WED. Victorian John Richardson and his bride, formerly Jean Kater, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. N. M. Kater, of "Egelabra," Warren, and Point Piper, leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, for reception at the Royal Sydney Golf Club. After honeymooning they will live at Geelong, Victoria. Jean, who has just graduated in Arts from Sydney University, and John met skiing at Mt. Hotham last year.



CUTTING THE CAKE. Bruce Saxton and his bride, formerly Jenny Cullen-Ward, at reception at the Wentworth Hotel following their wedding at All Saints' Church, Hunters Hill. They will make their home on Bruce's property, "Grasmere," Bethunga. Jenny is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Cullen-Ward, and Bruce is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Saxton.

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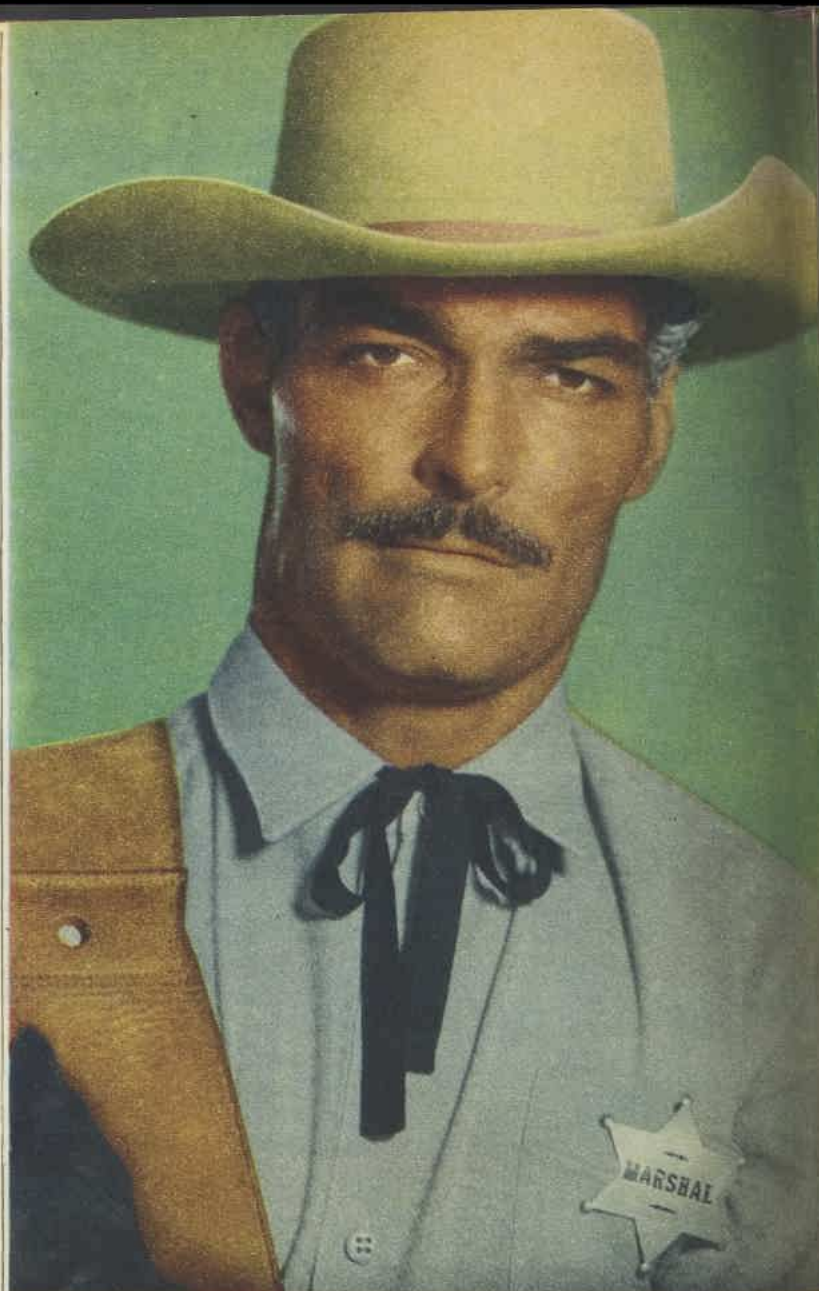
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JOHN RUSSELL, handsome Marshal Dan Troop of "The Lawman," is, according to his wife, very like the fictitious character he portrays. She says he prefers to sit in the background and accept life, just as long as people let him live in peace.

Western homebody

"LAWMAN" John Russell, who sometimes looks like the Clark Gable of 25 years ago, is characteristic of the new brand of Hollywood TV star — the homebody.

He prefers life at home with his wife, Renata, and their family—Renata Amy, 13, Shauna, 12, and son, John, 9—to living it up at nightclubs and parties.

"Most of my free time is spent with my family," he says. "We've redone the house a half-dozen times and, who knows, maybe some day we will really be finished with it."

Russell's only hobby besides his family is his gun collection, which is one of the best in Hollywood. It includes firearms used in the Napoleonic

Wars. One of his fans in Denver, Colorado, recently sent him a rifle that belonged to the first U.S. Marshal for the Rocky Mountain Territory.

"The Lawman," in which Russell, 38, plays Marshal Dan Troop, is set in the Rockies in Laramie. Russell's dark good looks and physique—he is 6ft. 4in. tall and weighs a slim 190 pounds—made him a favorite of the fans as soon as "The Lawman" hit the TV screen.

He says he is going to retire to Laramie when he gets to the retiring stage. At present it looks as if that won't be for a long, long time. "The Lawman" is a favorite with fans and is expected to run for two or three more years.

TELEVISION PARADE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 8, 1960



THREE FACES OF BENTLEY. Dick Bentley, famous Australian comedian, arrived home recently for a short TV and radio season. At left, Bentley as a dinkum Aussie; centre, as Ron Glum, of Ron and Eth fame; and, at right, Bentley thinking.

Nothing glum about Bentley

● He's known to millions of fans in Britain and Australia as Ron Glum, of "Take It From Here." But there was nothing glum about comedian Dick Bentley when he returned home with his wife recently to do a series of TV shows for the A.B.C.

HE was drooling at the thought of a barbecued steak, a few days out on a boat on the Hawkesbury River near Sydney, and reunions with old friends.

"When I was last here five years ago," he said, "a friend and his wife took Peta and me out on the Hawkesbury for a few days.

"This friend really knows his food and had stocked up with wonderful steaks, beer, and red wine.

"The first day out we pulled into a small sandy cove for lunch, lit a fire, barbecued some steaks, and when a

kookaburra started up only four feet away, I thought, 'Now I am really back home.'"

Like most Australians — no matter how soon or how well they get acclimatised to the English weather — Dick Bentley misses the sun.

So I was happy for him when the sun shone in Adelaide for the first time in two weeks as the liner Oronsay berthed at Outer Harbor.

"No, it's not your imagination," he said, smiling. "I probably do sound like Ron Glum. I've got a cold.

"How's Eth? (June Whitfield). She's fine.

"I'll let you into a secret that hadn't leaked out when I left London. She's having a baby in May, and she and her

husband, Tim Aitcheson, couldn't be happier."

Fame hasn't changed Dick Bentley.

He's completely natural, unspoilt, and, in spite of the years he has lived in England, still very much an Australian.

Crew concert

During the voyage out from London he put on a one-man concert for the crew in the crew's quarters one night.

"What about the passengers? Oh, no, they had plenty of things to entertain them on the trip. But the crew have to work."

We talked about the three recent films Dick Bentley has made — "Desert Mice" ("Yes, I was one of the mice"), "And the Same to You" ("I play the part of a rather genial, sly, cunning fight-fixer in the boxing rackets"), and "The Sundowners."

"The Sundowners" is the film Dick really enjoys talking about.

"I play the part of a drover who has been out on the road for a month. It's only a small role, but an important one.

"I grew my own props," added Dick, running his right hand over his chin to indicate an imaginary beard, "and by the time I was dressed for the role, all the other drovers and shearers looked like Lord Casey compared to me.

"I guarantee every Australian in London was on the set — not to mention the six real shearers the film company flew to England."

Apart from the link with Australia, the film also gave Dick Bentley great pleasure by enabling him to play a straight role.

"Sometimes I get very tired of playing comedy," he said, "and I am rapidly approaching the stage where I'd like to direct.

"I don't make plans; I don't like planning months ahead.

"But in the back of my mind is the thought that I'd like to take up directing — and preferably in Australia.

By
NONI ROWLAND,
staff reporter

"You see, I could never be anything but an Australian. "I am a very sentimental sort of character, really, and I miss old friends.

"But you know, you can't blame Australian actors for not returning home. They go to London and work for five, ten, or fifteen years before they make good. It's not easy to give that up and return home for less money and fewer opportunities."

Dick keeps up with local news through Australian newspapers, and reads many of the latest Australian books.

"In fact," he said, "I probably read more about Australia now that I am away from it than I did when I lived here. By the same token, I don't go to see the Tower of London. It's the distance that does it."

In the five years that Dick Bentley has been away from Australia, he doesn't seem to have aged much.

His ginger-red hair is a little thinner on top, but he's still a lean 5ft. 10½in.

"You don't think I look much older?" he said.

More fun

"Then perhaps I may be in my second childhood. But I'm certainly having more fun this time."

He is kept busy in London with radio, film, and theatre work, and is also making records of stories for children. These records are part of a series in which such famous English theatricals as Vivien Leigh and Roger Livesey also star.

But hard work must agree with Dick Bentley, because he certainly looks as if he is enjoying life — far, far more than Ron Glum.

"Would Ron like Australia? Well, I don't know," said Dick. "When you take Ron out of his environment he gets a bit lost."

How high is the regard with which the Glums are held?

"Well, said Dick, "Sir Donald Wolfit (who was in Australia for the Adelaide Festival of Arts) once told me that the Glum family was the best thing since Dickens."

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LAXI



FASHION-PLATE Bentley doesn't like to hear that he looks very English. "It's the clothes," he says. "They're what the well-dressed man-about-Mayfair wears."



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over to him. Wellow thought he must be touched, for, of course, you have none."

"There, now, I knew there was something I'd forgot to pack!" said Hugo.

"Yes, and you have also forgotten that since Grooby unpacked your luggage, and Wellow is waiting on you, everyone in the house knows that the Major's linen is of the finest," remarked Anthea.

"Now, that I am glad to hear, because I took care to buy the best," confided Hugo.

She cast a somewhat amused glance at him, but said nothing. Riding on the other side of the big bay, Richmond said diffidently: "You don't mean to let Claud rig you out, do you?"

"Eh, but I'm sorely tempted!" said Hugo. "I'd look gradely! That is, I would if I wore some kind of a corset, and that's where the water sticks, for I'm one who likes to be comfortable."

"A corset?" exclaimed both his companions in chorus.

"To nip me in round the waist," he explained.

"Of all the impudence!" said Richmond. "You've a better figure than Claud!" He hesitated, and then said, with a slight stammer: "As a matter of fact my grandfather says you look more the gentleman than Claud does!"

The Major showed no signs of offence, but did not seem to be much elated, either. "Well, if he said our Claud looked like a counter-coxcomb that's not praising me to the skies," he observed.

Said Anthea: "You look what you are, cousin: a soldier! I don't know how it is, but there is always a certain neatness that distinguishes them."

"That's due to Scott," he replied. "There wasn't much neatness about me, or any of us, harring poor Cadoux, in my Peninsular days."

That was quite enough for Richmond, who at once began to ply his cousin with questions about his campaigns. The Major replied to them in his good-natured way, but either because he was not a loquacious person or because he had been forbidden to encourage Richmond's interest in military matters he was not as forthcoming as his young cousin had hoped he might be.

Richmond, persevering, asked him if it had always been his ambition to become a soldier. His own romantic ardor glowed in his eyes, but the Major's reply was again disappointing. "Nay, I never thought of it when I was a lad.

All I ever wanted to do was get under everyone's feet in the mill, or to run off to the moors."

"What made you join?" inquired Anthea. "Was it because your father had been a soldier, perhaps?"

"There wasn't much else I could do," he explained. "I never framed to be a scholar, so it was no use thinking of the Church, or the Law; and as for twining in the mill, my grandfather wouldn't hear of it, because I was a gentleman's son. So, as I'd no fancy for the Navy, it had to be the Army."

It was evident that this prosaic speech daunted Richmond. He said: "Oh!" in a flattened tone.

He had accompanied the Major and his sister on their ride at Anthea's request. Lord Darracott had told her at the breakfast-table that she might usefully employ herself in making her cousin acquainted with the Darracott land.

THE northern boundary to the estates being considerably nearer to the house than any other, they had set out in that direction. A nursery joke had had to be explained to Hugo. "And after that, which?" Richmond had asked his sister. "Kent or Sussex?"

"Kent," she decided; and then, flashing a smile at Hugo: "We have a foot in each county, you know. Here, we are in Kent, and it was here that the first Darracott — well, the first that was ever in England! — settled. There's nothing left of the old Saxon manor, but it was certainly on the site of the present house. Darracott tradition has it that he was a person of consequence, but we — Richmond and Vincent, and I — take leave to doubt that, because the original manor was quite small."

"That's why the house lies so close to the northern boundary. It was much later that the family crept over into Sussex. Today, that part of Grandpapa's lands is the most important, because of the rents, you know; but, although Darracott Place has been pulled down, and rebuilt, and enlarged a great many times, no reigning Darracott has ever had the temerity to remove from the original site. That would be flying in the face of

tradition! An unpardonable crime!"

So they had ridden towards the Weald, into more wooded country, and then eastward, above the Rother levels, for a little way, before dropping down again to the Marsh, and crossing the Military Canal at Appledore. The Marsh stretched before them, smiling and lush in the September sunshine, yet with a suggestion of eerie loneliness about it which made the Major exclaim, under his breath: "Eh, it's a queer place!"

Just beyond Fairlow, a cluster of cottages round a church, they had reined in their horses, so that the few landmarks could be pointed out. Anthea had directed Hugo's attention to the tower of Lydd Church, but his interest was claimed by the expanse of reclaimed land that lay between Lydd and Rye. Seen from the slight elevation on which Darracott Place had been built, the Marsh had appeared to be quite flat, with nothing but intersecting dykes, and here and there a few willows and thorn bushes to relieve its tame monotony. His eye had been attracted by Rye, perched so unexpectedly high above the Marsh.

Now, standing on the edge of the Marsh, he perceived that it was not quite flat, but sloped slightly upwards towards the dunes that hid the sea from his sight. A road meandered erratically across it, but there was no traffic to be seen and not so much as a shepherd's cot afforded any sign of human habitation. There seemed to be no living things on the marsh but sheep, gulls, a moorhen seeking safety in the rushes, and somewhere, sounding its unmistakable note, a peewit. The scene was peaceful, but it was not tame.

Anthea said: "Does it seem to you an uncanny place? My aunt Anne hated it; she used to say it was sullen land, full of evil sea-spirits, but she was very fanciful! It isn't uncanny — not a bit! That's why Darracott Place is almost the last of the great houses still remaining here; in general, the lords of the district removed to the uplands. Not the Darracotts, however!"

"Unless you do so, Cousin Hugo?" interpolated Richmond. "My uncle Granville was used to say he would leave Darracott Place, and live in one of the manors on the Sussex side."

"Yes! When he was at outs

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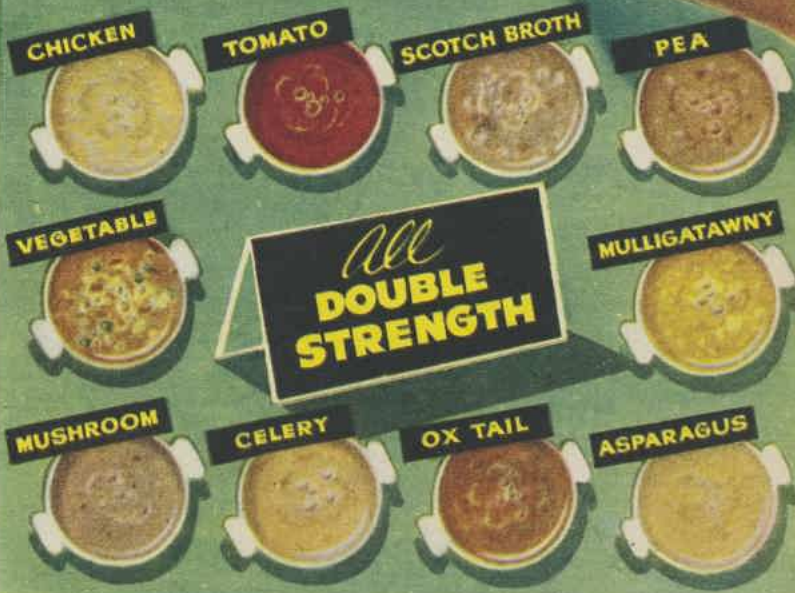
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with grandpapa!" retorted Anthea. She smiled at Hugo. "Did you fancy, cousin, that you had seen the worst of your family? When my uncle was alive, and he lived here with all his family, brangles and brawls between him and my grandfather were the rule rather than the exception. He was inclined to be sickly, which grandpapa took as an affront; and no matter what ailed him he always said that it was due to the horrid, marshy situation of the house."

"Well, what a slum it was!" said Richmond scornfully. "Grandpapa knew he only got the notion out of an old book. Something about the Marsh being grievous in winter—" "Evil in winter, grievous in summer, and never good," Anthea amended. "Also that Kent has three steps, wealth without health—that's our part! Wealth and health—which is the wealth; and the third which affordeth health only, and no wealth."

"Which proves it was a fudge!" said Richmond. "We haven't wealth!"

"Ay, but there's wealth here right enough," said Hugo, his gaze roving over the scene before him. "The land's carrying more sheep to the acre than I ever saw. How many do you reckon on?"

"From six to twelve—but that's over Romney Marsh, too," Anthea replied.

Here Richmond interrupted her: "Oh, never mind the sheep! I'll tell you what's to be had in abundance here besides those silly creatures, and that's hares!"

"Do you course your hares?" Hugo asked. "I've done a lot of that in the Peninsula."

"No, we hunt them with harriers. You'll soon see! The young hounds will be entered in a week or two."

There was no more talk of wool or agriculture after that. As they rode gently along the track, Anthea let her mare drop behind. She wanted to occupy herself with her own thoughts.

These were largely concerned with her new cousin. She found him baffling. At first

Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

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sight he had appeared to her to be stupid; an overgrown gapehead, slow of speech, and short of wit; either too wood-headed to understand the malicious shafts that had been aimed at him or too meek to resent them. Her curiosity roused, she had been covertly studying him. By the time she had conducted him through the picture-gallery she had revised her first opinion of his character and given free room in her brain to the suspicion that her ox-like cousin had a strong sense of humor. Of one thing there was no doubt: Major Darracott was as kind as he was good-tempered. It would be no bad thing, Anthea thought, if Richmond were to transfer his allegiance from Vincent to Hugo.

By the time she had arrived at this conclusion the road that zigzagged through the Marsh on its way to New Romney and Hythe had been reached. She called out laughingly: "Whoa, there! How much farther do you mean to go in this direction?"

They halted; and Hugo, said, smilingly, as she came up to him: "We've been chewing the bacon so hard we forgot you! I'm sorry!"

His simplicity pleased her; she smiled back at him, saying: "Odious creatures! Do you wish to go on?"

"I'll do as you bid me," he replied. "Richmond has been telling me about his boat. He wants to show her to me."

"I've got her beached only a mile from here."

"Perhaps your sister's tired," suggested Hugo.

"Not she! Come along, Anthea! Now, coz, over the ditch and into Sussex!"

He led the way at a brisk canter. Big Rufus, checking at the top of the path between two towering dunes, snorted, and put his ears forward. "Nay then!" the Major admonished him reproachfully. "Pluck up, lad! That's seen the sea afore, think on!"

Anthea, already awaiting him on the shore, said, as the bay came slithering down the steep slope: "Ah, Yorkshire-bred, I collect?"

He met her quizzical look with one of his most guileless stares. "Nay, it's this road," he explained confidentially. "He was nobbut a young 'un when I came by him, and a smattering of Spanish was all he knew. He learned his English from John Joseph, sithee!"

Richmond broke in impatiently: "This is the place I told you about, Cousin Hugo. But don't let's stand dawdling here! The Gap where I've got the Seamew beached is a little way along, towards Camber."

"Lead on, then!" said Hugo. "How do you get to your boat?"

"I ride, of course; it's a mile closer than Rye, you know."

"What happens to your horse while you're at sea?" asked Hugo, slightly mystified.

"Oh, I stable him in Camber! There's an inn," said Richmond briefly. "As a matter of fact, it's handier for me to run the Seamew into Mackerel Gap during the summer, when I might want to take her out any day, because Jem Hordle lives at Camber. He's my crew."

He had turned his head to answer Hugo over his shoulder but Anthea, looking ahead, said suddenly: "Here comes that tiresome Preventive officer! I never knew anyone so ubiquitous! What on earth is he doing here, I wonder?"

"Heaven only knows!" replied Richmond, watching the approach of the Customs' Riding Officer with disfavor.

"Well, be civil to the poor man!" she begged. "The last time I encountered him was

when I was with Grandpapa, and he was so ill-advised as to accost us. He got so badly snubbed that I'm persuaded he thinks now that we are all of us in league with the Free-Traders. Good-day to you, Mr. Ottershaw!"

The Riding Officer, a rather tight-lipped young man, with eyes of a hard, shallow grey, raised his hand in a stiff salute. "Good-day, ma'am."

"Whither away, Lieutenant?" inquired Richmond.

"Not looking for tubs

guard to pay particular heed to any vessel that appears to be behaving suspiciously."

Having uttered this severe speech, the Lieutenant rode off.

"Did you ever see such a pompous whip-straw?" said Richmond scornfully.

The Major looked meditatively at him. "Happen he's nattered," he drawled. "Seemingly, he doesn't like you, lad."

"I don't think he likes any of us," said Anthea. "You may depend upon it that the Preventives have a pretty shrewd notion that all the brandy we have at the place is run."



"Good heavens, Bertha!"

among the sandhills, are you?"

The Lieutenant replied in a flat tone that matched his unsmiling countenance: "No, sir. I am riding to Lydd. I see you have your boat beached in Mackerel Gap."

"Yes, I'm taking my cousin down to see her. Lieutenant Ottershaw—Major Darracott, of the 95th!"

"Sir!" said the Lieutenant, saluting.

Hugo touched his hat in acknowledgment, and said, with a smile: "Land-guard?" The Lieutenant bowed. "That's no sinecure on this coast."

"No, sir," said the Lieutenant. "But we may see a change presently!"

"Yes, you've established a famous blockade, haven't you?" remarked Richmond. "What with Customs' cruisers and Revenue cutters you should have the channel swept clear before the year's out."

"The task of stamping out the illicit trade, sir, would be rendered easier if the rascals who engage in it met with less sympathy from those who live in these counties."

"And if the duties were less extortionate there would be no trade to be stamped out!" retorted Richmond. "It's all the fault of the Government. Instead of cutting the duties they squander fortunes on preventive measures!"

"Nay, that's no answer," interposed Hugo. "The law may be daft, but it has to be obeyed." He said pleasantly: "They used to say there was plenty of smuggling went on at the ports, but I never knew much about it."

"If it were only the ports!" said Ottershaw bitterly.

"Ay, you've a job on here, with the French coast so near. I wouldn't want it—with the countryside hostile. Myself, I'd say it was a job for the Navy."

The Admiralty, sir, is now in control of the coast blockade, and the force patrolling the channel is under the command of a very able and zealous officer. I am happy to say that running the blockade is becoming every night a more dangerous enterprise."

"Lord, yes!" said Richmond. "It's getting to be dangerous to put out to sea at all! I was overhauled myself last week by one of the sloops."

"A strict watch is kept on all vessels, sir, and it is the duty of those engaged on the coastal

There was not very much time left for the inspection of Richmond's boat as its owner would have liked. He would certainly have made the whole party late for dinner had he found a kindred spirit in Hugo, but Hugo knew little about boats or sailing, and was ready to leave as soon as Anthea grew impatient.

When he set off for home with Anthea, Richmond having left them to visit his boatman in Camber, Hugo shook his head, saying sadly, "I've sunk myself beneath reproach."

ANTHEA laughed. "Yes, but you may easily make a recovery. You have only to tell him about your adventures in the Peninsula."

"I'd tell him anything he wants to know, but it wouldn't be the right thing for me to do, when your mother and his lordship don't wish it."

"I've no business to encourage Richmond to go against him, nor to offer advice that's not wanted. It queers me to know why Richmond's so set on the Army. I should have thought he'd be mad for the Navy."

"Yes, so should I," she agreed. "But it has always been the Army with him. He says that being partial to sailing is not the same as wishing to embrace the Navy as a profession."

"Happen he's right. Though, to hear him talk about that boat of his—What did he call it? A yawl?"

"Yes, or a yacht, though she's too big for a yacht, I think."

"What did he want with a boat that size?" asked Hugo curiously. "I should have thought a little one he could handle himself would have been more to his taste."

"I daresay it would, in some ways, but it wouldn't have been to Grandpapa's taste," she explained. "And I must do him justice to own that if he gave Richmond a yacht at all he was right to give him one he couldn't handle alone! You see, he enjoys doing dangerous things. You can't think what agonies of apprehension we have had to suffer!"

"Ay, no doubt he'd be prime for any lark, and the more risk the better. It would be

well if he were put into harness."

"Yes," she agreed. "Yet sometimes I wonder—you see, he has never been in harness, as you call it. Papa died when he was very young, and Grandpapa has always indulged him."

"His lordship may indulge him, but he snaps out his orders to him just as he does to everyone else. I'd say myself that the lad is remarkably docile."

"He—yes, I suppose he is docile. You may think he has yielded, but all the time, I believe, he means to have his own way, and he gets it!"

"Then maybe he'll get his way over this business of a pair of colors," said Hugo in a matter-of-fact voice.

She shook her head. "Not over that. But I must not run on! If we don't make haste, cousin, we shall have a peal rung over us for being late for dinner!"

She urged her mare into a canter, and the Major followed suit, saying, however: "Ay, so we shall. It has me in a fair sweat, lass!"

"What did you call me?"

"It slipped out!" he said hastily. "We always call a cousin lass in Yorkshire—if she's a female."

"That," said Anthea, with severity, "is a shocking bouncer, sir!"

A peremptory hail interrupted them. Lord Darracott, accompanied by Vincent, was also riding home through the park. He came up at a brisk trot, as erect in the saddle as his grandson, and demanded to be told where Anthea and Hugo had been. His manner would not have led the uninitiated to suppose that his humor was benign, but Anthea saw at once that he was pleased. Indeed, it was generally felt, when he later announced that something might yet be made of Hugo, that he had begun to look upon his heir with an almost approving eye.

Escaping from his rigorous grandparent, the Major went upstairs to change his dress. Sounds of altercation assailed his ears as he approached his bedchamber; and when he reached it, and stood in the open doorway, he found that it had suffered an invasion. Two gentlemen of the same calling, but of different cut, were confronting each other in a manner strongly suggestive of tomcats about to join battle. Each wore the habit of a private servant; but whereas the elder of the two, a middle-aged man, was meticulous in his avoidance of any ornament or touch of color to relieve the sobriety of his raiment, the younger not only sported a pin in his neckcloth but added an even more daring note to his appearance by wearing a striped waistcoat. As the Major paused, in some astonishment, on the threshold, he said, in mincing accents: "Vastly obliging of you, Mr. Crimplesham, I am sure! Quite a condescension indeed!"

"Do not name it, Mr. Polyphant!" begged Crimplesham. "We are all put on this earth to help one another, and knowing as I do what a labor it is to you to get a gloss on a pair of boots—something that passes for a gloss, I should say—it quite went to my heart to think of you wearing yourself out over a task that wouldn't take up more than a couple of minutes of my time."

"Well!"

"What the devil are you doing in my quarters?" demanded the Major.

This deep-voiced interruption was productive of a sudden transformation. Before Hugo had advanced one step into the room, all trace of human passion had vanished, and he was confronted by two

To page 76



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Kelvinator TOTALLY AUTOMATIC WASHER

very correct gentlemen's gentlemen.

"If you will permit me, sir!" said Crimplesham, tipping the hat from the Major's hand. "Having been informed that you have not brought your man with you, I ventured, sir, to give your boots a touch."

"If you will permit me, sir!" said Polyphant, possessing himself of the whip and the gloves. "My master, Mr. Claud Darracott, desired me to offer my services to you."

"I'm much obliged to you both, but I don't need either of you," said the Major.

There was nothing for his would-be attendants to do but to bow in acceptance of his decree and leave the room. Crimplesham held the door, and made a polite gesture to his rival to precede him. Before he had time to consider what devilish stratagem might lie beneath this courtesy from one whose position in the hierarchy of the servant's hall was superior to his own, Polyphant had tripped out of the room.

Crimplesham gently closed the door on his heels. "Shall I pull off your boots before I go, sir?" he asked. "If you haven't yet engaged a valet, sir, I venture to think that I might be able to put my hand on just such a one as might suit you," Crimplesham said. "A nephew of my own,

Mr. Vincent, whose name occurs to me because he has previously been employed by a military gentleman like yourself."

"I'll think about it," promised Hugo, adding, as a knock sounded, "Yes, come in!"

The door opened to admit Polyphant, profuse in apologies. Mr. Vincent had rung his bell three times, he explained, with spurious concern, and was now demanding to have Crimplesham sent instantly to his room.

"Well, you'd better make haste and go to him," Hugo advised Crimplesham. "You can tell him I kept you."

"It will not be necessary, sir," replied Crimplesham calmly. "You need not wait, Polyphant," he said, to that gentleman's speechless fury. "Since you have been so kind as to bring me Mr. Vincent's message, perhaps you will inform him that I shall be with him directly."

This episode had more than one repercussion, for not only did it make Vincent late for dinner, which all concerned in it had foreseen, but it very much vexed Claud, and decided Hugo to lose no more time in engaging a valet of his own.

When Vincent entered the saloon it was ten minutes past six, and he was greeted, inevitably, by a demand from his grandfather to know what the

Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

[from page 74]

had allowed Hugo to countermand his order about the valet to Richmond.

Perhaps it was Hugo's horseman ship which had saved him from having his nose snapped off. My lord had watched him riding home across the park with Anthra, and there was no doubt that he had been agreeably surprised, for he had told Matthew that at all events the fellow had an excellent seat, and (unless he much mis-

deed had been keeping him. There was a demure between his brows, but he replied languidly: "Accept my apologies, sir! I regret infinitely that I have been obliged to keep you waiting, but I cannot—I really cannot!—be expected to scramble into my clothes, under any circumstances whatsoever."

"I don't know what the devil you're talking about!" said his lordship irritably.

"Nay, but I do," intervened Hugo guiltily. "I'm real sorry, lad!"

"Not real, and not lad!" begged Claud.

"You have your uses, brother," observed Vincent.

"Now, that will do!" said Matthew sharply. "Let us have one evening free from bickering between you two!"

"You are mistaken, sir, I am profoundly grateful to Claud."

"It's my blame," said Hugo remorsefully. "You can't wonder at his being kickish, for he's been ringing and ringing for his man, and all the time the silly fellow was letting me keep him to pull off my boots."

"What the great Crimplesham?" cried Richmond incredulously. "No! What the deuce can have possessed him?"

"Overweening conceit, I imagine: a desire to impress me with his skill in creating something out of nothing," Vincent's hard, insolent eyes flickered over Hugo's person. "Vaulting ambition . . .!"

"You are offensive, Vincent," said Anthra.

"It is a severe mortification to reflect how often I am put to blush by your want of conduct, Vincent," said Lady Aurelia.

"You are too unkind, Mama! My dear Hugo, pray make the fullest use of Crimplesham. Your need, after all, is greater than mine. How could I be so selfish as to grudge him to you?"

Lord Darracott put a summary end to the discussion as Chollacombe came into the room to announce dinner. "I've had enough of this folly," he said. "One of you—yes, Richmond—may write to Lissett for me by tomorrow's post, and tell him to send down a valet for your cousin."

"I'm much obliged to you," said Hugo mildly, "but there is no need for our Richmond to trouble himself."

Lord Darracott paused on his way to the door to glare at him. "I say you are to have a valet, and a valet you will have!"

"Oh, I'll do that, sir," replied Hugo. "It's just that I've a fancy to engage one for myself. Well, I think I'll give Crimplesham's nephew a trial. That is, if my cousin Vincent's got no objection."

"It is a matter of indifference to me," shrugged Vincent.

It was not, however, a matter of indifference to Claud. Waiting only until his grandfather had walked out of the room behind the ladies of the party, he said indignantly: "Well, if that's not the outside of enough! Crimplesham's nephew! Now you've settled to hire a valet without a word to me! Dashed well tipping me a rise!"

"No, no, I never settled it until a minute ago!" protested Hugo. "Come in to dinner before the old gentleman starts putting himself in a passion!"

They entered the dining-room in time to forestall this disaster.

To Mrs. Darracott it was surprising that Lord Darracott

took the matter good, even hands. Mrs. Darracott recognised this as praise of a high order, and ventured to indulge the hope that Hugo was beginning to insinuate himself into his grandfathers' good graces.

Unfortunately this was short-lived. With the withdrawal of the ladies, Hugo's fortunes fell once more into eclipse. "I can let you have some cognac, if you want it," my lord said to Matthew. "Tell Chollacombe to put some up for you!"

"Take care, sir!" said Vincent warningly. "I feel reasonably sure that what you are offering my father paid no duty at any port."

"Of course it didn't!" replied his lordship. "Do you take me for a slow-top?"

"Far from it!" smiled Vincent. "You are awake upon every suit, sir. I apprehend, however, that there is an enemy in our midst." He turned his head to look at Hugo, a mocking challenge in his eyes. "You are opposed to the trade, are you not, coz?"

IT was Richmond who betrayed discomfiture, not Hugo. Richmond flushed hotly, and kept his eyes lowered, wishing that he had not confided in Vincent. Hugo replied cheerfully: "If you mean the Free Trade, yes, I am."

Lord Darracott, bending a fierce stare upon him, barked: "And what the devil do you think you know about it?"

"Not much," Hugo answered.

"Then keep your tongue between your teeth!"

"Oh, I'll do that real enough!" Hugo said reassuringly. He bestowed an affable smile upon Vincent, and added: "Chance it happens you were thinking I might inform against you—"

"Inform!" exclaimed Matthew. "What maggot have you got into your head? You don't, I trust, imagine that your grandfather—any of us—is in league with smugglers?"

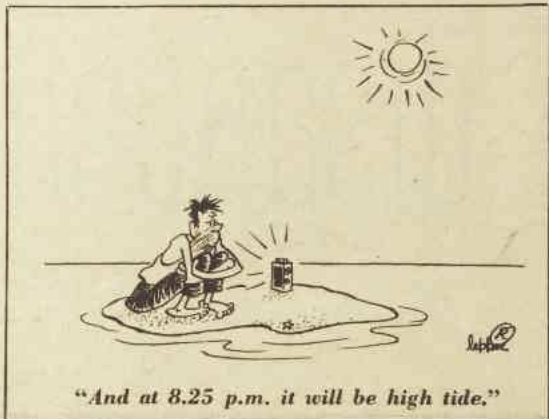
"Nay, I'd never think such a thing of you, sir!" said Hugo, shocked.

Matthew's color mounted a little. "You may be very sure—my department has nothing to do with the Customs: I dare say I know as little about smuggling as you do!"

"Now, don't you start shaming it!" interrupted his father. "I'm not in league with the Free-Traders, and I'm not in

league with the tidesmen, either, but if I had to choose between 'em I'd support the Gentlemen! That's the name they go by here: more worthy of it, too, than these damned Excisemen! A shuffling set! Maw-worms, most of 'em, feathering their nests! I can tell you this: for every petty seizure that's made there are a dozen cargoes winked at!"

"Yes, and everyone knows that at many of the regular ports they bring the cargoes in as openly as you please, and how much is declared and



how much is slipped through is just a matter of—oh, arrangement between the Revenue officer and captains of the vessels!" said Richmond.

"Nay, lad, what difference does that make?" said Hugo. "Dishonesty among the Preventives doesn't alter the case."

"Of course it doesn't!" Matthew said, rather shortly. "Free-trading is to be deplored—no one denies that—but while the duties remain at their present level, particularly on such commodities as tea and tobacco and spirits, the temptation to evade—"

"While duties remain at their present level," interrupted his lordship grimly, "the Board of Customs will get precious little support for its land-guard. Land-guard! Much hope they have of stopping the trade! It puts me out of all patience when I hear that more and more money is being squandered on so-called Prevention! Now we are to have special coastguards, or some such tomfoolery! I'll lay you any odds the rascals will run the goods in under their noses."

"Oh, I should think, undoubtedly," agreed Vincent. "I am not personally acquainted with any of the Gentlemen—at least, not to my knowledge—but I have the greatest admiration for persons so full of spunk. Do enlighten my ignorance, cousin! Does your very proper dislike of the Gentlemen arise from—er—an innate respectability or from some particular cause connected, perhaps, with the wool trade?"

"There's no owling done now!" Richmond objected.

"What's owling?" asked Claud with interest.

"Oh, smuggling wool out of the country! But that was when there was a law against exporting wool, and ages ago, wasn't it, Grandpapa? There used to be a great deal of it done all along this coast."

"I wasn't thinking of that," said Hugo. "There were two things smuggled out of this country and into France, while we were at war with Boney, that did more harm than owling."

"Why, what?" demanded Richmond, frowning.

"Guineas and information. Did you never hear tell of the guinea boats that were built in Calais? It was before your time, and before mine, too,

but it was English gold that kept the First Empire afloat. Boney used to encourage English smugglers. He came by a deal of information that didn't make our task any the easier."

Richmond looked rather daunted; but Lord Darracott said testily: "No doubt! Possibly we, too, came by information through the same channel. Do you imagine yourself to be the only person here who thinks smuggling a bad thing? We all think it! I sprang from a bad cause, and until that's removed it will go on, and so it may for anything. I'll do to stop it! Don't you talk to me about the rights and wrongs of it! Bad laws were made to be broken!"

He stopped, his hands clenching on the arms of his chair, for a chuckle had escaped Hugo. Vincent eyed his cousin. "I do trust you mean to share the joke with us," he said.

"I was just thinking what a pudder we'd be in, if every Jack rag of us set about breaking all the laws we weren't suited with," explained Hugo.

It was Claud who saved Hugo from annihilation. To everyone's surprise, he suddenly said: "Well, Hugo's right! No question about it! He looked up to discover that a singularly baleful stare from his grandfather's hard eyes was bent upon him, and blushed a little.

"I collect that some meaning lies behind these cryptic utterances," remarked Vincent. "Or am I indulging optimism too far?"

"Much too far!" said Lord Darracott gratingly.

"No, you ain't!" retorted Claud, stung. "What's more, if you'd as much know as you think you have, you wouldn't ask me what I mean, because it's as plain as a pikestaff!"

"Is that to my address?" demanded his lordship.

"No, no, sir!" said Claud hastily. "Talking to my brother! Besides, you do know what I mean: you told us all about it yourself! Hawkhurst gang!"

"The Hawkhurst gang!" ejaculated his lordship.

"Yes, of course no one wants—but that was years ago!" Richmond said. "Nothing like that happens nowadays!"

"It could, though," said Claud. "Never thought about it much before, but now I do come to think about it I'm dashed if I don't think it's bound to happen!"

"Nonsense!" snapped his lordship.

"Well, Father—" said Matthew hesitatingly. "One must hope, of course, but I own that there is a great deal of sense in what Claud says." He looked across the table at Hugo, and said: "The Hawkhurst gang was a pernicious set of ruffians—smugglers, you understand—that held a rule of terror over the countryside when your grandfather was a boy. They committed every sort of atrocity, and were so strong in numbers—how many men was it they were able to muster within an hour, Father?"

"I forget," returned his lordship shortly.

"Five hundred," supplied Richmond. "And they used to have regular battles with rival gangs. I wish I had been alive then!"

Lord Darracott thrust back his chair, and rose. "I wish to hear no more from any of you!" he said harshly. "I don't know which puts me the more out of patience, Hugo's damned morality or your nonsense, Richmond! Matthew, I want a word with you! The rest of you may join the ladies."

He then stalked out of the room, and Vincent, getting up, said: "That I take to be a command. Shall we go?"

To be continued

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No. 275.—SIMPLE WINTER FROCK.

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Warm winter frock for a young girl is available cut out ready to sew in brushed-back cotton in green, blue, red, and tan, all with white. Collar and cuffs are white. Sizes 8 to 10 years, 54/6; 12 to 14 years, 57/6. Postage 4/-.

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BEGINNERS' PATTERN
F5225.—Prettily styled sissy blouse for a young girl. Requires 1½yds. to 1¾yds. 36in. material and 5yds. ½in. lace edging. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Price 2/6.



AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning June 6



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21 - APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, red.
Gambling colors, red, black.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Luck in conversation.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21 - MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, yellow.
Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
Luck in the market.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21 - JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, grey.
Gambling colors, grey, red.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
Luck in personal relationships.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22 - JULY 22

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, brown.
Gambling colors, brown, green.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
Luck in playing safe.



LEO The Lion

JULY 23 - AUGUST 22

Lucky number this week, 4.
Lucky color for love, orange.
Gambling colors, orange, brown.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Luck in pastimes.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, silver.
Gambling colors, silver, gold.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
Luck before the public.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23

Lucky number this week, 2.
Lucky color for love, violet.
Gambling colors, white, lt. blue.
Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
Luck in planning.



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, violet.
Gambling colors, violet, grey.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Thurs.
Luck in routine.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 24 - DECEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, lt. blue.
Gambling colors, lt. blue, rose.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
Luck in joint action.



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 24 - JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 8.
Lucky color for love, black.
Gambling colors, black, white.
Lucky days, Wed. Saturday.
Luck in the daytime.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, green.
Gambling colors, green, gold.
Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
Luck in chance.



PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, mauve.
Gambling colors, mauve, green.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Luck in small things.

Casual talk is likely to be important; through it you gain useful information which can be turned to practical advantage. This might refer to an opening in the business world for your career. Another possible form could be a long-desired social invitation. If you hear about an attractive stranger in your neighborhood.

You're out to get value for your money; nobody can pull the wool over Taurian eyes when it comes to quality and price. You might have a job offered you which you never dreamed of applying for, or an extraordinary business transaction might suddenly eventuate, such as the purchase or sale of a property, which would bring changes in your affairs.

You should be on excellent terms with the boss; requests should have a favorable hearing. Your beloved is out to please you; plans formerly frowned upon may be adopted. A group of friends put an attractive proposition to you. A person with whom you have been in loggerheads could offer you an olive branch. You'd be wise to accept it.

If you're tempted to answer back when sharply provoked, if your best beloved is impossible to please, if the boss makes unreasonable demands on your time or criticizes when you are conscientiously doing your work, don't explode, or you'll regret it. These influences are temporary and will soon be forgotten, if you don't make an issue of them.

If you do not play any game, take one up. If you live in the city, there are plenty of opportunities for sport. If you have a hobby, if you play a musical instrument or sing, if you are fond of dancing, contact people with similar interests. Start with just two or three and see how far you can advance in forming a successful group.

Whether for business, professional or social reasons, if you are in contact with the public you should be successful. You may be paid to do what you love to do anyway, or, if a parent, it may be your child on whom the spotlight is turned. A small triumph could set your feet on the career ladder, but you'll have to choose your way quickly.

Your danger this week is that you'll leave everything to the last minute, missing out through lack of foresight. Those who are running late and keep everybody else waiting are not popular. Don't say "yes" then fail to carry out your promise. Concentrate on what is important to you, and allow reasonable time to fulfil your engagements.

Don't go fishing in troubled waters, grow rapidly intimate with a comparative stranger, or mix in the affairs of others which are no concern of yours. Stick to the ordinary round, associate with those you know well, give familiar activities the preference. Someone may try to cultivate you. Neither lend nor borrow outside your immediate family.

Whether you're trying to clean up the garden, or arouse the interest of the community in a project, the more numerous you are the better your chances of success. One person cannot accomplish much, but if you gain the help of the family, or the neighbors, you can go a long way. You and your beloved may be united in a pet scheme.

You'll be busy as a bee during the daylight hours; the evenings are likely to be quieter than usual. If it's early to bed you can rise and shine in the morning. Parties when you gather with your own sex are well expected. A visitor is likely to knock at your door on a very special errand; you could be drawn into a surprising venture.

Dame Fortune brushes you with good luck which could take many forms. You could conclude a business agreement, get a job because you happened to be in the right place at the right moment. You might find a lost article and get a reward. If you've had a quarrel with one you love, a happy accident could bring you together again.

A quiet day at home need not be dull. There's a telephone conversation full of pleasant news, a neighbor coming in for a cup of tea, houseplants which make a brave show and reward you for your care, or a brainwave worth exploiting in regard to wardrobe or home surroundings. Perhaps you try a new recipe, enjoy the fun of experimenting.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

LEMON DELICIOUS

NEW FLAVOUR IN MAGICAL, SELF-SAUCING

Sponge pudding MIX



*"It's magical!" says Joan Winfield of White Wings Test Kitchen
the way it makes its own sauce"*



1. SURPRISE! You get the Sponge Mix and the Sauce Mix both in the one packet.



2. SURPRISE! Just sprinkle your dry sauce portion over the sponge batter, no further mixing!



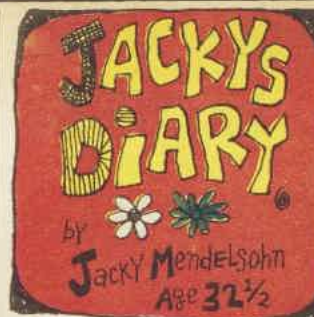
3. SURPRISE! Pour boiling water over a spoon onto batter — don't stir — pop in oven.

Like your dessert light — with a tingle to it? Then you'll love Lemon Delicious, the new White Wings Sponge Pudding Mix (the only mix that makes in minutes and comes out of your oven swimming in its own sauce). Lemon Delicious is the tastiest pudding that ever glided over your tongue. Doubly delicious because you taste the lemon twice — in the pudding and in the sauce! Finish meals with a flourish... serve Lemon Delicious. Better keep an extra packet handy to meet the eager demands for more.



In BUTTERSCOTCH, CHOCOLATE and **NEW LEMON DELICIOUS**

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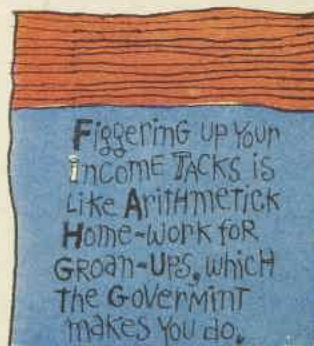
JACKY'S DIARY
by JACKY Mendelsohn
Age 32½



LAST WEEK I COULDN'T HARDLY TALK TO DADDY ON A COUNT OF HE WAS COUNTING UP HIS INCOME TACKS.

SHH.

GRR.



Figgering up your INCOME TACKS is like ARITHMETICK HOME-WORK for GROWN-UPS, which the GOVERNMENT makes you do.



Then After your all finished, you gotta send them some TACKS Money in with it, otherwise they'll FLUNK you.



There's a PART of the GOVERNMENT which is called the BUREAU of INFERNAL REVENUE. Their job is to put TACKS ON EVERYTHING, which is why it HURTS so much.



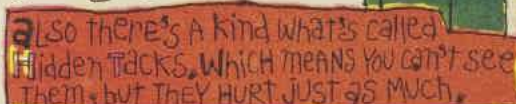
P.S. The GOVERNMENT's aloud to PUT TACKS on things... only when i do it i get a LICKING!



Hidden TACKS. WHAT WAS THAT? I DON'T KNOW BUT IT HURTS! Here too.



So that's why every year DADDY got to send in his Money to Washington, who uses it to buy TACKS with.



Also there's a kind what's called Hidden TACKS, which means you can't see them, but they HURT just as much.



This is from JACKY'S DADDY. Tell him THANKS!



THE REASON HE NEEDS all the TACKS is so people CAN BUILD ROADS & SCHOOLS & other PUBLIC INCONVENIENCES.



I'M GOTTA PRACTICE WRITING MY NAME, so when i'm GROW I can BOBROW MONEY on my SIGNATURE like DADDY'S gonna do.

Sincerely,
Your Friend
& MINE, JACKY.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



WELL DEAR, I ORGANISED THE ANNUAL STAG PARTY VERY WELL LAST NIGHT!



YES SO I NOTICED WHEN I CAME HOME FROM MOTHERS THIS MORNING



THEY WERE STILL STAGGERING!

BASEBALL BOY

Jim Brown, aged five, of Strathmore, Queensland, is a budding baseball star. Last season he was mascot for All Stars Juniors. Where does he get his energy? He enjoys Vegemite every day. Vegemite—the only pure, concentrated yeast extract—is the richest food source of Vitamin B, which is essential for:

- healthy nerves
- good digestion
- clear skin
- vitality

Your children will enjoy delicious Vegemite. Spread it on toast, sandwiches, biscuits—or on baby's rusks.

VEGEMITE—made by Kraft KR185

GIVE YOUR BABY LOVELY CURLS

A proud mother praises Curlypet. Baby's hair used to be straight, but after Curlypet she now has a healthy head of pretty curls. At Baby Shows judges always comment on her lovely curls.

Curlypet is good for cradlecap, too, soothes scalp irritations, and leaves baby's tender scalp clean, healthy and fragrant.

4 weeks treatment, 4/10

Curlypet

Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet

Start the
Weekend well
with
Weekend



from your
Newsagents

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, is in the Himalayas to trace the Abominable Snowman. He chases a large, furry creature into a cave. He discovers the creature is a beautiful girl disguised in a snow suit and follows her into a strangely glowing city in

the heart of the mountain. The inhabitants and the city remind him of the stories of the ancient gods of Greece. Two people, calling themselves Apollo and Diana, take him before Zeus, the fabled ruler of Olympus. NOW READ ON:



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Three times three is saved by it (1, 6, 2, 4).
- Works in stone, mother and son, and often free (5).
- Royal insignia kept in Algeria (7).
- Seven stars consisting mostly of a piper (6).
- Brisk, steady pace of a plutocrat Rotarian (4).
- Bury a kinsman with mutual connection (13).
- In an epithet on a famous school (4).
- Attack a donkey to cause pain (6).
- Rare bit (Anagr., 7).
- To be vigilant take first beer (5).
- Pioneer of whodunits (5, 5, 3).

EIGHTEENHOLES
POETRY
INFERNO
DINGO
TELEPHONE
APRON
EGOTIST
P.C.D.N.
HUNTER
MARGOT
O.P.U.I.
TORNADO
SUSAN
R.T.R.T.H.
USHER
TREMLO
S.A.E.I.R.I.
TEMPERAMENTAL

Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

- Provided with weapons in dream (5).
- Drunkard to throw up the vessel (7).
- X X X? (5).
- This place kept by the rebels (4).
- Its capital is Lagos (7).
- Small arm of the sea, the head of which contains the Nile (5).
- I save no subterfuge (7).
- Favorite in a competition (3).
- Felt in a blow-up (7).
- Chanticleer (7).
- Picture where I sit on a disjointed game (5).
- Plunge into a quagmire (5).
- Theatre in Milan (5).
- Machine outwardly tardy (5).
- Russian mountain range (4).

Solution will be published next week.

It's NATIONAL WASHING MACHINE MONTH

a good time to shop for your new washer

We chose
a Thor



Thor choose NEW RINSO

Safe for it—Best in it!



Big moment—their new Thor Trimatic washer has just arrived! And with it came New Rinso. The makers of Thor recommend New Rinso, because they've proved it protects delicate working parts, gives best results in your machine. With New Rinso's richer, softer suds in your washer for extra whiteness, extra brightness, you have the perfect washday team.

New Rinso is the only product recommended by the makers of all washing machines

7.530.WW92gE

I thank MENTHOIDS for a bit of heaven

write:
Mr. D. S. of Geelong
"Suffering acute rheumatism for 18 years, in my shoulder, neck and both legs, I tried many different remedies, ray treatments, massage, even weekly injections, with little success. So I thought I would give Menthoinds a trial. I now feel a different person, with the wonderful relief I obtained.
Stiffness and pain has gone, the swelling down and as I work for myself, I thank Menthoinds for a bit of heaven! I'm still taking Menthoinds and getting great relief."
(Original letter on file).

FREE FROM RHEUMATIC PAIN

If you suffer rheumatism, lumbago, pains and swelling in muscles and joints, feel tired and listless, have kidney troubles or weaknesses, Mackenzie's Menthoinds will give YOU wonderful relief. Menthoinds not only rid the system of the toxins causing your troubles but Menthoinds' therapeutic action stimulates your system to recapture the youthful energy, buoyant health and zest for living that are rightfully yours. Don't put up with aches and pains that make life misery. For yourself and your family—start Menthoinds treatment TO-DAY.

9/-, 5/-, or economy size 15/- EVERYWHERE



"CLIVE OF INDIA"
MADRAS
CURRY POWDER

Not just Indian Flavour, but made and packed in India

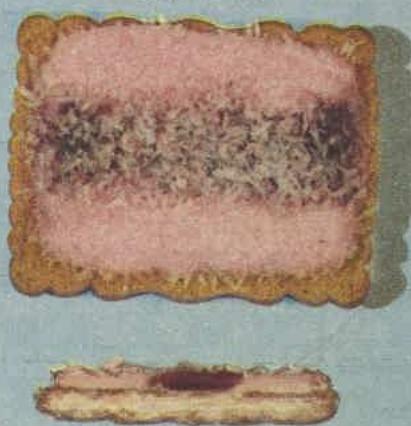


There is no Substitute for Quality.

ORANGE SLICE



ICED VO VO



MONTE CARLO



Arnott's famous
CREAM Biscuits

